Everybody's Magazine

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JULY

15 CENTS

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We've always said
"Twas good for bread"
This tells you why
'Tis good for pie

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It makes rich delicious pastry with a natural flavor.
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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* JULY

JULY *hath* 31 days *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS 1912

Predictions for July

This month's weather will cause many to observe that this is the warmest July they can remember, but that it is not the heat they mind so much as the humidity. Owing to the sane Fourth, mortality from gunpowder will decrease, but those who miss the giant cannon-crackers may find pleasure in rocking boats at summer resorts. Ice trust explains why ice is higher this summer, alleging weather conditions of last winter. The cost of living will not decrease.

POEM

There's nothing to inspire
An Almanack Julyre.

Riddle

My first and last are just the same,
My second is my middle;
My whole is drunk at a baseball game—
Ain't that an easy riddle?
Answer: Pop.

Fascinating Facts

The sun is said never to set on British possessions.

For a long time our earth was supposed to be flat.

The national debt of Paraguay is $5,027,141.16.

Massachusetts was one of the thirteen original colonies.

Samuel L. Clemens wrote under the *nom de plume*, or penname, of "Mark Twain."

Anecdote

It is told by Herodotus, though many, it is true, doubt it to have happened in Sparta, although there be those who attest to it, that Themistocles, being asked by a Phœnician in what case it is impossible to be both slow and sure, is said to have answered: In the case of a watch. —*Plutarch's Lives.*

Editor Almanack: We can not stand for this. There were no watches in Themistocles's or Plutarch's time.

Editor Everybody's Magazine.

Editor Everybody's: This joke antedates watches. Please let me alone.

Editor Everybody's Almanack.

1—M. —Battle of Gettysburg, 1863. Fiscal year begins. *Time for fiscal resolutions.*
2—Tu.—First public trial of reaping machine, 1833.
3—W. —Theodore Roosevelt calls Judge W. H. Taft Will, 1907.
4—Th.—Independence Day. George M. Cohan, inventor of the fresh American youth, born, 1879.
5—Fr. —Phineas T. Barnum, author of vital statistic that the sucker birth-rate is 60 per hour, born, 1810.
6—Sa. —John Paul Jones born, 1747. Dr. F. A. Cook purchases typewriter, 1909.
7—Su. —John J. McGraw worsted in argument with umpire, 1899, 1903, 1907, 1909, 1910, 1911.
8—M. —Battle of Ticonderoga, 1758. Fitz-Greene Halleck born, 1790.
9—Tu.—John D. Rockefeller, famous adviser, born, 1839.
10—W. —Finley Peter Dunne born, 1867. Legal holiday on Archer Avenue, Chicago.
11—Th.—John Quincy Adams born, 1767. John Wanamaker born, 1838.
12—Fr. —Henry D. Thoreau born, 1817. George Eastman, responsible for amateur photography, born, 1854.
13—Sa. —Lot's wife furnishes first anti-suffrage argument at West Gomorrah, 2017 B.C.
14—Su. —Olympus Reform Club discovers ambrosia to be adulterated, 827 B.C.
15—M. —ST. SWITHIN'S DAY. Cigarettes invented by Satan, 1682. *Rainy and warm.*
16—Tu.—Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy born, 1821. Time to write Christmas poems and stories for 1912.
17—W. —Elbridge Gerry born, 1744. Republican party certain of victory in 1912.
18—Th.—Democratic party certain of victory, 1912.
19—Fr. —First Woman's Rights Convention held, 1848. Motto: "Suffrage is the Badge of All Our Tribe."
20—Sa. —Julian Street discovers cabaret shows, 1911, 1912.
21—Su. —Successors-to-O.-Henry Society holds first meeting in Madison Square Garden, 1911.
22—M. —Pilgrims sailed from Holland for America in *Speedwell*, 1620.
23—Tu.—EDITOR EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK longs for vacation, 1912.
24—W. —Benn Pitman, phonographer, originator Pitman method of shorthand, born, 1822. Salt Lake City founded, 1847.
25—Th.—Adam tells Eve Woman's Place is the Home, 4004 B.C.
26—Fr. —Theodore Roosevelt says he was misquoted, 1906, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912.
27—Sa. —American theatrical manager, returning from Europe with 16 Austrian and 7 English musical comedies, gives out interview encouraging American librettists, 1912.
28—Su. —Ballington Booth, founder Volunteers of America, born, 1859.
29—M. —Booth Tarkington, author "They were Trying a Old Lady for the Stealing of a Horse," born, 1869.
30—Tu.—Oliver Optic, until recently favorite author EDITOR EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK, born, 1822.
31—W. —Ice Trust raises prices, 1912.

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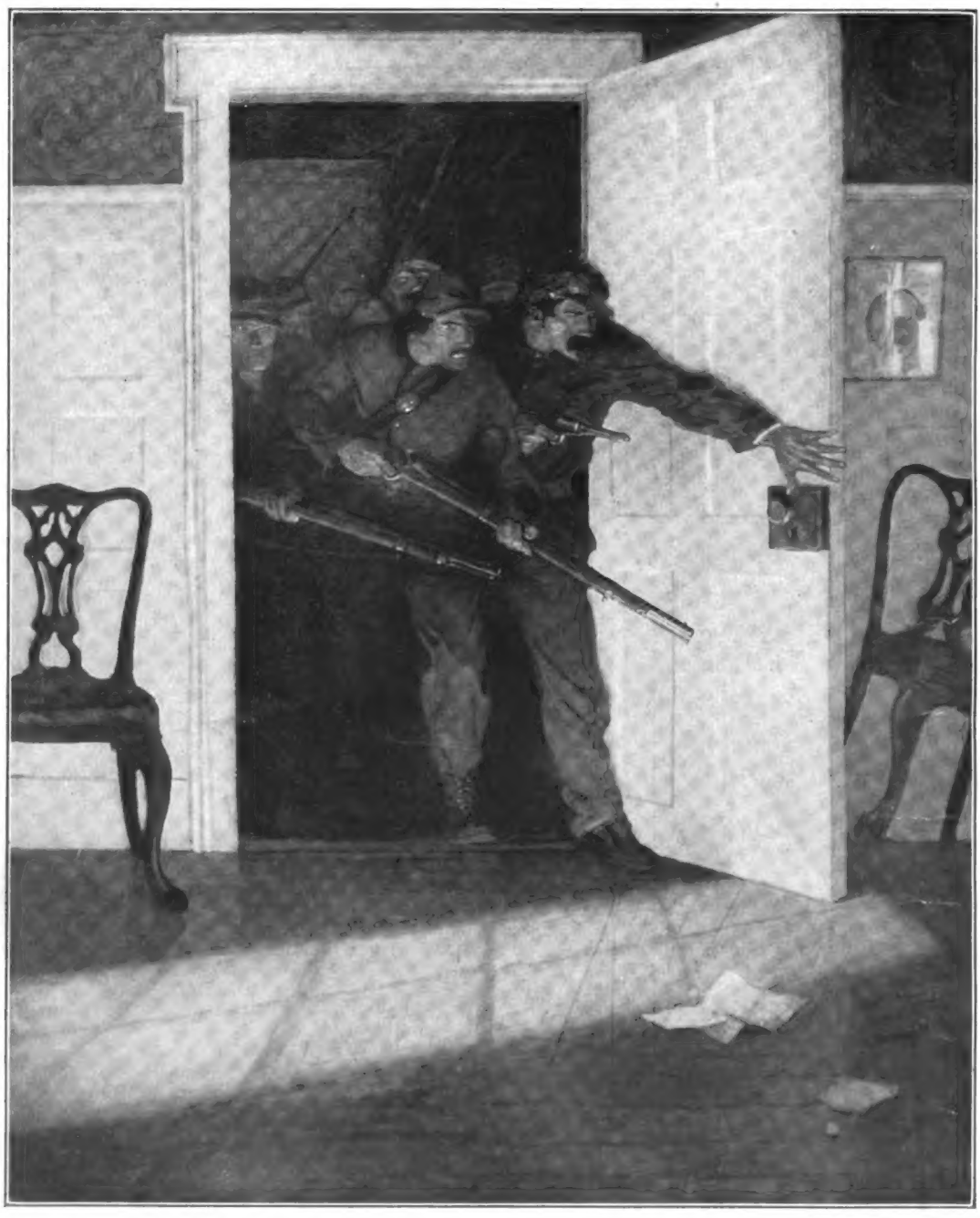

AT THE SAME MOMENT THE DOOR BEHIND RADCLIFFE CRASHED OPEN AND A DOZEN MEN CROWDED IN, RIFLES IN HAND.

(*Sally Castleton, Southerner, page 18.*)

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VOL. XXVII
NO. 1

Everybody's Magazine

JULY
1912

MANAGER McGRAW OF THE GIANTS

CHESBRO, FORMER YANKEE PITCHER

"EVERYBODY UP!"

by

EDWARD LYELL FOX

THEY are being beaten down—the mad Tigers of the American League—falling as hard as they fight. For eight innings they have rushed to the attack—proud, virile men, as alert as cats, striving by trick and sheer force to tear through the Cleveland defense. Yet they have failed—Tigers throwing themselves hopelessly against the walls of a pen.

Into the waters of St. Clair the sunset is pouring, and across Bennett Park fall shadings of copper and gold. Upon the vague faces of the distant crowd they lie—a crowd hushed and strangely sullen; over the grass they creep, slowly, stealthily—dim, gaunt fingers, the Hand of Defeat, reaching out for the Tigers.

In the level light all things are visible. At their posts around the diamond's dirt rim, men, all tense, are standing—confident men in gray from down the lake shore.

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Picked out clearly against the remote fences are other figures in gray, three of them, their hands on their knees, their heels off the ground, their bodies slightly forward. Cleveland is waiting for the last wild rush of the Tigers.

Now from the stands begins the impatient calling of many voices. Disappointed in defeat, the crowd sees the scoreboard—"CLEVELAND 4, DETROIT 1." They see Cleveland, those swaggering gray men, whose every move, every gesture, shows that they regard the game as won. And as their Tigers come to bat for the last time, the crowd greets them in silence. In that section of the grand stand farthest from the exits, people begin to rise, to go out slowly. Cleveland is too firm, too confident. Defeat is in the air. It is a lost cause.

JENNINGS, COACHING:
"*E-YAH! YAH! FIGHT 'EM! THAT-A BOY, TY!*"

But, squatted and peering into the dugout where the Tigers are hidden, a man has been talking. As he finishes, his listeners, who have been leaning forward, drop back into their seats along the bench. The hands of some are clenched. The man looks at them again and then walks quietly to the coacher's box near first base. Here for a moment he stands motionless, arms extended, one knee raised, the sun brightening the red of his hair and his freckles, then——

"*E—yah! Yah! Fight 'em! Fight 'em, Tiges!*"—the arm shoots forward, punching the air; the knees work like a sprinter's; the red hair flashes up and down. Manager Jennings is about to lead his Tigers to the attack.

Now a tall, clean-limbed man darts into position beside the home plate. He is Gainor, the Detroit first baseman, calm for all his youth, and bristling with fight. His shoulders are hunched and over them a heavy bat circles menacingly. Now Blanding, the Cleveland pitcher, is winding up. Slashing like flails, describing swift arcs, meeting overhead, his long arms part, coming down sharply, one before, one behind—the ball whizzing toward the plate. Gainor's bat, suddenly motionless, waits heavily.

Then his shoulders hunch more perceptibly; his body half turns; his foot springs forward— And then they meet! bat and ball—a distinct ring, an exclamation, the drum of scurrying feet, a white line rising toward the right-field bleachers. Across the distant grass two forms, suddenly animate, begin to run toward each other—gray forms that blur against the painted fence. They are Easterly and Jackson, Cleveland outfielders, racing for the point where Gainor's drive may fall. From the stands twenty thousand people, now on their feet, watch nervously.

Along the rim of the diamond, Gainor's spikes are tearing the ground. Behind him a haze of yellow dust hangs trembling. He touches first; pounds toward second. Out toward the fences the distance between the figures who are racing head-on has shortened. Above them the ball, now a tiny speck, seems motionless. A few more strides, and one of them will be under it,

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will catch it. Too bad! For Gainor—But no! Caught suddenly by the wind, the ball veers, swoops, strikes the grass, and bounds away toward the bleachers, toward the overflow crowd held in by ropes. The men in gray, turning sharply, chase after it.

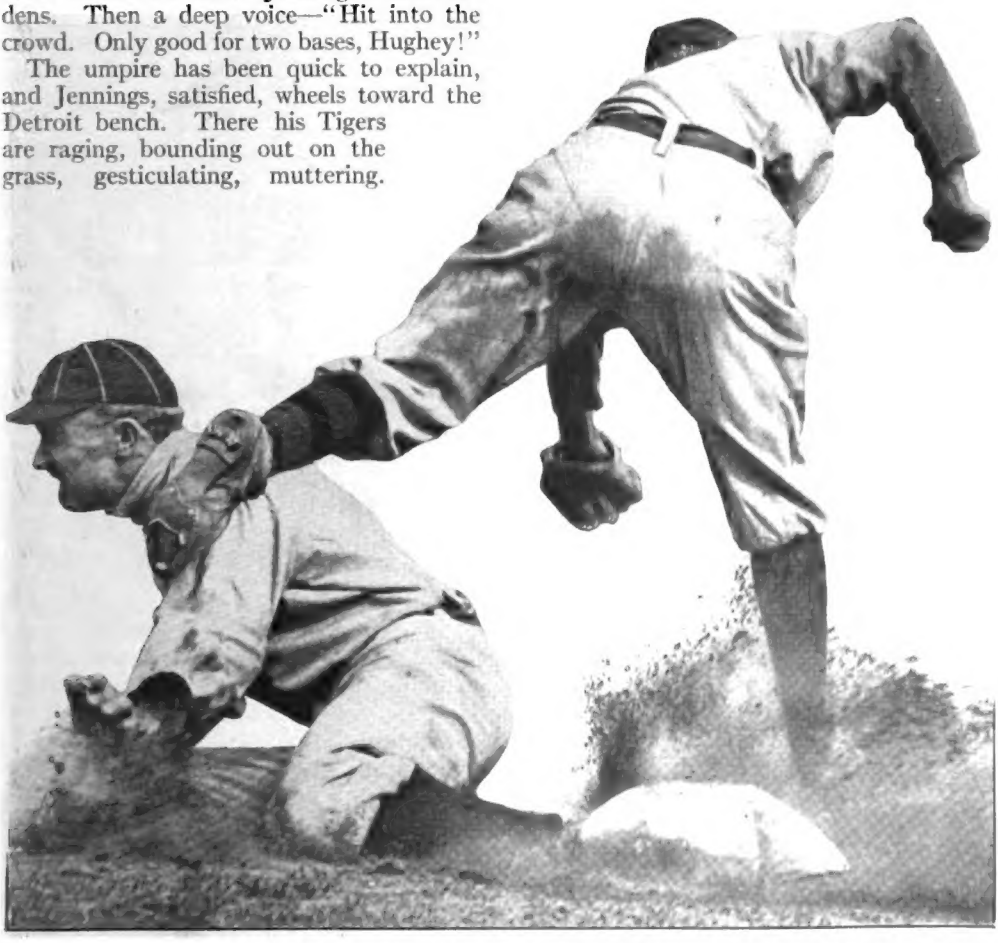
Around second Gainor is swinging, his long legs bounding like a greyhound's. Toward third he comes—toward the cheering now breaking from the crowd; and as he reaches the base, the ball, rising far afield, shoots over the infield's head to the plate. Jackson, finally overtaking it out by the bleachers, has made a perfect throw. In the stands tumult is crashing.

Abruptly the crowd sees Jennings start forward. He has been dancing and grinning; now he scowls, his arm pointing toward the umpire. Gainor has been sent back to second base. Jennings's face reddens. Then a deep voice—"Hit into the crowd. Only good for two bases, Hughey!"

The umpire has been quick to explain, and Jennings, satisfied, wheels toward the Detroit bench. There his Tigers are raging, bounding out on the grass, gesticulating, muttering. But Jennings raises his hand and they slide back into the shadows—sulky Tigers, still muttering.

Now he watches Stanage, the big catcher, go lumbering toward the plate. Works, a pitcher, is selecting his bat from the pile near the bench. Jennings remembers that Works has batted weakly. He waves him back, and calls for Schmidt. A moment later a hulking form pounces upon the bats and, resting on one knee, watches Stanage. The cheering has become the steady roar of a storm-swept beach.

Then Stanage swings—a swing typical of the man, hard and true. The ball crashes off the left-field fence. Gainor tears in from second. Stanage, being heavy of foot, is held at first by Jennings. The score be-



TY COBB, THE GREATEST ALL-ROUND BALL-PLAYER TO-DAY, AND THE MOST DARING BASE-RUNNER, STEALING THIRD.

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comes 4 to 2. Schmidt scowls and faces the pitcher. The crowd——

"Stop! Call time!"

Jennings has spoken—the quick, nervous words of a man aroused.

"Schaller!"

It snaps from his lips, and in response a substitute out-fielder bursts from the dug-out and races toward first base.

"Run for Stanage!"

At the command big Stanage, his part done, walks slowly toward the Detroit bench. No point is trivial in this crisis. Schaller is fleet of foot. Jennings is moving his men as on a chess-board. And, the move made, he begins to storm up and down the coaching-line, jumping, screaming, tearing up grass, kicking, punching—now whirling dervish-like, now silent, inscrutable.

And, annoyed visibly, Blanding weakens. Squarely over the plate he throws, and the ball, ringing off Schmidt's bat, drops into right field. Schaller, his spikes flashing,

"KID" ELBERFELD ROUNDING THIRD.

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SO GREAT WAS THE CROWD AT THE OPENING GAME THIS SEASON BETWEEN THE GIANTS AND BROOKLYN THAT THOUSANDS OVERFLOWED ON TO THE FIELD AND LITERALLY SPOILED THE GAME.

scurries past second. Behind him in a race for third shoots the ball. It is thrown by Jackson out near the fence, but Schaller, sliding sharply, just eludes the sweep of the baseman's arm and is safe. Schmidt, like Stanage, has been stopped at first by Jennings.

Now Detroit has two men on base, none out; three runs are needed to win. Twenty thousand voices, lifting hoarsely, meet as one, roll over to the fences and back again. The crowd is in a frenzy. The mad Tigers are up. They have seen red. Crouched and eager, they wait in the shadows of the grand stand. Nothing human within the walls of Bennett Park can stop them.

But again Jennings is snapping his commands to the bench. Now Donovan, aged in service but still fleet of foot, comes hurrying over the grass.

"Run for Schmidt!"

That is all. Now Jennings is looking somewhere else. McGuire, the gray-haired manager of Cleveland, has walked across the stage. He has called in conference his in-fielders, his catcher, his pitcher. Jennings sees that they are arguing, especially the pitcher; sees McGuire, obdurate, finally leave the field, beckoning Blanding after him. The beaten pitcher follows, never once looking up. Another man, Mitchell, hurries to the box—and Jennings smiles grimly.

Play is resumed, but suddenly he rushes toward the plate. Jones is ready to bat. A wave of the manager's hand sends him back to the bench.

"Drake!"

Again the general shifts his battle-line. This time a wide-shouldered man darts from the shadows, jumping as he runs. He is Drake, boyish of manner as well as of face—a young recruit, who, the crowd remembers, has never been to bat in a major league game. Untried, inexperienced, boyish Drake! What is Jennings thinking of! —a recruit, a nervous youngster!

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But the Tigers are raging. Behind the Cleveland catcher two of them, brandishing bats, have appeared. Back and forth they tear, stopping, wheeling, racing again—always calling and gesticulating wildly. Mitchell, the new pitcher, makes the mistake of looking to see who they are—mistake, because they are Cobb and Bush, maddest of all the mad Tigers. Then Mitchell falters, and with a quick thrust of his bat Drake sends the ball buzzing into left field. From third base a man is tearing, and when he emerges from the dust at home we see he is Schaller. We have forgotten it is he—the man on third. Only freckled Jennings is in our mind.

But the score has changed again. Detroit's total has grown to three. One more run and they will be abreast Cleveland; two and they will win. And from the stands, sonorous in its very harshness, beats the measured cheering of the twenty thousand. They, like the Tiger, have sniffed victory and found it red.

Now inwardly calm, for all his raging, Jennings again directs the battle. He calls for O'Leary to take Drake's place at first. And behind the screen of his fervid whirling he flashes a signal as the chunky Bush faces the pitcher. It is the signal to bunt, to unnerve further the wavering Mitchell by tapping the ball gently, yet just out of his reach. So Bush extends his bat unexpectedly and is off to first with the ball wriggling after him down the foul line. Three Tigers are in motion—Donovan toward third, O'Leary toward second, Bush toward first. Mitchell, clearly bewildered, watches them blankly, and as he hesitates, a gray figure sweeps past him and, pouncing upon the ball, whips it toward first—Stovall throwing toward the base he has just left. Toward the little white bag two men are racing—Lajoie cutting in from second to take the throw; Bush struggling to beat it out. But Lajoie

"THREE-FINGERED" BROWN, SAFE AT FIRST. FOR YEARS BROWN HAS BEEN THE STAR PITCHER OF THE CUBS, AND EVEN TO-DAY IS ONE OF THE GREAT PITCHERS OF THE GAME.

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and the ball arriving simultaneously, Bush dives headlong—only to be called out.

A fiercer note enters the uproar. The Tigers—the crowd's Tigers—have been balked. One is out, still two runs are needed to win. Now Jennings, crouching lower, peers sideways at the Cleveland catcher—for his last chance has come. Bristling toward the plate is the greatest Tiger of them all—Cobb. He comes yelling, dancing, sneering, laughing, scowling—vibrant Cobb. And Mitchell quails at the sight of him. Yet Jennings is taking no chances. Cobb must hit safely if Detroit is to win. So the manager crouches lower and peers more intently, peers until he——

"That-a boy, Ty!"

No sooner are the words spoken than Jennings begins his grass-pulling and whirling. The "Ty!" carries to Cobb that his manager has detected Cleveland's signals; that the first ball will be a curve on the outside of the plate.

Now the pitcher swings his arms, extends them, and—comes the ring of wood on leather, a blur, a whir down the base-line! Stovall, Cleveland's first baseman, game to the last, lunges for the ball with his bare hand. Then a slapping sound and the

CHANCE, ABOUT TO COLLIDE WITH THE FIRST BASEMAN. UNDER CHANCE'S GUIDANCE AS MANAGER WAS DEVELOPED THE EXTRAORDINARY COÖRDINATION OF THE CUB IN FIELD, POPULARLY KNOWN AS "INSIDE BASEBALL."

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PROOF THAT BASEBALL IS THE NATIONAL AMERICAN SPORT. THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, DURING THE WORLD'S SERIES OF LAST YEAR. FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE WATCHED THIS GAME.

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ball, glancing off his finger-tips, bounds into right field.

Crossing the plate, Donovan has fallen into the strong arms of Stanage. Toward second the fleet Cobb is moving. Out in right field Lajoie, recovering the ball, is ready to throw. O'Leary is tearing up the ground toward home. If he reaches it before the throw, Detroit will win. A strange hush descends upon the stands. Then Lajoie's arm snaps forward—a white streak, the patter of O'Leary's feet, the scraping slide, the thump in the catcher's glove—and through the dust the hand of the umpire waving him safe. The mad Tigers have won!

And over by first base, a red-freckled, red-haired Hannibal sprawled on the grass is clicking his heels and whistling like a boy.

That happened last spring. It was a crisis of baseball. I have pictured it at such length because I believe it to be the most sensational finish ever seen on a baseball field. It was the apotheosis of everything that goes to make the game so popular in this country. It was one of those rare times when the players, like the spectators, become beside themselves, accomplishing the seeming impossible. Of course, there will be other crises this season—crises in little as well as big leagues, in the Southern and Western associations, in the National and American leagues. There will be crises, for that matter, as long as baseball is played, but none, I believe, so stirring, so elemental as the one at the close of that golden afternoon in May.

But to another scene . . . Forty thousand people mount tier upon tier from the grass oval of the Polo Grounds. In the shade of the tall cliff that stands with its back to the west, October's early twilight is gathering. For ten innings they have watched the teams of New York and Philadelphia playing at world-series pitch. They have seen the fighting Giants bat out a lone run and hold the Athletics scoreless until the ninth inning. Then big Baker had smashed the ball into the right-field pavilion, tying the score. Only the day before he had pounded the ball over the fence, in Philadelphia—two home runs in as many days, and in a world series! The thought of it drew the nerves of the great crowd to the breaking. And then they had seen a thrilling tenth inning pass scoreless; seen one of the Athletics, an inning later, work his way around the bases; seen the scoreboard read 2 to 1 against New York; seen a Philadelphia victory unless——

The Giants, black-clothed as ravens, are coming to bat, shadowy figures in the dusk. Comes Herzog, quiet and alert, who sends the ball ringing toward the bleachers; never stopping running until he reaches second. Tumult breaks loose in the stands. He has brought New York a chance to win, at the worst to tie the score. Now Coombs, racked by the strain of a pitching duel with the great Mathewson, looks worried. Comes Fletcher, young and nervous. He shifts his feet, holds his bat loosely, and Lapp, the Philadelphia catcher, guesses he will try to bunt, sacrificing Herzog to third. Lapp realizes also that with Herzog on third New York will win. The next batter is Meyers, a notoriously long hitter who will surely score him with a fly to the out-field. After that, with Coombs weakening——

So Lapp signals Coombs to keep the ball around Fletcher's shoulders, to keep it where a bunt will be impossible. His directions obeyed, Fletcher finally goes out on fly to Lord. Herzog remains chafing at second. Coombs breathes easier. But Meyers is at bat—the deep-chested Indian whose hits at such moments have beaten the best pitchers of the National League. From the stands Meyers hears a deep-throated appeal. He *must* score Herzog.

But again Lapp does some thinking. Remembering the ball the Indian can not hit, he directs Coombs to pitch close to the body. The move is successful, for a moment later Meyers is thrown out of first, while Herzog races to third. Two are out, but the crisis is not yet.

Now there is a commotion near the Giants' bench. McGraw from the coacher's box orders Becker, a utility man, to bat for Mathewson. One, two balls go plunking into Lapp's mitt, and then Becker swings. Over the grass between first and second the ball shoots, an easy out, for Collins is in its path. But Collins fumbles, and Becker, sliding desperately, beats out his throw. The Forty Thousand start to their feet. New York will win!

Off third and first her runners are straining, their muscles quivering, eager for the dash to the plate. Devore, who only a few innings before showed himself to be the

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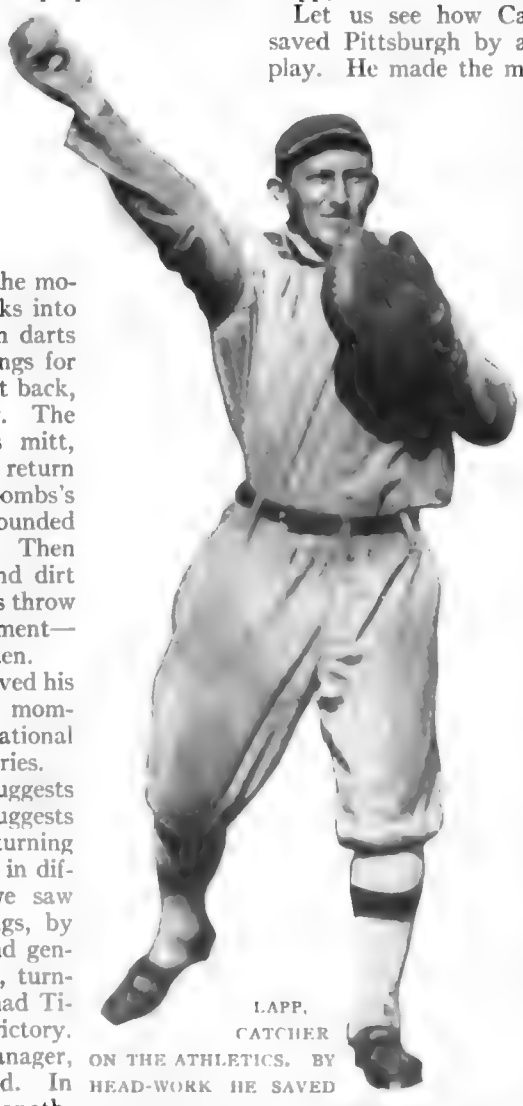
master of Coombs, is at bat. Another two-bagger by him and Philadelphia will be beaten. The fleet Becker will follow Herzog over the plate.

Undecided on what curve to order, Lapp crouches behind Devore's bat. Suddenly he sees McGraw assume an unnatural position on the coaching lines. Guessing it to be a signal for Becker to steal second on the first ball pitched, Lapp dissects the plan swiftly. He decides that McGraw is gambling on the game; that the New York manager wants to be sure of both runners, scoring if Devore makes only a single; that, believing Philadelphia unprepared for such a daring move, he is sending Becker down to second. So Lapp crouches lower and signals Coombs for a ball wide of the plate—one he can catch and relay easily to second, cutting down Becker. Now the motionless Coombs breaks into action. His long arm darts forward. Becker springs for second. Lapp, one foot back, stands ready to throw. The ball thumps into his mitt, and so swift is his return that it seems as if Coombs's pitch must have rebounded from a wall of rubber. Then Becker slides, dust and dirt about him, but Lapp's throw is as true as his judgment—and New York is beaten.

That's how Lapp saved his team in the supreme moment of the most sensational game of the world's series.

Yet that situation suggests something more. It suggests that sometimes the turning point of a game is met in different ways. First we saw how one man, Jennings, by his own personality and generalship dominated all, turning the forces of his mad Tigers from defeat into victory. Still, Jennings is a manager, paid to direct, to lead. In Lapp, though, we met another type—the player who, on his own responsibility, swayed a game with the fortunes of both teams hanging in the balance. And I know of other occasions when players have risen beyond themselves, and accomplished that which they are not likely to achieve again. But to see more of these crises, let us agree to hang them on the different arms of the team—Fielding, Pitching, Batting, Base-Running, Managing. Jennings's direction of the Tigers, for instance, falls in the last group. Later we shall see what other managers have done. But now for the first group where, like Lapp, a fielder overshadowed all. . . .

Let us see how Carey, an out-fielder, saved Pittsburgh by a simple mechanical play. He made the most thrilling catch I have ever seen.



LAPP, CATCHER ON THE ATHLETICS, BY HEAD-WORK HE SAVED HIS TEAM IN A MOST SENSATIONAL GAME.

It was at Pittsburgh a year ago last spring, and the Pirates, surprised at the outset, were playing desperately to check a fierce streak of hitting that Chicago had developed. In the first inning the Cubs had pounced upon Liefield, one of Pittsburgh's star pitchers, straightening his curves into long drives that went singing to the corners of Forbes's stadium. This made it doubly hard for the Pirate out-fielders, as the field was muddy, almost a quagmire. The players wallowed in mud an inch deep. Hard-hit balls were dropping all around them. They couldn't travel fast enough through the mud to make the catch. That is, Clarke and Wilson couldn't. Carey, the center-

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fielder, was lucky. The Cubs hadn't hit in his direction.

Finally, despite the sharp playing of the Pirate in-field, the Cubs pushed men around to third and second. No one was out, and nothing, it seemed, could stop them from scoring. Then Liefield would weaken and the game become a rout. For it is characteristic of this pitcher that, if he comes through the first two innings safely, he rallies instantly, presenting an armored front for the remainder of

ZIMMERMAN, OF THE CUBS, SLIDING HOME AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT. KLING, OF BOSTON, A FORMER TEAM-MATE, WAITING FOR THE THROW.

the game. But Liefield would rally only if the hitting was checked. He couldn't check it. Only the other eight men of the team could.

Perhaps Carey realized this as Evers came to bat, but I doubt it. Carey was a young recruit—not used, you see, to the idiosyncrasies of great pitchers. Also, he didn't know that out-fielders always shift toward third base when Evers bats against a left-handed pitcher; for always his hits go in that direction. Now Liefield was a left-hander, so Wilson had to call to Carey, telling him to move over toward Clarke. And Carey, being young, obeyed unquestioningly.

But no sooner had he taken his new position, a point almost behind short-stop, than Evers hit—a terrific smash toward the post Carey had just left. With the crash of the bat the youngster's legs were in motion. It never occurred to him that had it not been for the advice of the veteran he would now be in the direct path of the ball. He only ran—ran faster than he ever can again, with the ball humming over the infielders' heads. He knew if that ball was to be caught, he must do it. Wilson was too far away. So Carey tore through the mud, and it sucked at his feet. Yet, slipping, splashing, sliding, he raced on. Then a patch of oozy mud slid from under him and, losing his balance, he lurched heavily, thrusting his hand forward as a man will when falling and—lo! the ball met it and clung, four inches from the ground! Reeling through the mud, Carey managed to turn and, throwing sharply toward the second base, doubled up Kling, who never dreamed that the ball would be caught and was racing home. Moreover, Carey's feat so steadied Liefield that he struck out the next batter, and Pittsburgh passed the crisis of the game safely.

And so it goes. I could tell you how scores of other players have saved games by some particular fielding sensation. I could tell you of that red game when the Tigers tied up a world-series with Pittsburgh; when brawny Schmidt, torn by the spikes of base-runners, crashed into the grand stand to catch a foul and doubled a Pirate at second; when in a wild ninth inning, bleeding from the gash of Abstein's spikes, whom he had blocked off at the plate, he threw out Wilson, who was stealing third, thus checking the Pirate rally.

But pitchers have met crises in ways just as sensational. For instance:

During the fourth inning of a Chicago-

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Detroit world-series game, Cobb came to bat with the score 2 to 0 against his team. But O'Leary and Crawford had hit safely, and with only one out it looked like a Detroit rally. For the psychological effect it would have on Brown, the Chicago pitcher, Jennings told Cobb that he wanted three on base. This meant that Cobb was to bunt, another way of saying that he would reach first. So great is his speed, you see, that when Cobb bunts he invariably beats out the throw. And with three screaming Tigers on base, Brown, already unsteady, would undoubtedly weaken.

Now Brown knew that Cobb would bunt; that he would reach first safely and that three on base would worry him. Obviously the thing to do was to check Cobb. But how? The stereotyped play was to pitch a curve that Cobb would have difficulty in bunting. That, though, carried a certain risk. Brown wanted no risk. Finally, with splendid audacity, he conceived the scheme of actually inviting Cobb to bunt—to pitch a ball that the fiery Tiger would lay down with the greatest ease. And pitch this ball Brown did. As it left his hands, though, he dashed from the pitcher's box over to the third base foul-line—where Cobb always sends his bunts a-wriggling.

With Brown in the exact position to field his bunt, Cobb would be thrown out. But as Brown ran, another plan suggested itself and, snatching up the ball, he threw to third, forcing O'Leary; and the next moment something white flashed toward second, and Crawford, caught off bad, was called out. Brown had handled his crisis better than he had planned at first. . . .

And there are the pitchers of the minor leagues who have pitched better than they knew. There is Duval, who, with Lowell needing two games to forge ahead in the New England League, pitched those two games on the same afternoon—and won them. There is Taylor, who did the same thing for Dayton, beating out Terre Haute in the race for the Central League pennant. Indeed, they are too many for mention.

Let us see now how batting has been an even more dramatic solution of great games.

Take the deciding contest of the world series in 1909. By a burst of speed Detroit had tied the score, and to Clarke, the playing manager of Pittsburgh, the outlook was dark. There was no telling when those stubborn Tigers would tear through and win. Besides, Pittsburgh had a young pitcher in the box. He was Adams, who was straining through his third game in eight days. His first two struggles against the Tigers had told upon him heavily. Now in this last and deciding game the strain was settling deeper and deeper, for the result was in doubt. His team had not been able to forge ahead out of danger. This Clarke knew, and he knew too that unless Pittsburgh took the lead quickly Adams would go to pieces. The young pitcher had been worked too hard.

And, as if by Fate, there came to Clarke a few minutes later the chance to put Pittsburgh into the lead, out of danger. With his smallest but fastest players—Leach and Byrne—on base, he came to bat. A single would score Byrne, who was on second; a two-bagger, Leach, who was on first. Clarke decided he would have to do better than single. Byrne's lone run would not be a safe lead. So, calm and scheming, Clarke faced the Detroit pitcher, and his hands slid nearer the handle of his bat. He must have more leverage, be able to swing longer, harder.

Then a fast curve shot in and Clarke, guessing it was an "out," a ball breaking wide of the plate, jerked his bat behind him, and, stepping forward, crashed it against the leather before the deceptive twist could begin. Then began a race round the bases. High above Detroit's first baseman the ball went whistling, and as Clarke, rounding second, dashed for third, he saw a white speck bobbing over the grass toward the distant fence—and Crawford, the right fielder, running after it. Then he saw that Byrne and Leach had crossed the plate, and, sprinting harder, he followed on their heels. That drive gave Pittsburgh a world's championship.

And there is the two-bagger that beat Philadelphia and carried Cleveland to the top of the American League pennant race during the early part of 1910. Of course it was Lajoie's two-bagger. That tall, graceful Frenchman has a habit of meeting almost all of Cleveland's crises. It was the ninth inning and Cleveland, coming to bat for the last time, found a 1 to 0 score against them. Defeat looked certain. The chance to jump into the lead of the pennant race had almost vanished. But Vickers, the Philadelphia pitcher, becoming over-

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confident, also became careless. Although two Cleveland men were put out, two more fortunate ones were on base—and Lajoie was coming to bat!

Clearly nervous, facing the heavy-hitting Frenchman at such a time, Vickers lost control. In succession he threw three balls that only clever work by his catcher prevented from being wild pitches. Thus the count on Lajoie became, as the professionals say, "three and none." Now it is an unwritten rule that in such a situation the batter stands motionless and lets the next ball pass, no matter if it be squarely over the plate. This is the batter's gamble that he will receive a base on balls. And if he loses—well, it's only one strike. Now Lajoie, guessing that Vickers, secure in this precedent, would pitch the next ball right over the plate, determined to swing. And swing he did, a two-bagger rattling against the bleacher wall, scoring two runners, beating Philadelphia, putting Cleveland at the top.

Delehanty, Detroit's second baseman, is another who by batting has a way of overturning games at unexpected moments. A year ago the New York Americans insulted Delehanty, and to insult a Delehanty is bad. In baseball the name Delehanty is the antithesis of Casey. A Delehanty always hits in a pinch; Casey struck out. With two Tigers on base, two out, and the slugging Crawford coming to bat, the New York pitcher decided to give him his base on balls. He figured that Delehanty, the next batter, would be an easy out. So Delehanty, seeing the slur, scowled and gripped his bat. A moment later he drove a

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AN EXCITING PLAY DURING THE OPENING GAME AT THE AMERICAN LEAGUE PARK, NEW YORK, AND A DIFFICULT DECISION FOR THE UMPIRE. TO THE FAN, HE IS SURE TO BE WRONG ON EVERY CLOSE PLAY. THE FAN IS TO HIMSELF THE LAST AUTHORITY.

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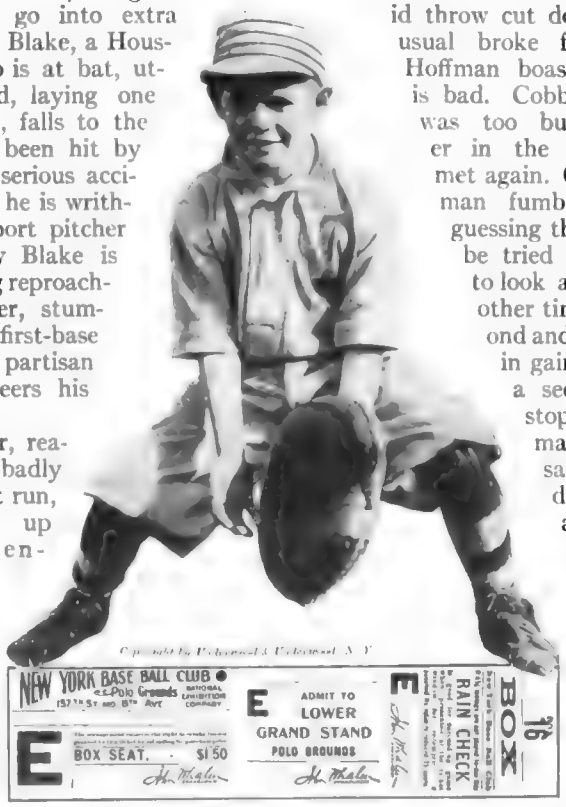
ball against the fence, saw three Tigers bound home, and did not stop running himself until he reached third base. Incidentally, Cleveland, Boston, and St. Louis have made that same foolish mistake—letting Delehanty face a crisis.

And there's Bates of Roanoke who, with his team in a wild seventh-inning rally against Lynchburg, and needing one more run to even off the tremendous lead they had already cut down, *made his second home run of the inning!*

But while glimpsing hastily, as it were, at a minor league batting crisis, let us make the transition into our base-running group by an incident in a similar organization.

It is at Shreveport, and, backed by a keenly partisan crowd, the home team meets Houston in the struggle on which hangs the pennant. The visitors are at bat for the last time and with two out, none on base, and the score a tie, the game seems destined to go into extra innings. Suddenly Blake, a Houston out-fielder who is at bat, utters a scream and, laying one hand on his heart, falls to the ground. He has been hit by a pitched ball—a serious accident from the way he is writhing. The Shreveport pitcher pales. But finally Blake is revived and, gazing reproachfully at the pitcher, stumbles down the first-base line. The crowd, partisan though it is, cheers his gameness.

Then the pitcher, reasoning that Blake, badly shaken up, can not run, begins to wind up leisurely. Suddenly startled by a cry from his infield, he wheels hurriedly, throws, and sees the supposed cripple tearing toward second, sliding daringly and in safety. A moment later Blake races home on a hit and Shreveport is beaten. Blake's injury, as you've guessed, was a hoax that, fooling the pitcher, enabled him to take a long lead, to run wild on the bases, to win a pennant for Houston.



Once Cobb's reputation as the "greatest of all base-runners" was threatened. It was a crisis in his career, but he met it:

Last year Hoffman, an out-fielder of the St. Louis Browns, evolved a trick to reduce Cobb's efficiency as a base-runner. All the season before, Hoffman had been studying the methods of the winged-footed Tiger. He knew exactly what tricks to expect from him. He knew, for instance, that whenever Cobb singled to the out-field he always turned first base and advanced ten yards toward second—ready to dash for the extra base if the fielder was slow or fumbled the ball.

Finally the schedule brought Detroit to St. Louis, and Cobb to Hoffman. In the third inning Cobb singled and Hoffman worked his trick. Fumbling intentionally, he recovered instantly and by a rapid throw cut down Cobb, who as usual broke for second. Then Hoffman boasted, and boasting is bad. Cobb said nothing. He was too busy thinking. Later in the season, the teams met again. Cobb singled. Hoffman fumbled. But Cobb, guessing that the trick would be tried again, did not stop to look afield as he had the other time, but tore for second and made it. His nerve, in gaining the fraction of a second lost before by stopping to see if Hoffman would fumble, saved him. And today they're all at a loss as to how to cope with this Tiger's base-running.

So much for players and the different ways they have played. But there are other managers who, like Jennings, have swayed games—sometimes men.

The first year after McGraw came into the management of the New York Giants, a serious crisis was brought to his fortunes.

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For some reason the men—"stars" though they were—played lackadaisically. Something was wrong under the surface. From first place the team had slipped back to third and was likely to slide farther. McGraw began to cock his ears. One day he heard that the Giants had split into two factions—one sympathizing with Warner, the other with Bowerman. He learned also that this break had been caused because Bowerman was supposed to have told Clarke, the Pittsburgh manager, that he (Bowerman) was the only Giant who could catch "Dummy" Taylor, the mute pitcher, and that Warner was useless.

So the team split and sided with the two aggrieved catchers. Sometimes ball players are as "temperamental" as actors.

This was the situation when Pittsburgh came to the Polo Grounds for the first time that year. In the morning McGraw notified every man to be on hand an hour before the usual time and, when they had all assembled in the club house, he stood before them, serious-faced and dramatic, and raised his hand for silence.

Gradually, the scraping of feet ceased. One by one, the men looked at him. Then, their attention rooted deep, McGraw dashed to a window, threw it open, and pointing toward the Pittsburgh dressing-room, half turned, beckoned Bowerman to his side, and cried:

"Over there is the man who is breaking this team—not by baseball, but by nursing an imaginary grievance between my players. He has tumbled you out of the lead, broken many of your friendships—he's over there!"

Not a sound was heard as Bowerman left the room. A half hour later he appeared on the field, one eye blazing, the other half closed. Clarke didn't appear at all. He went back to his hotel. And the Giants understood. Fired by Bowerman's impetuosity, they went at Pittsburgh that day like madmen, and the clashing factions were smashed.

McGraw had met a crisis more serious than any on the playing-field.

Not always, though, does the man meet the test. Sometimes he fails—fails pitifully in the greatest moment of his career. The man I have in mind is Chesbro, once the star pitcher of the New York American League Club. "Happy Jack" they called him. In 1904 by his wonderful pitching he brought his team through a nerve-racking race up to a final game with Boston, the game for the championship. Then came the moment that broke him.

I was one of thirty thousand—a segment of the great living band that rimmed American League Park that October afternoon. All about me, men were rising to their feet and lifting their voices in hoarse cheering—thousands of them, restless, uneasy. Then Boston came to bat in the ninth inning with the score a tie. The players moved with more than habitual alertness. In their actions and manner were hints of thrills to come. Sensation quivered vaguely—the atmosphere surcharged with it.

I watched Chesbro. I saw him grin and wave happily to the crowd. I saw lank Criger, the Boston catcher, beat the ball in a race to first base. I saw him dart to second when Dineen was thrown out. I saw him move like a streak to third as Selbach fell before the arm of Elberfeld.

Two were out. A man was on third. I noticed Chesbro. The grin was broader. The danger was past. The next batter was easy. I saw Chesbro hold his glove before his face, peer between the padded fingers, moisten the ball he held between them. I saw his wide body swing back gently and, snapping forward like a band of bent steel, follow his arm toward the plate.

I saw the ball veer suddenly from its path, swoop down, and, kicking up the dust, roll to the fence. I saw lank Criger tear in from third. I saw New York beaten by Chesbro's blunder, a wild pitch—Chesbro, the man who had carried them to the top.

I heard thirty thousand voices raised in condemnation. And then I saw Chesbro's face. His chin had met his chest and on the dust of his cheeks appeared two damp lines that grew.

A great idol had fallen. Forgotten were all his past services and greatness, and the fan forthwith condemned him to the oblivion of those who fail. This kind of heartlessness is the one great indictment against the American baseball fan.

The photographs illustrating this article were furnished by Paul Thompson, Underwood & Underwood, The American Press Association, Charles M. Conlon, and Burke & Atwell.

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SALLY CASTLETON,

by CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

PRECEDING CHAPTERS: — Toward the close of the Civil War two young Southern girls, Sally and 'Genie Castleton, daughters of a Confederate general, are left alone, with one old negro servant, in their home in the Shenandoah. The war is pressing close, and a letter is brought from General Castleton, bidding the girls start for Richmond at once. But before they can get off, Philip Byrd, 'Genie's boy lover, gallops up with important despatches for Lee, and falls unconscious from his horse. First forwarding the despatches, the sisters and the old negro care for Philip until, suddenly, Yankee horsemen sweep up the valley and surround the house. In frantic fear for Philip, they rouse him to consciousness and hide him in a huge box-stove. Immediately the Federal officers take possession; Sally, with apparent cordiality, offers them the hospitality of the house, but their suspicions are aroused by an outburst from 'Genie. Presently Philip's horse is found dead in the stable, and when all of the Yankee general's questions are persistently evaded, he orders the girls to their room. Toward evening, Captain Frank Radcliffe, whom the general was expecting with an important message from Grant, joins the Yankee officers. As he approaches the house his attention is arrested by a fleeting glimpse of a girl's face in an up-stairs window.

CHAPTER VI

AS RADCLIFFE made his unceremonious entrance into the hall, half a dozen officers confronted him, springing up from the board table spread with the remains of supper, clapping hands to sword or pistol as they rose. Most of them got to their feet without mishap, but Captain Adams, who was dining with his saber tucked between his legs, caught it beneath the seat, lost his balance, and staggered backward, flinging his chair half across the room. It struck against the pipe of the big box-stove and brought it crashing to the floor, sprinkling soot over everything. Only General Haverhill remained seated, staring truculently at the intruder.

For a moment the picture held; then Radcliffe's hand flashed up in salute.

"General Grant's compliments, General Haverhill," he said. "I have orders to report to you without losing an instant. I am Captain Radcliffe, sir."

As Radcliffe's words rang out, hands came slowly away from pistol butts, and half-drawn swords clicked back into their scabbards. At the same moment the door behind Radcliffe crashed open and a dozen men crowded in, rifles in hand.

General Haverhill glared at Radcliffe angrily, then waved his hand to the men in the door. "Outside!" he ordered crisply.

"I trust you'll bear with my strange entrance, General," Radcliffe hastened to explain. "My mission is one in which minutes are of the utmost importance, and the man at the door refused flatly to let me pass or to take word to you of my arrival."

General Haverhill nodded rather curtly. "Captain Adams," he ordered, "will you leave off trying to replace that stove pipe and see to Captain Radcliffe's horse?"

He turned back to Radcliffe. "You have despatches?"

Radcliffe slit open the lining of his coat and pulled out a single folded sheet of paper. Haverhill read it slowly, while the newcomer stood watching him—and trying with poor success to keep his eyes from the remnants of supper on the table.

The commanding officer looked up. "Major Smith, will you give Captain Radcliffe something to eat? I'll excuse the rest of you, gentlemen."

The officers filed out, while Radcliffe dropped gratefully into a seat and watched the stout major assume the honors of the table.

"I suppose that you know the contents of this order?" Haverhill asked.

"I do, General," Radcliffe answered, "and I think I can explain its peculiarly loose construction."

"Hm!" muttered Haverhill. "I hope so. Will you be good enough to explain, sir?"

Radcliffe looked around cautiously. "The house is occupied only by your troops?" he asked.

"Only my own men, sir," the general an-

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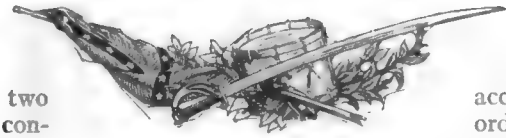

swered bluntly, "and two young women who are confined in an up-stairs room."

"Humph!" Radcliffe remembered the face he had seen at the window. "Confined?" he echoed curiously.

The general nodded. "I had to confine them," he explained, impatiently. "They are two sisters, the Misses Castleton, daughters of General Castleton, C. S. A., who owns this farm. We found a recently dead horse, marked C. S. A. and evidently hard ridden, in the stable. The girls would not explain how it came here, and I thought it best to send them to their room. However, they can not hear anything you may say, and the place has been searched thoroughly, so you need fear no eavesdroppers." He rested his hand on the stove as he finished.

Radcliffe nodded. "I've got to be careful," he said. "I am bound for Richmond on special duty—secret-service duty. I am charged with reopening a broken line of communication between Richmond and Washington. All through the war we have had representatives in Richmond, who have furnished us much valuable information. Lately one of our men was caught and hanged. Another has ceased to send; perhaps he has been hanged too. A third man — the only other man we have in Richmond —got word through to General Grant asking him to send some one to get tremendously important information that he had almost ready to transmit. We suspect that it is information looking to the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. At all events, General Grant has sent me to get it; to find out what has become of our other men; and to reëstablish the line of communication."

Haverhill knit his brows when the younger man finished, and glanced again at the few hastily written lines of the order.

"But why," he asked, "a brigade of cavalry to accomplish such a thing?" He made an impatient gesture, not being at all accustomed to having his orders interpreted for him by a subordinate.

"The plan is to have your cavalry cut a hole through the Confederate lines, and for me to slip through it," explained Radcliffe. "A considerable demonstration with cavalry and artillery, you see, will make them expect some big movement. There will be a hurried concentration of troops toward the threatened point—and in the confusion I shall slip through."

Haverhill called for a map and spread it on the table. "Your route?" he demanded.

Radcliffe traced it for him with a pencil.

"Why this route?"

"The chances of getting to Richmond from here are much greater than they are by way of central Virginia," Radcliffe explained. "North of Richmond the whole country is one great armed camp. Here the state is bare. General Early, we are informed, is marching to Lynchburg to meet General Hunter. Undoubtedly he is drawing men from all sides. The troops in your front can scarcely be more than a corporal's guard. Behind, there is a strip of country twenty or thirty miles wide, running right through to Richmond, that has been practically emptied of soldiers. The Confederacy is a mere shell. Once I have passed its surface, I can probably get to the edge of Richmond before I am challenged. If I have luck, I can get closer to Richmond in twenty-four hours by this route than I could get in weeks by any other. Put me across to-night and I'll be in Richmond day after to-morrow."

"I understand," Haverhill nodded slowly. "As you say, the matter requires the utmost speed." He stared at the map an instant, then continued: "I shall attack to-night. Early has scant troops in my immediate front. I can force the position, create an impression of a general movement toward Richmond, and then rejoin General Hunter by way of White's Gap. Does that agree with General Grant's ideas?"

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"Perfectly," answered Radcliffe.

The commander turned at once to the major, and in an instant the room filled with officers and orderlies. While orders were being carried to the regimental commanders, Haverhill was listening to the reports of his feelers and outposts, and devising the details of his attack.

Quietly the brigade made its preparations. Within a short time the batteries, with cavalry on all sides of them, crept through the darkness toward the positions from which they were to support the attack.

A moment later the silvery trumpets were sounding "Boots and Saddles" and the troopers were gathering for the night ride. High on the roof the flaming torches of the signalmen were spelling out orders to the outposts.

Bridle in hand, Radcliffe stood on the gravel path in front of the house. Once or twice he glanced up at the window above the door, and once he thought he saw a white face hiding in its shadows.

On every side the ranks were forming; troop after troop, wheeling into fours, trotted down the road and melted into the gloom of the guardian hills at the outlet. Last came General Haverhill, striding through the doorway. On the porch he stopped and spoke to Claban. "Tell Miss Castleton that General Haverhill thanks her for the shelter of her house," he ordered, "and that he regrets any unpleasant features of his stay." He strode down the step to where his horse waited, held by his orderly.

"Are you ready, Captain?" he asked.

Radcliffe swung to his saddle, cast one more futile glance at the windows, and followed, his splendid bay falling easily into the cavalry stride of his companion.

At the mouth of the Gap the bulk of the column halted behind a fringe of friendly trees while the advance felt forward cautiously. Orders for silence had been passed, and no sound was heard except the occasional nicker of a horse and the bumping of a field gun as it wheeled into place.

Ready at last, the brigade moved forward at a walk. Except for the starlight the night was dark. Men and horses moved specter-like out of the enveloping trees into the broad, flat valley of the South Fork. Silently they moved, invisible against the dark wall of the mountain. Soon the foremost files splashed in the waters of the fork, wading knee-deep in the swift, rushing stream. Shadowy flankers waiting there, lurking in the underbrush, fell in at the rear of the columns as they climbed the banks and came out into the clear, starlit meadows that sloped down to the light of a village half a mile away.

Suddenly a single musket sounded, then, like a bunch of firecrackers, a spatter of fire. Instantly Haverhill's batteries roared, the gunners counting more on the volume than the accuracy of their fire in the darkness. Under the protecting storm of metal from the batteries, the cavalry edged forward until it reached level ground. Ahead of them the flashes from the Confederate rifles made a row of sparks in the darkness. A word from Haverhill, and the trumpets rang out. No more need for concealment!

"Attention! Forward! Steady!" rang the orders, taken up and repeated by officer after officer down the line.

"Draw sabers." The air thrilled with the swish of steel.

"Steady! Steady! Guide right! Trot! Steady! Gallop!" Quick and fast the orders came.

The uproar was increasing. The crackling of the rifles had blended into a continuous patter. The horses, frantic with the infection of the fight, plunged wildly, held in line by the firm grip upon their bridles.

"Steady! Steady! Charge!"

Down the broad, grassy slopes shot the cavalry, carbines untouched, sabers in hand, hard gripped. The batteries ceased fire and limbered up. The cavalry, a black thunderbolt of war, hurled itself at the red flashes of the Confederate rifles, headlong, irresistible till its force should be spent. Out of the darkness a village leaped into view, its houses looming black against the eastern horizon. Among them dark forms sprang up, seen for a moment in the flash of their rifles, then going down beneath the sabers or the impact of the charging horses. Here and there a stricken charger shricked, or a rider toppled to his death; but the bulk of the cavalry swept on.

The slender forces of the Confederates could not stand for even a moment against this sudden whirlwind of horsemen. To them it must have seemed that the whole country was full of the rushing squadrons. Their resistance broke at the first shock.

"It's like killing flies with field-guns,"

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"THE PLAN IS TO HAVE YOUR CAVALRY CUT A HOLE THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE LINES, AND FOR ME TO SLIP THROUGH IT . . . PUT ME ACROSS TO-NIGHT AND I'LL BE IN RICHMOND DAY AFTER TO-MORROW

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Radcliffe muttered as he rode forward with the charge, "but it will give me my chance."

Only a few minutes elapsed until the last shots died away, and the brigade, crashing through the underbrush, passing out of the echoing thunder of the fight, slowed to a trot and then to a walk; halting at last to reform its broken column in the fertile bottomland of the South Fork.

Side by side, Radcliffe and Haverhill leaned forward, peering into the darkness. Round them was the clamor of horses and of men; the clank of guns; the quick, sharp orders that were restoring order. The general nodded to himself. "This seems to be Nellyford, Captain," he said, calmly. "Here are the forks of the road. What now?"

"My road lies to the left. Good night. You've put me through. I'll do my part, so help me God."

His hand flashed up in quick salute, then fell; and the swift tattoo of his horse's hoofs sounded loud and then fainter as he sped away through the night.

CHAPTER VII

Breathless with suspense, her nails pressed deep into the palms of her hands, Sally Castleton crouched at her window, 'Genie by her side, watching the last blue-coated troopers melt into the shadows. They had gone! They had really gone without finding Philip Byrd.

Desperately she clutched at 'Genie as the girl tried to rise. "Wait! Wait!" she gasped. "They may be coming back. It may be only a ruse. Wait! Wait!"

"Nonsense!" The younger girl's eyes narrowed with impatience and she tugged away from the restraining hand. "Nonsense, Sally! They're gone. And if they are coming back, Philip must get away before they do. Come!"

Sally's fingers relaxed and she scrambled to her feet just in time to see her sister whisking out of the door. 'Genie was right, of course. Philip must get away while he had a chance. Swiftly she followed the younger girl.

Already 'Genie was flying down the stairs, skirts wildly a-flutter. "They've gone, Philip!" she cried. "They've gone! You can come out now! Oh, Philip! Philip!" Recklessly she flung the fire-irons away from the face of the stove and dragged wide the door. "Come out," she repeated.

Sally heard a muffled reply but did not stop to listen to it. Across the hall she raced, slammed to the heavy door, and bolted it; then turned to close the shutters. But Claban was already ambling toward them and Sally hurried to the table and lighted the big lamp that swung from the ceiling. Then she turned to the stove just in time to see Philip's body and soot-marked face follow his feet out of its door.

The young fellow tried to rise, but his cramped legs refused to support him, and he tottered and clung to 'Genie, who threw her arms about him and held him up with all the strength of her vigorous young body.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she wailed. "Are you hurt so badly?"

The lad shook his head. "No!" he gasped. "I'm just cramped. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Oh, you poor boy! It must have been awful!"

Claban brought water, and Philip leaned back upon the stove and washed his face while the two girls hovered about him anxiously.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, self-consolingly. "I'm lucky to get off with a dirty face. When they knocked that stove pipe down I thought I was gone!"

For a moment longer the young fellow rested on the stove, gathering strength. Then abruptly he raised his hand. "Listen!" he exclaimed.

Out of the silence came the far-off crack of a rifle; then another and another and another, till the hills answered and the rattling valleys blended into a continuous rataplan.

Galvanized into sudden action, the boy sprang up. "Quick!" he cried. "I must go! I've got information! Great information! I must get it to Lee. Where's my horse? Did the Yankees get him?"

"Your horse is dead and there isn't another to be had anywhere."

"Then I'll go on foot. I'm all right again." He limped across the hall. "I must go."

"You can't! You're wounded. Your leg will give out."

"If it does, I'll crawl. I must get the news through. The Yankees have been sitting here discussing plans ever since they came. I've heard—oh, so much! I must get through! It's—did you hear the scuffle this afternoon, when somebody—a man

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with a big, booming voice—forced his way into the room?"

"Yes, yes! I saw him from the window." It was Sally who spoke. Her color was high and her eyes were bright. "The sentry would not let him pass and he almost broke in!"

"That's the man. His name is Radcliffe. He's a Yankee captain and a spy. He's going to Richmond to get into communication with another spy the Yankees have there—some infernal traitor in our service. He must be caught! And there's no one to give warning but me!"

Sally leaned forward eagerly. "Tell me everything," she cried. "I'll take the message for you. It's what I've prayed for—a chance to do something for the South. Besides, I saw the man! I can identify him. I'll take the message."

Philip hesitated.

"There's nobody else to go," Sally urged. "Our men are risking their lives every day, and we women must do our part when the need comes. No, I'm going. Now, Philip——"

"Listen!" 'Genie was standing by the door, hand lifted. "Listen!"

The rifle shots had died away, and in the silence the rattle of a wagon sounded clearly. 'Genie started to the door and snatched at the bolts. "It's George!" she cried. "I know it's George."

George it was who ran up the steps and burst into the room. "I got the message through, Miss 'Genie," he panted. "I got her through. An' I've come for you. Colonel Page is waiting for you all at Tye. And I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier! I've enlisted! I'm going to the war as soon as I get you all to Colonel Page."

Philip was already limping eagerly toward the door, and Sally was behind him, clutching up wraps as she came. "Come, 'Genie," she called. "We've no time to lose. The Yankees may come back."

The younger girl hesitated. Then she raced up the stairs and came down with a small satchel in one hand and her hat in the other. "Wait for me," she called. "I'm coming!"

George was already in the wagon and Sally was just climbing in, while Philip and Claban stood waiting. 'Genie hopped in and settled herself beside her sister, and Philip, assisted by Claban, climbed up in front with George.

Sally leaned over for a last farewell. "Good-by, Uncle Claban," she said. "Do the best you can to save the old place."

"Yes'm, I will, ma'am. Good-by, Miss Sally! Good-by, Miss 'Genie. I'll do what I kin, ma'am. Yes'm."

The girls looked back until the house had melted into the blackness and the form of the old man could no longer be seen. Sally could fancy him bending beneath the heavy burden laid upon him—as it was laid in those days on many another of his race.

The moon had not yet risen, but the stars gave light enough to show the road as George guided his horse forward. As he drove, he told his story in fragments which the others pieced together as best they could. He had started south immediately after leaving the girls, and after two or three hours' fast riding, had run into pickets who at his hysterical request had hurried him before Colonel Page, an officer in muddy gray commanding Early's rear-guard, to whom he had given Philip's despatch.

Colonel Page, though unable to say how long the railway to Richmond would be free to civilians, had sent him posting back to bring the Castleton girls to headquarters, as soon as the boy had told him of General Castleton's desire to have his daughters join him in Richmond. In jerky sentences George told proudly of his return journey.

The night had grown chill when the story was finished, and the wayfarers were huddled together for warmth. The moon was just climbing above the eastern horizon and was casting a pale light across the landscape.

Sally had been sitting silent. She was meditating over the events of the afternoon, reviewing the long hours when she had sat at her window, peering out through the curtain at the changing scene of men and horses and fluttering flags. Again she saw Frank Radcliffe come riding up the road, towering above the men he passed. Again she saw his light hair and his keen, straight glance as he looked up at the window and caught her eye for an instant. Again she remembered the strange leap of her heart as their eyes met.

Abruptly she turned to Philip. "What will they do to this Radcliffe if they catch him?" she asked.

"Hang him," Philip answered cheerfully.

"Hang him?"

"Of course. Hanging is the penalty for a spy. He takes the risk with his eyes open."

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"But—but—hanging—" faltered the girl.

"It's hard, of course. Especially with a man like this Captain Radcliffe, who is evidently a very fine sort of a fellow—for a Yankee. I didn't see him, of course, but I liked his voice, and the way he handled the situation showed that he must be big and strong and daring—which is just what makes it necessary for him to be caught."

Sally said nothing; she shivered slightly and drew a little deeper into her wraps. She had known vaguely that death was the punishment of a spy, but somehow she had not quite realized it. Now she realized that she did not want the man to die; she fought against the disloyal thought, but it refused to be downed. The future of Radcliffe kept coming into her mind, and her thoughts grew so strangely disquieting that she sighed with relief when George announced:

"We'll hit the road from Jonesborough to Massies' Mill in a minute. We can go by either place, but I reckon the way by Massies' Mill will be best. The road is right at the edge of those trees ahead—Sh!"

He pulled up his horse and leaned forward, listening. From far away came a jangling as of metal—a faint, musical note that constantly changed its pitch. Through and above it sounded louder clashes, broken by heavy thuds.

Philip was the first to understand. "Cavalry!" he exclaimed under his breath. "It's the Yankees. They're going to pass on that cross-road ahead. Drive back! Quick! No, stop! It's too late. We're safer here. Jump out, George, and hold your horse's nose. For God's sake, don't let him whinny."

Even as he spoke the van of the marching troop trotted into view, dimly visible in the moonlight just beyond the edge of the saving trees from whose shadows the travelers looked out. Swiftly the troopers rode, and silently—as silently as three thousand horsemen and a battery can ride—black figures against the pale gray of the sky.

More silently still the four watched them, holding their breaths lest any faintest movement might attract attention and bring upon them the fate from which they were fleeing. Not until long after the last rider had passed and the tramp of the horses had died away in distant, indistinct murmurs did George climb back into the wagon. "They're going by Massies' Mill," he observed, "and I reckon we'd better go by Jonesville."

"Yes," Philip agreed. "It's the only way left, I suppose. But we'll find trouble there." He pointed to a red glow that was staining the sky, blotting out the cold moonlight. "Jonesville is on fire. The Yankees have burned it."

George looked; then shook his reins eagerly, clucking to his tired horse.

Jonesville, however, was in ashes and deserted when the travelers reached it, and they passed through without stopping.

Morning was close at hand when a picket halted them and sent them on under escort to the Confederate camp. Once there, the girls were promptly hurried to a house in the village close beyond; George was given a blanket beside a camp-fire; and Philip, after telling his story, was sent to the hospital tent to have his wound dressed.

But long after they were all asleep messengers were speeding, signal-fires were flashing from hilltop to hilltop, and telegraph wires were buzzing with the story they had brought, weaving across the path of Frank Radcliffe a net so close and so strong that he must be bold and clever indeed to slip through its meshes.

CHAPTER VIII

Ignorant of the increase of danger with every stride of his horse, Frank Radcliffe cantered steadily forward into the night, following the road that led down the South Fork—the one road that he could take. It was scarcely more than a trail, weed grown, almost untraveled during the years of war, but level and easy to traverse, except in the few marshy spots where it crossed and recrossed the South Fork.

No villages and few houses lay along the road for several miles north of Nellyford. Radcliffe knew the location of the first village and intended to turn off before he reached it.

For the moment he felt measurably safe. The Confederacy was beset on every side. Grant was moving on Richmond from the north and Butler from the southeast. Hunter had possession of the Shenandoah Valley and was menacing Lynchburg and Richmond from the west. Lee, with superhuman genius, was holding them all at bay, but he had stripped the country of men to do it. Early had called out the last reserves

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to repel Hunter, and Radcliffe, knowing the temper of the people, was very sure that even the boys and the old men had answered the call. Except at the railway crossing ten miles away, he felt that he need fear no opposition till within a short distance of the Confederate capital.

After a time he came to a fork in the road; one branch went straight ahead, leaving the river and trending northward; the other turned sharply to the east, following the rushing stream toward the James River. This second branch Radcliffe followed, skirting the edge of a mountain that rose black against the sky. Half a mile farther a second stream, coming from the north, joined the South Fork, and the two flowed on together as Rockfish River.

All night long Radcliffe followed the river downward, setting his pace so that dawn might bring him to the tiny village where the railway crossed the Rockfish. He felt sure he would encounter a guard at the railway, and he knew that any attempt to pass by night might arouse suspicion and result in the ruin of his plans. He had a story ready to tell—a story backed by what he thought were unimpeachable papers. His part was not to flee observation, but to court it. Haverhill had gone southward; he himself northward; and he had little fear that any one would connect him with the cavalry raiders, already miles away.

Dawn found him on the heights where the road bobbed down steep slopes to the town of Rockfish nestling in a narrow cut about the railway bridge over the Rockfish River. Daylight was coming on swiftly. Like a garment the grayness slipped from the sky and left it flushing with gold and rose. The stillness was broken by the song of birds, first in scattered trills, then in rushing music. With the light, too, came the breeze—a strong, swift breeze, fragrant with the balsamy scent of the forest. Across the river the sun burned like a live coal behind the oaks on the crest of the ridge.

Down in the depths of the cut the mist curled lazily, tossed by the wind, but clinging with wet fingers to tree and house and bridge. Through its waving draperies Radcliffe caught sight of marching men whose slanting bayonets glistened in the light. The Confederates were there. Faintly he could hear the challenge and the response as they mounted guard.

He leaned forward and patted the glossy neck of his horse. "We're in for it now, Prince, old fellow," he muttered, soberly enough. "We've got to stop there for breakfast and rest; let's hope we won't stop there forever." He shook the reins, and the big bay went clattering down the slope.

As he neared the village a stern voice halted him and a sentry stepped into the road.

Radcliffe reined in and advanced at a slow walk, a proceeding which seemed agreeable to the challenger, for he raised no objection, though he held his gun at the ready. Behind him, through the thinning mist, Radcliffe caught sight of half a dozen men and an officer, constituting the guard.

He stopped his horse within a few paces of the sentry. "Good morning, brother!" he exclaimed. "Lord! I'm glad to see somebody. This is Rockfish, isn't it?"

The sentry stared. Radcliffe's manner of address took him by surprise. As he hesitated, the officer and his men came up.

The officer was only a boy, though he wore the bars of a lieutenant. But there was nothing boyish about his actions, and his manner was authoritative. "Who are you?" he demanded sharply. "What is yo' name and what are you doing here?"

"Frank Radcliffe—non-combatant. From Washington. Bound for Richmond and then for Norfolk."

A look of perplexity spread over the young officer's face. "From Washington?" he echoed incredulously. "You're a Yankee?"

"Well, I guess I just am," laughed Radcliffe. "But say, Lieutenant, don't you run away with any idea that I'm taking sides in this little quarrel between you and Abe Lincoln. No, siree! I'm down here to do business with you Johnny Rebs for our mutual advantage."

"What business?"

"Cotton business. We need cotton up North and you—well, I calculate you need several things down here. But say, it's tough talking on an empty stomach. Isn't there a hotel or a boarding-house where a fellow can get breakfast for horse and man? Over the coffee I'll explain further. Can't talk too darned free, you know." He winked broadly.

The subaltern's face did not relax. In fact, an expression of contempt grew upon

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HE STOPPED HIS HORSE WITHIN A FEW PACES OF THE SENTRY: "GOOD MORNING, BROTHER!"

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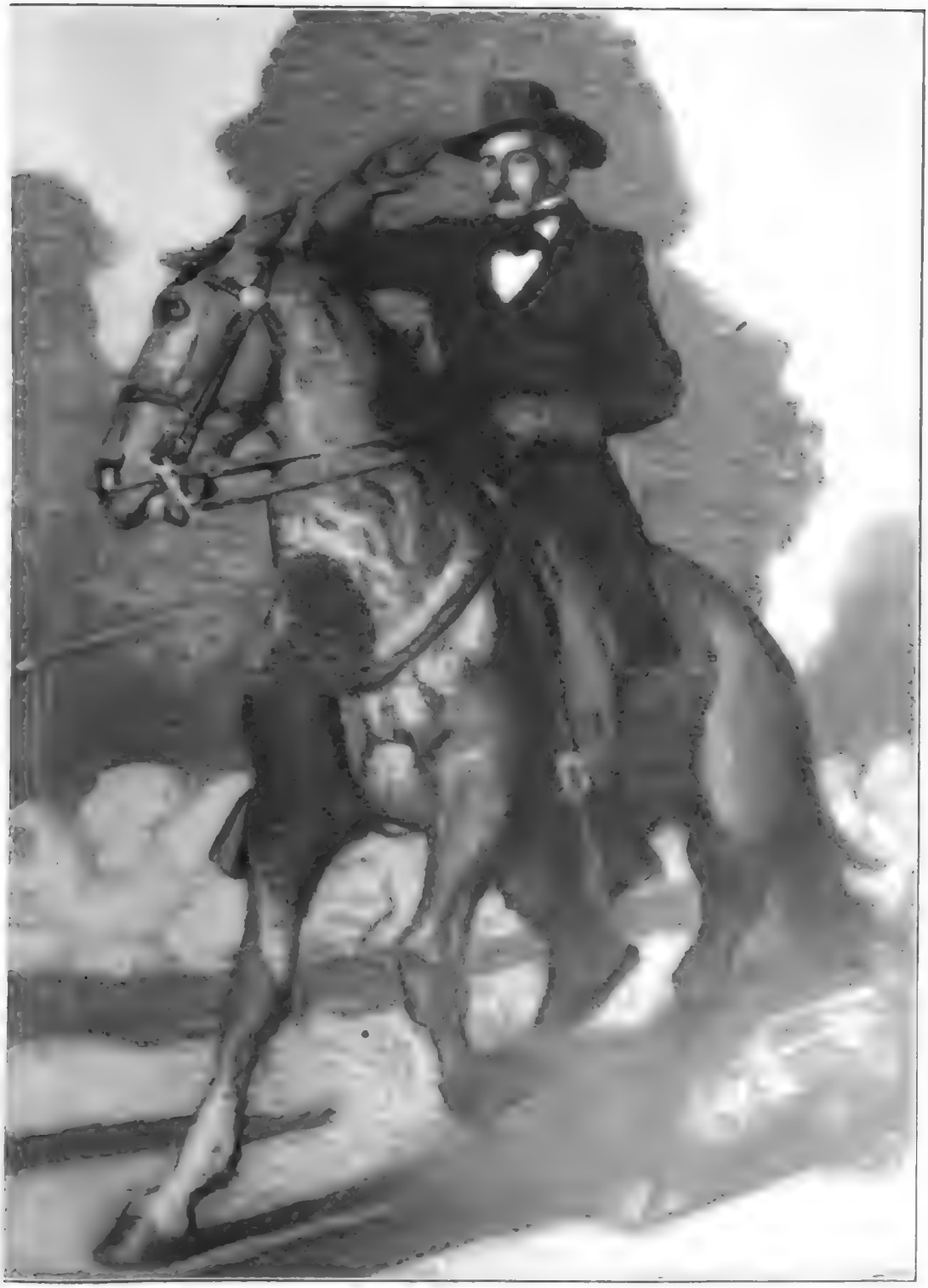

HE EXCLAIMED, "LORDY, I'M GLAD TO SEE SOMEBODY. THIS IS BLUEFISH, ISN'T IT?"

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it—the contempt of the old South for the Yankee who makes his money in devious ways. Radcliffe noted it with satisfaction. By just so much as he won contempt, he lessened the danger of being taken seriously.

The officer gave him no time for self-congratulation. "How did you get here?" he demanded.

"Came down the valley behind Hunter," Radcliffe answered readily. "He didn't know I was behind him, but I was. This little business of mine isn't exactly favored by the military authorities, you know. I snuk along behind Hunter till I got opposite Rockfish Gap and then I slid across and lit out for Richmond."

"You have papers, I reckon?"

"Lots of 'em, lots of 'em. Want to see them?"

"Yes."

The lieutenant extended his hand, and Radcliffe placed in it a packet which he took from an inner pocket. "Please take good care of them," he begged. "Some of those documents cost me considerable palm-grease and a heap of pull. Handle them as if they were gold."

The officer did not answer. He placed the papers in the inner pocket of his jacket, then looked up. "Dismount!" he ordered curtly.

Radcliffe obeyed promptly. "Mighty glad to do so, friend," he remarked, stretching his legs. "I've been in the saddle all night. Come forty miles since yesterday. Expected to meet your outposts away back yonder, but didn't do it." His tones were genial.

"Search him!"

"Eh?" Radcliffe started as the soldiers closed in around him. "Well, say," he began indignantly, "this is a hellufa way to treat your friends, especially when—oh! All right. Go as far as you like." He held up his arms to facilitate the operation.

The search was thorough and prolonged. It brought to light a lead pencil, a handkerchief, a penknife, and sundry other small articles, but nothing at all compromising. Radcliffe had taken good care on that point.

Throughout the search the lieutenant stood watching. Apparently he had recovered from his surprise at Radcliffe's answers and was merely carrying out a regular routine. When the men had completed their work, he examined the few miscellaneous articles they had collected and then handed them back.

"Here is your property, suh," he said, more courteously than before, but in a voice that subtly suggested that he was addressing an inferior. "All but the papers, suh. I shall be fo'ced to keep them foh the moment, but I will see that they come to no harm. You are the first Yankee trader to come to this post, and I shall have to ask for instructions concerning you. Meanwhile—" he hesitated, clearly not desiring to put himself on terms of equality with this Yankee, but finding his hospitable instincts hard to overcome—"meanwhile, suh, I shall be glad to have you join me at breakfast. Yo' horse will be cared for."

Radcliffe pretended to hesitate. "How much'll I have to pay for breakfast?" he asked, well knowing that no other possible question could so readily win him the contempt he desired.

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair. "There will be no charge for yo' entertainment, suh," he replied, disgustedly.

Radcliffe's face lighted up. "Thank you! Thank you!" he cried. "That's real white of you, Lieutenant."

Too disgusted to answer, the lieutenant turned and waved his guest toward the station, which stood at the edge of the river close to the end of the high bridge that spanned the gorge.

Radcliffe, obeying the gesture, walked toward the building. As he approached he noted that it was loopholed and defended by a barricade of sand-bags. Nothing short of artillery would make much impression on it, and artillery could scarcely be brought to bear. Its position commanded the entire length of the bridge.

The lieutenant led the way into the waiting-room of the station, now transformed into a barracks. "I'll ask you to excuse me for a moment, suh," he said. "Please sit down. Breakfast will be ready in a few moments." He turned away to the ticket office, whence came the steady tap-tap of a telegraph instrument.

Radcliffe smiled as he heard it. He was an expert operator and every word that went through was as plain to him as if spoken by word of mouth. The telegraph was comparatively new in those days, and operators were few. It never occurred to the lieutenant that this Yankee could read the code, which was only so much metallic clatter to him.

Radcliffe listened intently, but nothing

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important seemed to be in transit, the key merely chattering about commissary supplies. But suddenly he heard the local office break in, demanding headquarters, and then send a message that drove the color from his cheeks.

"*Man claiming to be Frank Radcliffe, cotton broker, from Washington for Richmond and Norfolk, just arrested. Exactly suits description of the spy Radcliffe you directed me to arrest. Send instructions.*"

His mission was known! A rush of blood to his head blinded him. In a flash he saw the rope, the tree, the nameless grave. He had never thought it; never expected it; desperate though his venture was, he had always expected to get through somehow.

He straightened up. After all, he was not dead yet! He thought once of flight, then his face grew white and dogged. "No! By Heaven! No!" he swore beneath his breath. "I won't run! I'll play the game out——"

A voice sounded dully in his ears and he realized that the lieutenant had reentered the room and was speaking to him.

"Mr. Radcliffe," he was saying, "Colonel Page has instructed me to bring you to him under guard on a train that will pass here in an hour. We will just have time for breakfast before we go, suh."

CHAPTER IX

Colonel Page's tent was pitched on a knoll beside a parked battery. In front of it a skeleton cavalry regiment was camped in the ruddy sunshine, the men clustering about a few fires over which scanty rations were cooking.

Inside the tent Colonel Page was sitting at a desk made by placing a half-filled cracker box on top of a pile of stones. The day was hot, and the colonel's coat was unbuttoned, disclosing a worn woolen shirt. He was wrinkling his brow as he pored over the papers taken from Radcliffe earlier in the day. The young lieutenant who had made the arrest stood before him, and the colonel from time to time shot a question at him and nodded his head over the answers. At last he looked up.

"Your conduct has been entirely correct, Lieutenant Nelson," he said. "I thank you, suh. Return to your command as quickly as possible. I believe a train will start in an hour. As you go to the station, kindly find the provost, Major Kent, and ask him to bring the prisoner here at once."

The officer saluted and went out. As he did so, the colonel picked up his pen and began writing. He did not stop when the provost entered with Radcliffe in charge. For a full minute more he scratched on before he flung down the pen.

"Very good, Captain," he said, to the provost. "You may go." Then, as the officer saluted and went out, the colonel rose and faced his prisoner with a smile.

"Please sit down, Mr. Radcliffe," he invited, waving his hand to a box that stood at one side of the tent. "I am Colonel Page, commanding General Early's rearguard."

Radcliffe acknowledged the introduction with a bow. He tried to speak, but his lips could not frame the words. He had entered the tent feeling that he was going to certain if not instant death, and he had braced himself to meet his fate with fortitude. To find himself welcomed as a guest differed so completely from all his expectations that the revulsion of feeling made him dumb.

Colonel Page did not seem to notice his silence. "I owe you an apology, Mr. Radcliffe, suh," he went on. "These papers show that you came into our lines to do us a service. You should have been welcomed and forwarded, instead of being hindered. I understand that you desire to buy cotton and take it out through the blockade."

Radcliffe nodded. He was still dazed, but he did not forget his part. "That's what I came for!" he declared emphatically. "It took a heap of trouble to get the permit, but I got it. You'll find it in that bundle of papers."

Colonel Page nodded. "I have just read it, suh," he said. "It is perfectly satisfactory."

"Good!" gasped Radcliffe. "Your lieutenant had me scared for a while."

Colonel Page smiled. "I hope you will pardon Lieutenant Nelson, suh," he said. "He was only doing his duty. He was not familiar with the perilous traffic in which you are engaged, suh. Indeed, I must admit that I am not wholly familiar with it myself. Perhaps you will explain, suh!"

"Glad to, Colonel." Radcliffe stretched his legs and leaned back on his cracker box. "It's this way," he began. "You people want to sell your cotton, but you can't do

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it because of the blockade. The world wants to buy your cotton, but it can't do it because of the blockade. It occurred to some of us that we could get rich if we could get a few thousand bales across the lines. So we got Congress to pass a law authorizing the Secretary of War to issue permits to loyal Northerners who owned cotton in the South to bring it through the blockade or the military lines.

"Of course that gave a bully chance for slick work. But we had the devil of a time to get the secretary to issue permits. He wanted affidavits from the cotton owners. And we had hard work to find any Northern men who did own cotton, and it was mighty risky for a man to make affidavit that he did own it when he didn't. But after a while we got things fixed so that a man need only swear that he *controlled* cotton, and that he had always been loyal and all that.

"So we went ahead and got United States cotton agents appointed at a lot of ports and got some permits to bring out so many bales here and so many there, and to pay the expenses of the work by shipping south articles that weren't contraband, such as ropes and hoop-skirts and ladies' clothes, and wall paper, and so on. My permit is for seven thousand bales to be brought out by way of Norfolk."

"So I see, suh!"

"Well! That's all right. Only it takes two to make a bargain, and somebody had to come down here to talk to you folks and make arrangements. We've got a ship loaded with hoop-skirts and things—nothing contraband, of course"—Radcliffe winked expansively—"and it'll be down in Albemarle Sound in a week or so. The United States cotton agent at Norfolk will appoint a deputy to take it up Chowan and Nottoway rivers pretty close to Murfree's depot, where we can make the trade. The deputy will pass her through as slick as grease and won't insist on examining the middles of the barrels and the insides of the packages she carries. If I can make a dicker with you folks and if you'll have your cotton at Murfree's depot, you won't lose anything by the trade. See?"

Colonel Page had listened with growing wonder and not a little disgust. "In plain words, Mr. Radcliffe," he said, acidly, "certain United States officials propose to betray their own Government by selling munitions of war to its enemies under cover of permits procured by perjury and trickery!"

Radcliffe grinned. "I guess you're right, Colonel," he agreed, unabashed. "I guess you're right. Beats all what men will do for a little filthy lucre, don't it? I reckon—" impudently—"I reckon you high-minded Confederates wouldn't care to help us low-down Yankees cheat the United States Government, now, would you?"

Colonel Page flushed hotly. He leaped to his feet and strode up and down the tent two or three times before he ventured to speak. Then he turned on Radcliffe, who sat watching him with sly amusement.

"You take advantage of your position, suh," he thundered. "Scoundrels and traitors are always prone to think that others are as evil and as sordid as themselves. By dealing with you and your kind, suh, we do in a way put ourselves on your level and lay ourselves open to just such innuendoes as those you have just uttered. If I had my way, suh, I would send you back to the Yankee lines with a rope about your neck and your damned permit in your pocket. But my orders compel me to help you reach Richmond. By what route do you wish to go?"

"The quickest, of course. I want to get through down here just as quick as the Lord'll let me, and get home."

"You can go by train, of course, either by Petersburg or by Charlottesville. But there is no telling how long you will be on the way, nor whether you will ever get through. Both lines are menaced by the enemy. Perhaps you would prefer to go by horseback. I understand that you have an excellent horse, and there seems to be no reason why you should not reach Richmond within forty-eight hours at the farthest."

"Horseback suits me!"

"Very good. I will give you a pass from here to Richmond by the most direct route south of the James River. That will be satisfactory, I suppose. When will you start?"

Radcliffe laughed hoarsely. "I want to start right away," he declared. "But Colonel, I've been riding for thirty-six hours straight, and I've got to sleep before I go on. Is there any house near here where they'll give me a bed, and won't take all I've got to pay for it?"

"You will find a house in the village on the other side of the railway track where you will not be overcharged," Colonel Page

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replied. "I will send my orderly to show you the way, and I will send the pass and your horse to you by the provost, Captain Kent."

"Thank you!"

The colonel ignored the thanks.

"Take this gentleman," he said to the orderly who answered his call, "to Mrs. Frances's house. Present my compliments to Mrs. Frances and say that she will confer a favor on me and do a service to the Confederacy if she will afford him the hospitality of her roof for a few hours' sleep." He turned to Radcliffe. "Good morning, suh!" he said curtly.

Radcliffe held out his hand. "Good morning, Colonel," he said. "You've treated me white and I thank you."

Colonel Page did not take the proffered hand. "Good morning, suh," he repeated.

Radcliffe drew back. "Oh! all right. Just as you like, Colonel," he muttered, as he followed the orderly past the tent flap, feeling reasonably well assured that he had won Colonel Page's contempt and had thereby made his position safer.

Left alone, Colonel Page sat down and wrote hastily for a few minutes, then rose to his feet and strode to the back of the tent. He raised a flap that hung there, disclosing the interior of another and much smaller tent, scarcely more than a lean-to.

"Come in, Lieutenant," he said.

Philip Byrd rose from a cot and hobbled through the opening into the large tent. The young officer was still pale, but better for his hours of forced inactivity.

Colonel Page waved him to the place on the cracker box so lately vacated by Radcliffe, and sat down in his own seat.

"Well!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "He's the man, isn't he?"

Philip hesitated. "I think so, sir," he answered, slowly. "I'm mighty near sure, but I can't swear to him. I didn't see him at Castleton, you know. I only heard his voice, and his voice sounds different somehow. Of course, I know he's playing a part and trying to talk different, but even allowing for that I can't be sure."

"Who did see him?" demanded Colonel Page.

"Miss Castleton did, and she—" answered Philip.

"Why didn't you say so?" the colonel interrupted. "Orderly!"

The orderly raised the flap of the tent and entered.

"Go to Mrs. Frances's and see if Miss Castleton is up. Say to her that Colonel Page would like to see her on a matter of the greatest importance at her earliest possible convenience."

CHAPTER X

It was nearly noon when the elder sister opened her sleepy eyes and looked wonderingly around her at the unfamiliar room.

The breeze was sifting, cool and fresh, through the slats of the closed shutters. With it came an indescribable murmur, and a hum low but insistent, broken now and again by little staccato sounds that rang unfamiliar on the girl's ears. She glanced at 'Genie, but the younger girl was still sleeping soundly, and after a moment's hesitation she slipped cautiously from the bed and went to the window. Soon she sank down upon her knees and stayed there, staring through the slats.

The whole country seemed alive with men in gray. A gray column was swinging endlessly beneath her window, choking the road. Farther off, guns were passing, thudding and clanking. Still farther beyond, she saw the heads of cavalry protruding from a sunken road. The air was full of sounds, growing louder and more ominous.

Although the war had raged for four years, its course had somehow gone wide of the cove in the Blue Ridge where the Castleton farm had its place. Not until the day before had either Sally or 'Genie come into actual contact with it, and not until then had either of them seen any large body of troops. Even then they had seen only Northern soldiers.

But the men on whom Sally now looked were not enemies, but friends. They were the battle-scarred legions who were fighting for her land, her state, her country. The girl's heart swelled as she watched them.

For a long time she stayed on her knees, watching from dark-fringed eyes, shadowed beneath heavy hair. At last she rose, glanced at 'Genie, who was still sleeping like a tired child, and then slipped to the bureau and began to dress. No fresh clothing was at hand; what garments she had were dusty and travel-stained. But the bowl on the washstand was big and brimming with cool water, and this, followed by a rub with a coarse towel, made her blood

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tingle and completed her invigoration.

When she and 'Genie had retired the night before, they had been too tired to do more than take off their clothes and slip into bed. Consequently neither had very greatly missed the toilet articles to which they were accustomed.

Rising, however, was another matter. Despairingly Sally looked around her. Her eyes lighted on 'Genie's satchel and a pleased expression dawned on her face.

"Oh!" she murmured. "I forgot! 'Genie was more thoughtful than I." Quietly she crossed the floor to the satchel and opened it.

The smile left her lips and an expression of wonder took its place. She thrust her hand into the satchel and ran it through the contents. Her eyes grew tender as she gazed.

"Philip's letters," she murmured. "Philip's letters! She brought them and nothing else. Oh! little sister, little sister! You are very young, and yet—and yet——"

She broke off, sighing. Then as speedily as she might she finished her toilet and started down the stairs.

At the foot Mrs. Frances met her with warm Southern welcomings and hesitating proffers of breakfast. "There isn't much," she explained ruefully. "Only some spoon-bread and some sassafras tea. We had a little more yesterday, but to-day we have nothing. We had to feed our boys, you know. We couldn't let them go to battle hungry. We women can starve for a day or two."

Sally nodded. "Of course," she agreed. As a matter of fact, she was not hungry, or, rather, she didn't know that she was hungry. She ate a few mouthfuls of spoon-bread and took a sip of the bitter sassafras tea, then wandered out upon the porch and sat down to watch the marching men.

Then, quite abruptly, she looked up and saw Radcliffe.

He had left the orderly at the gate and was coming up the walk to the house with the same devil-may-care bearing with which he had ridden up to her own home the afternoon before. (Heavens! was it only the afternoon before?) So far as she could see, he was free, inside the Confederate lines, going about his errand quite calmly—he, for whom a hundred outposts were watching.

Tremblingly she rose in outraged protest to confront him. White as a flower, she leaned slightly forward, staring with frightened eyes into his face, her slender fingers tightening on the back of her chair. So direct was her level gaze, so compelling her manner, that Radcliffe stopped and swept off his hat with a smile.

"Mrs. Frances?" he questioned. There was no mistaking the frank admiration in his eyes.

He did not know her. For a moment his ignorance puzzled her. She knew him so well. She had seen him only once and then but for a moment, but somehow she was quite familiar with every feature. That he should not know her seemed inexplicable, till she remembered that she had drawn back behind the curtains as he had looked up to her window, and that probably he had not seen her at all.

But he was waiting for an answer to his question, and with an effort she gave him one. "No," she answered faintly. "No, I am not Mrs. Frances."

"I beg your pardon. Colonel Page's orderly has just brought me here. He pointed the house out to me and hurried away."

Colonel Page's orderly? How in Heaven's name did Colonel Page's orderly come to be showing this man—this spy—to a resting-place! The colonel could not have known—and yet how could he not know! Was not Philip Byrd with him?

At once an explanation came to the girl. She remembered that Philip had not seen the man—had only heard him and knew what he looked like only from her description. Clearly that description had been imperfect. And this was the result. Unimpeded and undetected, this spy had walked deliberately into the Confederate lines.

Suddenly she realized—no one there knew him except herself! On her and her alone rested the responsibility of his detection! The thumping of her heart seemed to shake her and the clamor of her pulses deafened her. What was she to do? She had longed for a chance to serve her country—well, here it was. By every impulse of loyalty, she ought to welcome it. But in spite of herself a grim picture rose before her eyes—the picture of a gallows—a rope—a man—this man— Shuddering and faint, she turned away.

The next instalment of "**Sally Castleton, Southerner**" will appear in the August number.

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"The Full Dinner-Pail"

BY FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

WHAT about the tariff and labor? Has the tariff—or have the men behind it—kept faith with labor? Or has the tariff, in operation, brought about the very conditions in labor that the tariff was framed, in theory, to obviate?

The principle of the protective tariff, the sole and sufficient reason for its being established and maintained (according to its best friends), is that it equalizes labor conditions here and abroad; that it subsidizes the manufacturer, reimburses him for the higher rate of wages he has to pay over his European competitor. Since the days of "McKinley and Prosperity" the tariff wall has stood for the protection of American labor—nothing more.

"The Full Dinner-pail"—that's the theory. That's what caught the votes.

There are more than thirty-five million men, women, and children enumerated as breadwinners. What has been their portion under the actual manipulation of protection? Has the dignity of American labor been sustained?

The answer has to do with facts, not with political theory. It affects the pockets and cupboards of every individual among our ninety-two millions; and it affects the social and economic future of the nation as a whole.

You can get an inkling of the answer by skimming the surface of conditions in the three most highly protected industries in the country, the three biggest industries—the manufactures of steel, wool, and cotton.

Iron and steel are protected up to forty-five per cent. ad valorem. For labor, of course? Why, certainly. Raw material is cheap enough. No other country can match our resources in raw material. Capital is plentiful. They had no trouble in finding ninety millions of it merely to float the United States Steel Corporation. But—wages are high! There's the rub. The standard of living of the American laborer is higher than that of his European or Asiatic competitor. The dignity of American labor must be maintained. That forty-five per cent. tariff wall was erected around iron and steel to keep the dinner-pail full. How does it work out?

The Steel Trust employs 200,000 men. Native Americans? Slovaks, Lithuanians, Magyars, Bohemians, Syrians, Sicilians, Italians from the boot of Italy—the overflow of southeastern Europe. Nearly sixty per cent. of these employees (according to an estimate of the Commissioner of Labor) are foreign-born. Two-thirds of these are Slavs. One-fourth of these foreigners can read and write. A negligible number are citizens.

One out of every three immigrants goes back home with his savings. Last year more than 518,000 returned home.

And they are paid—what? American wages, subsidized by a forty-five per cent. tariff wall? Not much! Twelve cents an hour is a good average for the year round. Sometimes fourteen cents. Occasionally even twenty, for show-window purposes. The wages appeal to them. They work fifty-six hours a week sometimes, but they cry for seventy-two hours, even eighty-four.

Not for fifty-two weeks a year, however. Even wops, sleeping twenty in a cellar, four in a bed, saving money to go home and end their days at a trifle higher standard than they find possible over here, could not stand that. Besides, the mills find it convenient to run on a loose pulley for ten or twenty weeks in the year—to preserve the balance. Otherwise it would be necessary to sell surplus steel rails abroad at twelve dollars a ton.

And the corporation that employs them calmly pockets the forty-five per cent. (which it holds in trust for the ostensible purpose of maintaining the dignity of American labor) and squanders it magnificently in paying dividends on five hundred millions of water, and ninety millions promotion fees; on welfare work (in which the em-

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ployee must sign a waiver of personal damages before he can participate); also on "efficiency engineering;" and in feeding a sinking fund for "depreciation" (not of men, but of material).

That is what becomes of Protection and the Full Dinner-Pail in the steel business.

How about the textile industries?

In the recent strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts, 22,000 workers were out for fifty-six hours' pay for fifty-four hours' work. They were willing to work fifty-six hours, or even eighty-four. But the law said no—fifty-four was enough. These 22,000 are—what? American labor? No, indeed. They are twenty-seven nationalities, especially imported. They speak fifty-four languages or dialects. They have only one thing in common—hunger. One out of three hopes to return home some day. Three out of ten eligible male adults are citizens. "Children of Schedule K!"—as the New York *World* patly calls them.

The industry of which they are the labor is an infant industry. It costs a lot of money to grow wool in America, because the standard of living among our sheep is very high. It costs a lot of money to scour and spin wool in America, because the dinner-pail contains something besides macaroni paste and garlic. Therefore the industry is protected in its various branches by an ad valorem subsidy that runs from 40 per cent. to as high as 160 per cent.

An agent of the Commissioner of Labor, investigating the strike, said that the average adult wage was $9.25 a week. The operatives questioned these figures on one side. The employers were equally indignant on the other. Some went so far as to say that if you lumped all together—men, women, and children—and figured in the loose-pulley weeks, the average was near $6. But let it go at $9.25. Think of it! Behind a 160 per cent. tariff wall!

Meantime, one of the mills that kept a stiff upper lip in the face of rioting and child-stealing had the satisfaction of seeing $3,800 bid, in open market, for its $1,000 shares—with no takers. These same shares sold for $75 once, in the early days of McKinley and Prosperity. This same concern pays twelve per cent. annually, and in the last six years it has paid thirty-four per cent. extra dividends. Its shares are non-taxable.

Its stalwart brother competitors pay seven or eight per cent. annually, and keep their stockholders quiet by cutting a melon every few years. Four of the factories that stood shoulder to shoulder could have bought and paid for their plants nearly twice over out of their dividends and undivided profits in the past ten years.

The steel barons are almost pikers alongside the amiable gentlemen holding the bag in the wool game.

Go into cotton, silk, shoemaking, wool—any of the highly protected industries that can make use of a low grade of labor. In every one of the industries most highly protected, you will find the manufacturer maintaining the dignity of American labor by importing the cheap article—and pocketing the proceeds. Occasionally American labor can compete with the imported variety. But very rarely. The starvation-point is higher over here. Therefore we are welcoming the hordes from the south of Europe; from the Balkans; the oppressed Jews and Poles of Russia who have lived on sour bread so long that they can assimilate it. Take these figures:

From 1890 to 1900—before the protected industries really got into their stride—out of a total of 3,703,061 immigrants, 1,872,000 were wops. About fifty per cent.

But look at the next decade, when the game had been reduced to a science. Out of 8,136,016 immigrants, 6,075,800 were from southeastern Europe. About seventy-five per cent. That's what cuts ice—and one hundred per cent. melons!

If you are seeking a good, able-bodied, self-respecting, clean-living, meat-eating American, the type that is hauled forth to stand in the lime-light whenever the tariff-tinkers get down to business, where do you look for him?

In the protected industries? No, most assuredly not.

You will find your standard-gauge American engaged in railroading, telegraphing, in the building trades, on farms. In industries which, no matter how highly they may have become vested with special privilege, at least never have been subsidized in the name of Labor, and stolen the gate receipts.

The shame of it is not in the sullen hordes clustering together under strange banners, festering under stress of this new syndicalism. That may be the danger, but not the shame. The shame is higher up. It is all American.

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HIS LEETLE TREES

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF "TOGETHER," "THE COMMON LOT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

AWAY off in the southwest corner of the city limits, on the edge of the prairie, beyond the march of brick and mortar, Peter Brauer had his nursery. There was a bit of weatherbeaten house with lean-to sheds, surrounded by long, close rows of thin saplings, and all about stretched unbroken the low, level land, girdled by the steel bands of many railroads where trains hooted and bellowed.

Here the old German had lived for forty years with his wife and three children—at first farming, then, as the black pall from the factory settlements grew denser, truck gardening for the newcomers; and now these last years he had converted his ten-acre patch into a nursery, where he grew elms, maples, poplars for those thrifty citizens who wished to ornament their suburban homes.

Latterly his wife had died—a calamity that had shaken the old man's strong grip upon life. One son had already wandered away, following the railroads, no one knew where. Another was married and working on the other side of the city, and the youngest—the old German's pride—had secured a good education in the city schools and was employed in a chemical factory a couple of miles to the north of the nursery. Sometimes in winter, after his wife died, when there was nothing else to do, old Brauer would visit this son, and, sitting in the midst of retorts and glass bottles, would blink with awe at the colored chemicals.

"See there, father," the son would say, holding up a little flask of brownish liquid. "There's enough dope in that to kill a townful of folks—cyanide of potassium." And he dangled the vial of deadly poison before the old man's round eyes. Again he would point to a couple of retorts filled with colorless substances and say: "If you should put those into a bottle together, and

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drop it on the floor, you'd blow a hole in the ground big enough to bury this factory in!"

The old man moved cautiously away.

"So, George?" he would murmur.

"Sure!" and George would recite long names by which these innocent looking fluids were called. The old man listened in wonder.

These highly concentrated forces of nature, lying neatly bottled on the laboratory shelves, gave him a vivid sensation of power, like that growing face of the great city, ever pushing onward, darkening the sky with smoke, eating up green fields and farms, swallowing the dumb land.

Not long after his wife died, another catastrophe threatened. Some land speculators decided to make a new subdivision in this corner of the city, and sell cheap lots to the factory workers. They offered the old German a good price for his ten acres, which he promptly refused. Then they went ahead and bought all the vacant land around him and began to put in cement walks, sewers, gas and water pipes, and to put up signs with strange names on them at the street corners.

That fall the old man would sit for hours in front of his shack, watching the gang of Italians as they trenched the sod road beside his place to lay pipes—a grim and hostile figure.

His sons told him it was a good thing: his ten acres would be worth thousands of dollars instead of a few hundreds. Not in his day, he knew, and he resented the invasion of his peace by the growing city. After the sewer men came the water gang, and finally the gas company began to lay pipes. They wanted to put gas into his house, but he refused, of course. That winter the wide spaces all about him twinkled at night with gas lights—advance torches of the city.

It happened that the new gas-main in front of the nursery leaked. The gas killed the early, tender grass in March, in patches along the roadside. The old man complained to the chemist, George, when the latter came to see him on Sunday. The evil smell of the stuff was plainly noticeable in the house. The work had been hastily done by a thieving contractor, and this was the result. The son promised to notify the gas company; they would make the repairs at once. But the company neglected the repairs. Another week—two weeks went by, and the sickening odor of gas still polluted the air. Finally the old man decided to go into the city himself and complain personally at the central office of the gas company.

So in his black best, yet obviously the countryman, he made the long journey by street-car into the city to the Gas Building. Bewildered by the magnificence and the size of the great building that reared itself twenty stories into the clouds, he wandered about the corridors until a friendly elevator man steered him into the rotunda where the gas offices were; and there he made his complaint, in his thick, broken English, which was rendered more unintelligible by his emotion.

"The dom stoff," he growled, "it kilts mein grass, mein leetle trees, *ja!*"

The clerks behind the bronze and marble screen tittered, and a youngster mimicked him audibly—"It kilts mein leetle trees, *ja!*"

The old man glowered helplessly until an older clerk promised aid. "All right, mein frent, we'll have the leak stopped right away before it gets the leetle trees—sure!"

Brauer departed, still growling.

"Right away" for the gas company was not the next day, nor the next, nor yet another. A week passed, and the old man wandering among the slim saplings in his nursery, which were just beginning to put out tender, fuzzy leaves, had angry eyes. The little round balls along the twigs had begun to shrivel! He knew it must be the poisonous gas that, working its way through the damp earth, was attacking the roots of his precious trees. Finally, when he had got to the point of fingering an old shotgun and muttering threats, a gang of Italians under an Irish boss arrived late one afternoon. The Irishman jeered at the old German, who shouted:

"In my country—in Proosia, you would not come out of this so easily, not by a dom sight!"

"But it ain't no Dutchman's land—it's the United States, see?" the Irishman answered, and Peter Brauer perceived for the first time the full meaning of the distinction.

The boss professed not to be able to detect the signs of a leak, though the air was foul with the gas. It was not until he noticed the old man's shotgun that he ordered his men to work.

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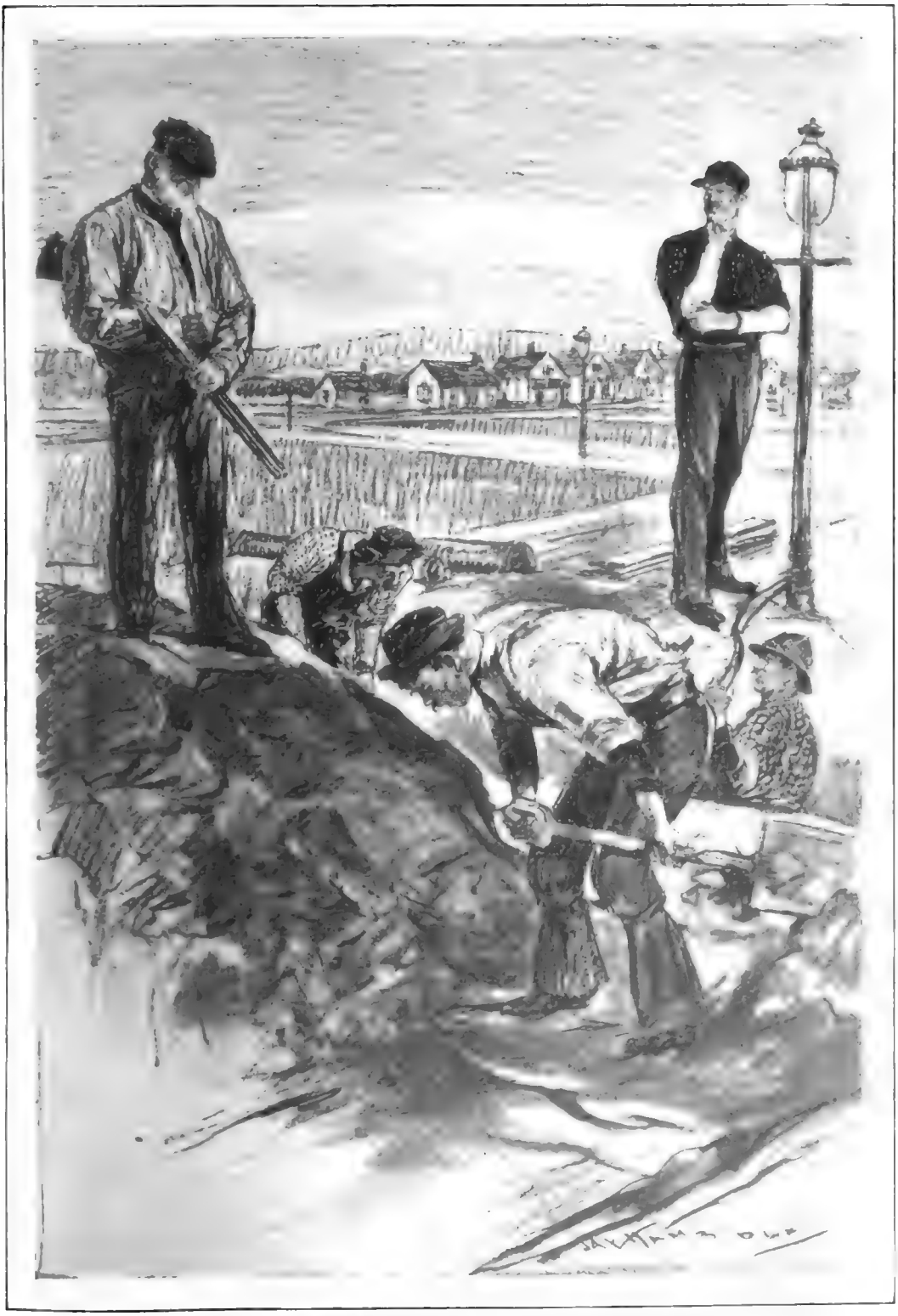

"*Ja! DIG! DIG!*" THE OLD MAN MUTTERED, AS THE FIRST SHOVELFULS OF SOFT EARTH BEGAN TO FLY.

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"*Ja!* Dig! dig!" the old man muttered, as the first spadefuls of soft earth began to fly.

It took them a day to find the defective joint. The old German marched up and down the trench with his gun, in spite of the evil smell of gas that came from the saturated earth. When the leaky joint was uncovered, he watched them make the repair, forced the boss to test his job, and then at last went back to his shack to lay aside his gun, a light of triumph in his old eyes.

And now Peter Brauer expected to settle back in peace to enjoy the oncoming summer and the blossoming-out of his trees. But the shriveled buds did not open. At first he thought they had been caught by the April freeze, which came almost every year and put things back: but as the trees of his next neighbor down the lane leafed out in due season and grew large and green, he realized what had happened: the gas had killed his trees! All spring he waited for the trees to start, after throwing off the mephitic poison at their tender roots; but nothing came forth, or the few feeble leaves grew yellow and dropped lifeless to the ground. By July it was all too plain—the slim saplings, bare as they should be in November, told the tale: the nursery was dead, every tree—killed by the gas.

The old man went to see the chemist George, who sympathized with him.

"Better sell the farm," George counseled, "and come into the city to live with me."

The old man went home. The real-estate agent came again, and found him in the midst of his bare trees, feeling of their dry trunks. He offered him the old price for his land. "And you can make the gas company pay for your trees," he suggested. Peter Brauer would not sell, but he would make the gas company pay for the damage they had done. That was a good idea!

That fall and winter the old German was a familiar figure in the offices of the gas company. "The old Dutchman and his leetle trees" became a joke with the clerks and office-boys. They sent him bewildered from window to window, from office to office, with his tale. He wanted four hundred and eighty-two dollars—"one dollar beim tree," he explained. "It cost me more!" he repeated. The gas people offered to settle for two hundred dollars.

"Not for four hundred and eighty!" he stormed. "One dollar beim tree—four hundred and eighty-two!"

The official—by this time he had made his way to the claims department on the fourth floor—shrugged his shoulders.

Brauer left the office and slowly retraced his way to the stairs—he would not trust himself to the elevator—and stood there for a while gazing angrily at the well-dressed, prosperous-looking figures darting in and out of the gas offices. On the door at the end of the corridor near the stairs was a sign—"PRESIDENT'S OFFICE." The old German pushed his way in and found himself in a maze of passages and offices. A smart young man asked him his business.

"Show me der president!" Brauer growled.

In time he was fired out, of course, but not until a janitor had been summoned, who, having hustled him as far as the entrance to the building, said: "You're nutty—go home!"

And he went home, dazed, his whole soul in revolt at the system of things in this land where he had lived for forty years. The real-estate man or his son suggested the law. Brauer grasped at the idea, and a young lawyer promised to get the money for his trees out of the gas company. There was another long delay, and then the lawyer to whose office the old man journeyed said: "I've got 'em to come up to two fifty—better let me settle for that."

As a matter of fact, they had said in the legal department: "We'll give three hundred dollars to get rid of that crazy Dutchman." But the lawyer meant to keep back fifty for himself, besides demanding fifty as his fee. "Better settle, you'll get less if you sue," he urged; and the chemist, who had come with his father to see the lawyer, said also: "Better take the money, father, and then sell the farm!"

But the old man obstinately shook his head and silently went back to his lonely shack. It was again the coming of spring—early April. The birds called joyously across the greening fields as he got off the car and turned toward the open land. At the corner of the lane, where his neighbor had plowed a few furrows for a garden, the familiar odor of the earth came to his nostrils, the scent of home. He raised his old head and looked out over the flat, unlovely land, already spotted here and there with the new houses of the real-estate com-

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pany, and dotted regularly with the cursed gas lamps. Before him rose the tall, stiff shoots of his murdered trees, set close in rows; and with clenched hands he strode into his house.

There his daughter-in-law awaited him. "What luck, father?" she asked.

"They pay only fifty cents apiece for mein leetle trees," the old man grumbled. "They won't pay no more!"

The woman sighed weakly and remarked: "It ain't no good to fight a big concern like the gas company; you just have to take what they'll give you—submit."

That was the philosophy of her life—submission. She was American born, too!

"Submit!" the German thundered. "*Bei Gott*, I'll fight until I'm dead!"

He took his old shotgun and fingered it once more. His dull brain, thoroughly wrenched from its habitual course, had slowly become inflamed during these past months of tedious waiting upon the subterfuges of the great corporation. At such moments the anarchist is born.

Some time before, in the fall, during the mayoralty campaign, he had gone to a local hall to hear one of the candidates speak. The speech was an "exposure" of the gas company, a skilful invective against its corrupt methods, its political grip upon the city. Old Brauer had listened with rapt attention to the politician's denunciation of the "octopus." What had before seemed his own personal quarrel with the company became somehow a class struggle. He saw himself fighting and beaten by an unjust power that was robbing all the helpless poor. And as he could think only in personal terms, he figured that unknown man hidden within the president's office in the great building, surrounded by his servants, as his true antagonist. The other time when he had tried to get at him he had been foolish enough to allow the clerks to keep him out. He should have carried his gun with him, and met the robber face to face.

So he sat out in the twilight, looking at his withered trees and at the twinkling lights on the prairie, handling his shotgun; and slowly in his confused, irritated brain there formed a purpose—a terrible purpose. His would be the hand to get justice—to punish the oppressor of all little people.

The idea once formed, he perfected it slowly, craftily, in the days that followed. No one should know of his plan. The loss of his "leetle trees" no longer preoccupied him. When the chemist George came to see him the next Sunday, he was surprised to find his father so calm and resigned. No, he would not go to law—that would bring nothing except to the lawyers; and he would not sell his home, not now. He would spend the few days he had left there, and afterward his sons could do what they liked with the farm. The chemist went away, relieved to know that the old man was calm once more. As he passed the dead nursery, he resolved to tell the lawyer to settle with the gas company for what could be got.

The next afternoon old Brauer appeared at the chemical works as usual, and sat quietly for a time watching his son figure and weigh. Then he began to finger the vessels on the shelves, and casually asked about the explosives.

"Could you give me some of that you showed me once?"—and he described the fluid that the chemist had boasted of.

"What do you want with it?"

"I've cut down mein leetle trees," the old man replied simply, "and I want to blow out the roots."

"What for?"

"What for? To make an asparagus bed," he said cunningly, in a matter-of-fact tone. "That's the easiest way."

The chemist laughed. "You'd blow your place off the earth to make an asparagus bed!"

"Oh, just a leetle of that stoff, to make a leetle blow-up," old Brauer coaxed.

And to humor the old man, as he was in the way, the chemist poured two liquids into an empty bottle and gave it to his father with the injunction: "Mind how you put that down, father! Don't drop it or there won't be enough of you left to bury. You'd better wait until Sunday and let me fix your asparagus bed!"

"*Ja!*" the old man agreed placidly. "I will keep it until Sunday—sure."

But once upon the street he turned toward the heart of the city, walking slowly, avoiding the jostling throng as well as he could, holding tight in his overcoat pocket the precious bottle. As he made his way through the crowded city streets, proud with the sense of limitless power under his hand, he muttered: "Now I vill show him what—*ja!*"

It was nightfall when he reached the tall building of the gas company, and he

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looked apprehensively at the corner windows of the fourth floor, where he knew was the president's office. But the row of brightly lighted windows reassured him, and slowly, hugging his bottle carefully, he proceeded to climb the flights of iron stairs. He waited craftily at the top until the corridor was empty, then crept up to the door marked PRESIDENT, from which he had been ignominiously ejected the time before.

He pushed open the heavy door, glanced stealthily inside, and saw that the anteroom was empty, also the room beyond, which was lighted. Treading softly, he crossed these rooms and put his hand on the inner door, where some instinct told him was hidden the one he sought. The offices seemed strangely quiet and deserted. In fact, he had arrived at the one moment of the day when he could have penetrated as far as he had, for the day's business was over, and the janitors had not yet come to lock up the rooms.

Very slowly the old German opened the door and slipped within. It was a pleasant, square room in the southwest corner of the gas building, specially designed and prepared for the president of the great corporation. A fireplace with a gas log occupied the inner wall, a rich, thick rug covered the floor and deadened all footsteps.

At one end of a large mahogany table a gray-haired man sat writing, with his back to the door. His head was bent over his pad. Without turning, he said, as the door clicked: "That you, Frost? Just a moment!"

The moment gave Peter Brauer time to reach the center of the room behind the president's desk. Then, as if disturbed by some mental cross-current, Bufton raised his head and looked into the red eyes of the old German.

"Who are you?" he demanded curtly. And, rising, he added immediately: "Get out of here!" For the gas president's quick mind had divined an immediate danger.

"I am Peter Brauer!" the old German said, not unimpressively.

"What do you want here?"

The old man waited a moment, trembling with excitement, his eyes wandering over the strange room with its sober, luxurious fittings, and the erect, handsome man before him. His great moment had come! The oppressor himself stood before him, within his power. He, Peter Brauer, held him in his hand. He tried to speak, swallowed, then said in a strange, still voice:

"I want mein trees!"

"Your trees!"

"Mein leetle trees that the gas kilt—all dead."

The president made an impatient move to ring a bell at the farther end of his table. The old German held up his left hand warningly—he kept his right buried in his pocket—and Bufton stopped. The telephone began to ring in the next room, sounding shrilly, insistently, angrily. Bufton made another step, toward the door this time, as if to answer the telephone. But the old German waved him back with his raised left arm.

"*Nein!*" he said quietly.

So the two men faced each other in the center of the office, while the telephone rang on sharply in the empty room beyond. Bufton expected that any moment somebody might come to answer it, and then he would be able to call out and thus relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor. But nobody came, for it was now well past six o'clock and all the office force had departed except his secretary, Frost, who had gone to fetch a certain person of high political influence for a conference with the president of the gas company.

Finally, after another long period of noisy clatter, the telephone was dumb. Then Brauer began to talk thickly; strangely enough, now that his opportunity had come and he was face to face with the oppressor of the people, it was only the loss of his trees that he could think of.

"Yes, mein leetle trees! After the company have kilt them, you vill pay nodings, nodings—fifty cents apiece, and they kostet me more three, four year ago, when I got 'em by——"

"I don't know what you are talking about, man," Bufton interrupted in a more conciliatory tone than he had used before. "If you have any complaint to make of the gas company, see Mr. Johns of the claims department to-morrow—he will make it all right, I'm sure."

"*Ja*, he vill make it all right, sure!" Brauer growled ironically. "He offer me fifty cents apiece for mein leetle trees. . . . Gif me the trees alive back in the ground!"

"Well, I'll see about it in the morning—I'm very busy now." The gas president made a gesture of dismissal and stepped

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THE OLD MAN RAISED HIS BOTTLE ABOVE HIS HEAD FOR THE THROW—THEN BUFTON FELL TO HIS KNEES IN SHEER FRIGHT AND—CRAWLED BEHIND THE WOMAN!

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toward his desk. It was pure bluff, and it did not answer. The old German advanced so menacingly that his enemy halted.

"*Nein!* It is too late now," he said. "Der iss somethings else. I want to kill you—yes, *you*," he remarked placidly, as if the idea had just come to him and struck him favorably.

For the first time the gas man noticed the right hand held stiffly in the overcoat pocket, and his heart began to beat rapidly. He saw that he had to deal with a dangerous crank—one of those unbalanced human beings that are the pest of successful men who have achieved prominence.

"What good would that do you?" Bufton asked evenly, while he thought.

"You are a thief," the German said slowly, remembering now the terms of the indictment against the gas company that the Democratic candidate had made. "You rob the people! You make the poor people poorer! You get rich—we get poorer! You sell gas, and you make the people pay what you like. You thief!"

The president of the gas company naturally did not consider the element of truth in this incoherent accusation. He did not think of his personal profits from the construction company that laid the mains, nor of the system of bribery of city inspectors by which the company maintained its cheerful meters, nor of the rat's nest of political deals by which the company was enabled to bleed the entire population of a great city, nor of that coming interview with one "very close to" the new mayor. Nor, in fact, did the old German at that moment have any clear idea of the people's wrongs that he was to avenge, although that same mayor in making his canvass had been at much pains to detail them. His heart was simply filled with hate—the passion that had started with the death of his trees and now was choking him.

Bufton was thinking rapidly whether he had the nerve to duck and run for the door before this crazy German could pull the revolver that he felt sure was in that right hand!

"You're wrong," he said gently—and then he plunged.

But Brauer was too quick for him. Pulling the bottle from his coat, he brandished it before the gas man, shaking the thick, yellowish liquid that it held.

"See dot!" he shouted. "Nitroglycerine —*ja, ja!* Enough to smash this place into nodings. Kill *you!* Kill *me!*" and he stopped to laugh, as if he had made a pleasant joke. "Now you feel afraid! Afraid of me!" he roared. "You bum thief!"

And in truth the gas president was afraid, dreadfully afraid for the first time in his life. It was one thing to take his chances with the aim of a trembling old man, and quite another to go down to death in the cataclysm of his gas house. His knees shook, and his face grew sallow.

"Don't—don't drop it, man, for God's sake!"

A cynical smile crept over the old German's bearded face—a smile of sweet joy and triumph. It seemed that he held this mighty building—a tower of Babel and a palace—in the hollow of his hand. And also this sleek robber of the people!

He waved his bottle to and fro carelessly before the terrified man, chanting softly in his thick tongue: "So now, mein friend, you are afraid! *Nicht wahr?* You feel weak —you great man!"

The wild light of the anarchist shone in his eyes. He heard the vast rhythms of the crashing building, saw the blinding flash, the gaping hell beneath their feet. . . .

The door of the office behind the old German opened softly, and a young woman tripped in with a dainty tissue-paper package in one hand. It was Hannah Holmquest—in a business way known as Mlle. Béàta, the manicure and hairdresser of the eleventh floor. Why the little manicure should happen to enter the gas president's office at this hour has to do with the unanswered telephone, Mrs. Bufton, and woman's business generally.

She entered unconcerned, her little blonde head tipped on one side like a pert bird's. She glanced sharply at the two men confronting each other in the center of the room, and perceived the bottle of yellow liquid in old Brauer's hand. In the miserable eyes of the gas president she could read much.

With a discreet cough that caused the old German to turn his head, Hannah said in her pert, childish voice: "What you got there?"

The moment that Brauer took his eyes off him, Bufton jumped for the door. The old man raised his bottle above his head for the throw. Then Bufton fell to his knees in sheer fright and—crawled behind the

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woman! Yes, behind the little manicure from the eleventh floor! But Hannah, unmindful of the clawing hands of the gas president, who was trying to fasten her as a shield between himself and the madman, leaped like a cat straight for the old man's extended arm.

Too late! The bottle had left his hand. It crashed with the crackle of breaking glass, and the yellowish liquid trickled harmlessly over the green tiles of the fireplace. A very disagreeable odor rose.

"My! What a nasty smell!" Hannah observed, trying to mop off some drops that had splashed upon her skirt. "What is it?" she demanded crossly of the old German. But Brauer was staring stupidly at the splotch of glass and oozing liquid upon the tiles. His cataclysm had failed to happen. The blinding light, the crashing thunder—nothing but an evil smell and some broken glass! The red rage went out of his heart. He was just a feeble old man.

"Well, what was in the bottle?" Hannah repeated in a higher key. "See there—it's spoiled my dress! Ugh, it smells like bad fish! You shouldn't throw things around like that over a lady's dress! What was it?"

"I do not know," the old man murmured brokenly. "My son—my son George, he gafe it to me."

Bufton, who had tumbled flat upon his face when the bottle broke, scrambled to his feet and was shamefacedly dabbing at the lint on his coat. The manicure giggled impertinently at the picture the gas president made, his gray hair rumpled, his hands shaking as if with palsy. Voices were heard in the outer office, and two men came through the door.

"What's up!" they exclaimed.

"This anarchist here has been trying to blow up the building!" Bufton replied. "Frost, call up the police."

But the other man stepped quickly forward, saying, "Wait a moment, Jack, before you telephone," and whispered to the gas president.

"You, an anarchist!" the manicure exclaimed vivaciously. "My! what do you want to be that for?" But the old man had collapsed. He merely shook his head and muttered unintelligibly. "And you've 'most ruined my dress, too, you old fool!" she added.

"George, he must have made a mistake," the old man murmured meekly.

"Who's George?"

"Mein son."

"Where does he work?"

"Over beim the chemical works."

Meanwhile the politician who had come in with Frost was urging Bufton not to send for the police.

"You'll have reporters fussing around here, and they'll sure turn the story against us somehow. Let's get hold of his folks, if he has any, and run him into an asylum."

So Frost and the other man led the old German into the outer room and questioned him. He was as mild as an old sheep—completely broken by the failure of his lurid dream. He gave his son's address, and while Frost was getting into communication with the chemist the old man sat with bowed head, mumbling:

"George, he must have made a mistake; he gafe me the wrong stoff!"

Meanwhile, Bufton, still rather chalky and weak-kneed, was talking with the little manicure in his private office. He drew a yellow bill from his purse.

"You don't want to talk about this, young woman," he said, handing her the bill, which bore prominently a great C.

"Sure, I've got nothing to tell," Mlle. Béàta said with a smile, taking the bill. "That'll fix the dress nicely and some over for another. Let me brush the dust off your pants, Mr. Bufton!"

"No!" the president of the gas company snapped irritably. "Go!"

At the door the little manicure turned and stepped back.

"I 'most forgot!" she said. "Please give this to Mrs. Bufton—she 'phoned me for 'em."

She handed over the little tissue-paper parcel, which Bufton snatched and thrust hastily into his coat pocket.

"Don't crush 'em!" Hannah warned, with another wicked little smile. "It's hair!" And then she disappeared.

Before long the chemist George rushed into the outer office, very much disturbed, and full of apologies for his father, when he had learned what had happened. To the president's secretary he explained: "The old man kept bothering me for some explosive—said he wanted to make a hole for an asparagus bed on his place. So to keep him quiet I just fixed him up a mess. It wouldn't

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have been safe to let him have anything dangerous. . . . Sure, I had no idea what he was going to do with it! Sure, not the least notion!"

"He said it was nitroglycerine," Frost explained, and through the half-open door Bufton could hear the hearty laugh with which the chemist met the remark. He hastily kicked the door to between the offices.

The chemist promised to take his father up state and put him on a farm. "He's been nutty," he said, "ever since the gas killed his trees," and he told the old man's story.

"That's the way anarchists are made," the politician reflected softly at the conclusion. "Better fix that matter up, Jack!" —and the secretary nodded.

After the old man had been led away by his son, the secretary stepped into the private office, where Bufton was seated at his desk, gazing vacantly out of the window into the dark. His face was gray, and the plump hands resting on the desk still shook.

"Cullen is waiting outside," Frost suggested.

"I can't see him to-night," Bufton replied, after a time, bringing his gaze back from the distance.

"To-morrow then?"

The gas president gathered in his shaking hands and scowled at his secretary. In the last brief quarter of an hour he had become acquainted with so many new sensations and ideas that he found it difficult to focus his mind.

"I'll let him know when I want to see him," he said after a while. "Will you send for a cab, Mr. Frost? I'm going home."

And in the outer office the secretary confided to the politician: "The old man's lost his nerve!"

OMENS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE poplar and the aspen tree
Silver expectantly;
The spinning whirligigs of dust
Dance as though driven by a goad
Along the sinuous length of road.
The wagon couplings groan and creak
And from afar the raucous peacocks shriek.
The ancient vane, an arrow streaked with rust,
Trembles and veers
As though it shook with fears;
Gray streamers, twisted and entwined
Like elf-locks, blur the spacious blue.
Strange whispers, stealthy as the feet of night,
Creep in upon the wind,
And drift away as fades some phantom crew
Into the moonless murk of lonely seas.
Birds dartle low, with quavering, startled cries;
Hushed is the hum of bees.
The cattle huddle; mottled butterflies
Clutch at the mullein and the milkweed stalk;
The hovering hawk
Wings arrowy to woodward, and swart Drouth,
Triumphant in its tyranny so long,
Takes flight before the rain-bestowing South
Whose touch to earth is soothing as a song.

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Denny the Jew

by

E·R·LIPSETT

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

"SNEAK IT IN, MINNIE, SNEAK IT IN, QUICK."

HE LIVED in Monroe Street, which you will find in all the New York directories, except when you are in the neighborhood actually inquiring your way. If you chance to meet some of particular intelligence, they may guess after a while that probably you mean Manrole Street, and they will accordingly direct you to an important and very crowded thoroughfare, three blocks south of East Broadway, and running parallel with it. It would not be any use, even if it were necessary for the good of the story, to enter into etymological discussion as to how Monroe happened to become Manrole. Yiddish is above such pedantic considerations. And you might as well be wanting to know what made a fire-escape a fireskite, a painter a painkner, a landlord a rendler, a tenant a tenner, a party a paddy, and oranges ornitches.

But I am just mentioning this by way of showing that Denny was not a Jew, or that would not be the way to single out a person in that locality. Indeed, it would not take Con Flahive, the parish clerk of Ballintemple, five minutes by the clock to turn up the page in the great parish book where Denny Nolan's name is duly entered as having been baptized a Roman Catholic. Six years ago that was; but Con is a scholard, an' he could put his finger on it any time. An' kind godmother, too, it would be for Denny Nolan to grow up a good Catholic; for Miss O'Gorman, who stood that Sunday at the font making the responses for the little squealer on her arm, is now a Sister of Mercy, and Mrs. Agatha they call her. Sure, then, good reason enough why Denny was not a Jew. But that is explaining only one half. The other half is my story.

When Denny was only six months old, his father, Patrick Joseph Nolan, came over to New York, and before he had time to engage in any politics, he was driving a Madison Street horse-car from Grand Street Ferry to West Broadway. After a

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time, a granduncle of his, who had kept a saloon in Jackson Street, left him a share in the property, and, handing over the whip and whistle to somebody that needed them worse, Patrick Joseph went and bought himself a grocery store in Monroe Street.

Patrick Joseph put emphasis on it that he sold rale value, an' had nothing to do with thim frankfurters an' pratie salad an' other fittle-fattles that thim furrin div'ls were making a business of in New York, an' putting money into the pockets of the druggists. He had a cardboard hung in his window, solemnly declaring in large, fat letters:

THIS IS A GROCERY

AND NOT A PASSAGEWAY TO THE DRUG-STORE

ALL PURE GROCERIES AND NO PILLS

The only things he would not guarantee were the salt herrings which his Yiddish customers persisted in eating raw. But they came again and looked none the worse.

It was not long then when Patrick Joseph sent for his wife and child. All went well with them. They were making their living, and a little money besides. Then Patrick Joseph thought one day he would like to take a trip to the oul' country to see his people and to show all others what a grand country America was and what it had made of him.

For his first three weeks in Ballintemple Patrick Joseph lived up to the best tradition of the returned Yank, and rode the high horse. But that was not yet enough; he wanted to ride in a motor-car. And so one day, having joined a party of friends in an excursion to Dublin, the spirit moved Patrick Joseph to invite them all to a motor-car drive to Kildare and back. The hired machine smoothly sped on, and, seeing it leave behind it mile after mile of broad, straight, splendidly kept road, Patrick Joseph grew emboldened and asked the chauffeur to let him take a turn at the wheel.

Of course he knew all about it. What American did not? The chauffeur was easily persuaded by the self-confident Yank, and the rest of them were too jolly a set to bother anyhow; and so Patrick Joseph was having the time of his life.

A splendid opportunity soon offered for a miracle to happen. They came upon a drove of cattle that was being taken to the fair to Kilfenora, and was covering the entire width of the road. But the miracle did not happen, and Patrick Joseph crashed right into the midst of the lumbering mass of four-footers. He killed three heifers and a prize bullock, and the car turned a somersault, with most of the occupants pinned under, Patrick Joseph himself remaining with the majority.

For a time, the doctors were doing some rough guessing as to how much, if any, was going to be left of Patrick Joseph Nolan. Finally it was concluded that if the left leg was taken off from below the knee, the rest of him would have a fair chance. Meanwhile the little store in Monroe Street was called upon for funds; and then for more funds to buy a cork leg with. At the end of the eight months Patrick Joseph was ready to take his passage back; and that sent the little grocery store under the first mortgage.

They made short work of it at Ellis Island. They had no use for immigrants with cork legs, and Patrick Joseph was but an immigrant to them; for he had never even taken out his first papers. Which certainly was a strange thing in an Irishman, who ought to know what votes were made for. But if the strange things did not happen, where on earth should I get stories for you?

Patrick Joseph Nolan, aged thirty-four, not skilled in any trade, and minus one leg, and liable, therefore, to become a public charge, was promptly excluded and set aside for deportation. And while waiting for the ship to take him back, the grocery store in Monroe Street was plastered over with a second mortgage, to pay lawyers for making appeals to Washington. But in Washington, too, they held that a cork leg was a cork leg, though it came to one through joy-riding; and Patrick Joseph Nolan was duly sent back and set off at Queenstown, free to wander whithersoever his cork leg would carry him. And it carried him as far as the city of Cork (and I am sorry for the pun), where he found work as a stableman in one of the breweries.

Some informal indignation meetings of neighbors and sympathizers were held in

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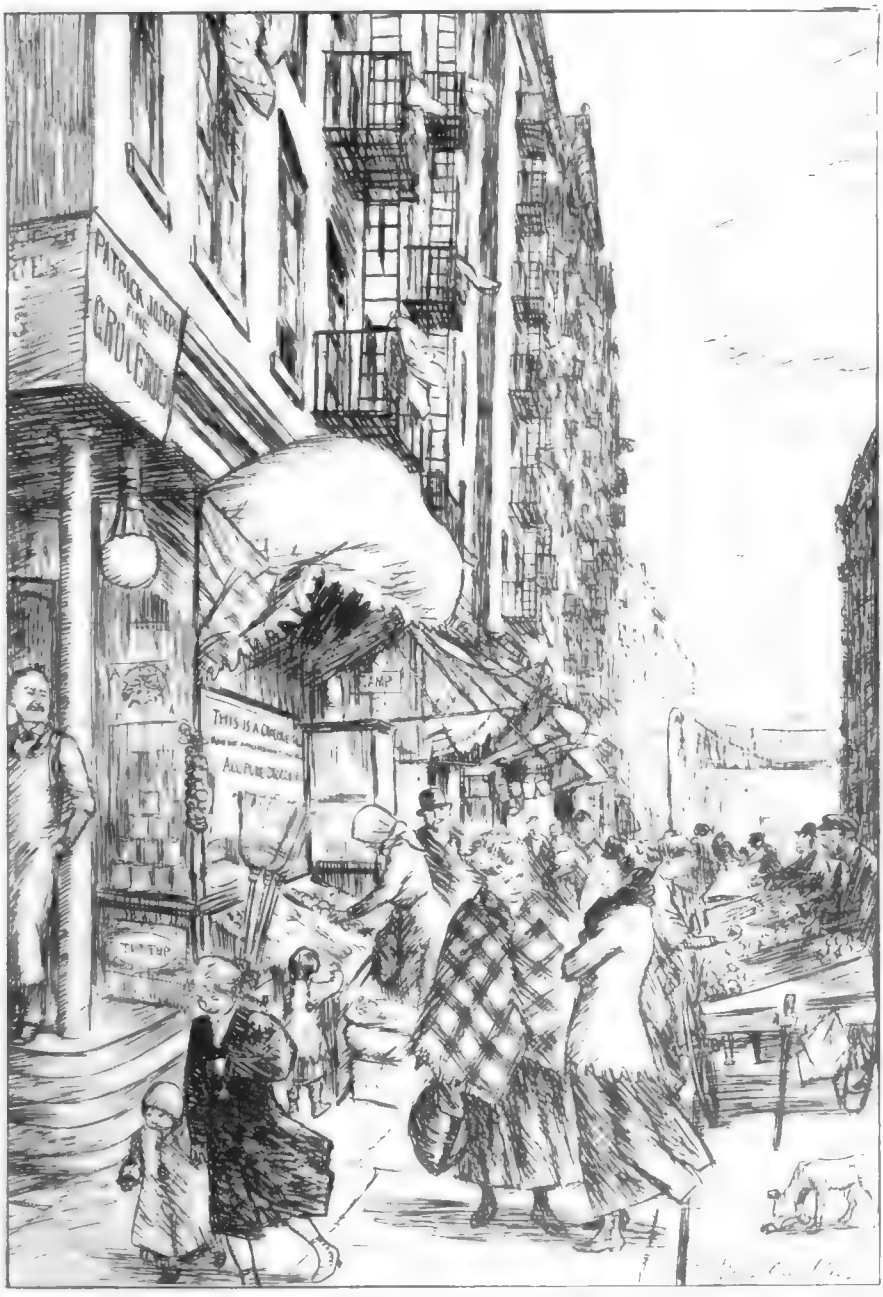

THE ONLY THINGS PATRICK JOSEPH WOULD NOT GUARANTEE WERE THE SALT HERRINGS WHICH HIS YIDDISH CUSTOMERS PERSISTED IN EATING RAW. BUT THEY CAME AGAIN AND LOOKED NONE THE WORSE.

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the little grocery in Monroe Street, utterly condemning Ellis Island with all that was on it. But the water never came to cover it over, and it remained just where it was; and I believe it is there yet. However, one person was left to take a calm and logical view of the case, only he had little or no voice, for the reason that he was just too little himself. It was Denny.

Denny had a definite idea that his father was sent back, first, because he had a cork leg; and then because he had no money. The combination was at fault. If the father did not happen to come back with a cork leg, they would not have kept him out for reasons of money; and again, if he only had money, they would have let him in if he was all made of cork; for cork is neither contagious nor immoral, only just helpless. The two inconveniences together, being made partly of cork, and unprovided with money, were too much; and to Denny's mind, they had no choice at Ellis Island but to put the father back on the ship. Still, he thought somebody ought to have come to the rescue. He knew where to shift the blame.

"Wasn't it mean of yer," he bitterly reproached the mother, "not to bring the nickel to my father for to pay his fare home!"

The mother looked up at him from her tears.

"Sure," Denny added, wondering at her denseness, "yer knew he couldn't walk it with his cork leg; an' that's the reason they had to put him back on the ship."

"True for you, son," she answered, kissing his head, "they sent him back because he had a cork leg; but I couldn't help it; for they wanted a deal more money than the nickel, more than ever I could bring them."

"An' what for did they want money for him? Didn't we ownded him ourself?"

The mother had no answer to that; and Denny was forced to conclude that this was a country where might was right. They had possession of his father at Ellis Island and they meant to get their price for him, failing which they would not hand him over to the rightful owners.

"How much will they take for him?" Denny presently asked.

"It is too late now, alannah," the mother returned, hoping to put a stop to the queries. "They have already sent him back."

"But he could come back again—don't he could?"

"When you'll be big, my son, an' earn good money, with the help o' God, then you will send for him an' call to fetch him, an' they'll be givin' him to you for nothing."

"When will I be big? Will it be after next winter?"

"Yes, sure, after next winter."

"How big will I be then?"

"It is time for you to go to bed, sonny."

In the morning, Denny was much disgusted to find that he still had to raise himself on his toes to see the top of his head in the looking-glass in the dresser. It was a slow process, growing big. He gave up that idea, and determined to start forthwith raising the funds. The money was the thing, before and after all, and when you had enough, it did not matter whether you were big or little, any more than it did whether you were made of flesh and bone or of cork.

Denny now entered upon a career of self-denial. When he passed a lemonade stand, or a push-cart with Russian *kvas*, a whole bottle for a penny, he turned his eyes the other way. The smell, too, of the ice-cold slices of pineapple and watermelon was very tantalizing, and the weather was so hot. But Denny derived his strength from the great purpose he had set before himself, and successfully he withstood all temptation, till he had amassed a whole nickel. And then he went and bought himself a savings bank, to begin with. But it looked as if that was to be the ending, too. No deposits would come the way of the new bank. The main source had burst. The grocery had succumbed under the weight of mortgage, going completely out of Mrs. Nolan's hands, and leaving these free to do scrubbing and washing.

Denny had besides been evolving many plans in his head to swell his finances, over and above the pennies he was to expect from his mother. His time was all his own, there was no school, and there seemed many ways for building up a fortune. He was going to sell chewing-gum in the restaurants, and shoe-laces and handkerchiefs at the corners, an' nobody never didn't need to know that he wasn't no Sheeny boy; and he was going to run errands for big people, and mind babies in Jackson Street Park while their mamas went bathing at the pier. He was going to do ever so many

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things and get rich quick. But all his castles toppled over with the main crash.

Denny was left a much handicapped man. While the mother was away at work, or looking for it, Denny had to stay home and mind his sister Minnie. Oh, the women! They have always been the stumbling-block of man, ever since the world began; and some of them started it pretty early—Minnie was barely two years. Denny did not pause to reflect that his encumbrance could scarcely have been lighter if Minnie had been a boy. Why should anybody expect that of Denny? We are all of us only too happy to be able to blame the things that are. Denny only knew to say to himself that girls was never no good anyhow. And sure, so did Adam try to make the woman accountable for his eating of the apple; and there is nothing to show that he would not have had his bite if it had been a man that offered it to him.

While the transition was yet new, and the family were getting themselves acclimatized to the one-room home, sublet to them by Mrs. Rosinsky, Denny asked wistfully:

"Mama, will they take away Glup, too, from us?"

Glup was the lame black cat with three bald spots on the head and sides. Denny and Minnie had picked it up one day when they were out for a walk near the water's edge. Minnie said "glup," by way of telling it to get up; but it was one-half drowned, and stoned near the other half, and it could not glup; so they took it home and nursed it till they made some kind of a cat out of it; only it wanted to be more than a cat, and it followed Denny and Minnie about, like a little dog.

At any rate, the name of Glup, along with the lame leg and the three bald patches, had grown up with it.

"NOW, YEZ SHEENIE MATZO!" HE SNAPPED HIS FINGERS AT THE OTHER TWO.

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"I suppose they would, if the misfortunate crater had a whole fur on her," the mother answered in her bitterness.

A sigh of relief came from Denny. He was thankful that at least the remainder of the family was not to be broken up.

Denny and Minnie and Glup were now three familiar little figures in Jackson Street Park. Denny was seen invariably hatless and barefooted. It was an easy way of getting about, though not very convenient when the sun was out. For the rest, Denny had managed to creep into a sleeveless coat, shed by some ancient giant; and Denny had to double up when he wanted to get at the pockets. Minnie had her brown shoes on, and Denny polished them for her every morning.

The idea had come to him first as an inspiration. He thought he might qualify as a wop, an' nobody needn't never know that he wasn't a rale Dago-boy; and in cases of that sort it is always safest to begin practising on your own relatives. But after a time Denny grew more than contented to keep it up for its own end. Minnie was pretty, and Denny had learned to be proud of her and mindful of her appearance. The mother had her standing orders from him not to leave the house any morning without fixing a nice piece of ribbon in Minnie's hair, and it had to be pink; because Denny had a distinct idea that pink was a ladies' color.

The rest was all Denny's care; and before he would permit Minnie to sit down in Jackson Street Park, he would cover long distances, leading her by the hand, till he found some little grassy islet, which he then brushed carefully with the tail of his own garment.

Denny was now more closely in touch with the Yiddish boys swarming in the park. He was making many friends among them, and was fast picking up Yiddish words. But he was a true son of his race, and the spirit of clannishness sat deep within him. But perhaps he could not be blamed. Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch had been teasing him over his sister Minnie and calling him a mollycoddle; and that was the beginning of it.

Minnie had a hazy idea that she was being called into question, and to show them her real worth, she said: "Me knows to b'ess mese'f."

And it was no mere boast in words. She made the sign of the cross over herself, as the mother had taught her.

"Bah!" cried Ikey and Sam, turning away their heads in deep disgust. "Look at them Irish Betzimers making Tselems over themselves!"

"Sure," Denny retorted, "ye Sheenies can't spit as far as Christshuns, 'cos our Lord cursted yez."

"Can't we!" Ikey said. "Bet yer bottom dollar we can."

"I bet real," put in Sam. "I bet two pennies—here it is—bet yer ye can't show two pennies—Irish Betzimers never has no money, 'cos they drinks it all."

"Bet yez can't spit," Denny persisted.

"Ye'll see we can," Ike said. "I walks ten steps away from that there tree, an' bet yer life I hit it."

Ikey and Sam measured ten paces from the tree, Denny and Minnie following them, and Glup limping on in the rear.

Both Ikey and Sam missed the tree. Denny even overshot himself.

"Now, yez Sheenie Matzo!"—he snapped his fingers at the other two.

"I don't care," said Sam, by way of showing where he still held the advantage over the Irish Betzimer. "We've got an uncle come to us to-day from Californy."

And Ikey, not to be outshone, added: "We've got my mother's cousin come to us from Roosha—last week."

"But my uncle has got a wooden leg," contended Sam.

That was a clincher. Ikey had nothing so distinguished to boast of. Denny meantime had pricked up his ears.

"Well," Ikey said presently, "my mother's cousin showed us two Rooshan dollars; an' bet yer yer uncle would give anything to see 'em."

"My uncle don't care for no money," Sam replied. "My father is going to find him a job."

Denny was sorely puzzled for a while. It would seem, then, that they had let Sam's uncle in without money. What was he better than Denny's father? Ah, but there it was; and so Denny said to Sam:

"Bet yer they wouldn't let yer uncle into New York if he had a *cork* leg."

"How do you know that?"

"Bet yer I knows," Denny made final reply, taking Minnie by the hand and hastening homeward. He had a glorious scheme in his head, and it was to be all his

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"AI WEH! A FIRE! A *SHLACK!* I DON'T WANT YOU TO LEARN MY CHILD TO MAKE TSELEMS!"

very own—a carefully guarded secret.

It was a tremendous undertaking, and many difficulties had to be overcome. First of all, Denny needed funds. He had three pennies in his bank, it was true, and he rattled them often in the day, to make sure they had not melted or that it was not a dream. But if you ever owned a bank of your own, you must know what it is when one is driven to make untimely withdrawals for current expenses. You have to draw your checks with old forks and hairpins, and it is a very tedious process, unless you are an expert. Denny was not. It was his first time. But he hooked his penny, in the end. Then he bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and he sat down and wrote a letter:

dear daddy next time you come to new york bring a wooden leg with you and theill be sure to let you in and come soon me and minnie and ma is well the same from you and glup is getting big and can sit up and beg and jump true a hoop and ketch mouses like anything from me your loving son denny nolan

He read it over twice, and then he added an important postscript:

dear daddy mebbe it would be better to tell em that you come from californy cose if you do theill sure let you in and it will be no sin for you cose they shouldnt never ought to have sent you back and servem right from me your loving son denny nolan minnie sends her best regards she would sure if she nowed I was riting to you only I don want to tel her cose I am going to givem all a surprise when you come and come soon and be sure about the wooden leg from me your loving son denny nolan.

Denny was sure now he had made his instructions clear and exhaustive. He sealed the envelope, and addressed it in large letters:

"to my father in ballintemple"

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Glup was now locked into the room, for it would be too long and intricate a road for a cat to keep on playing dog throughout; and, taking Minnie by the hand, Denny set out with his letter to the general post-office. That was the way to save the cost of the stamp, if you knew it and were not lazy. If you mailed your letter in the letter-box in the street, the postman would throw it out if it had not a stamp on; but if you can land it yourself in the real post-office, without letting anybody see you at it, you are all right. It will have to go then.

"Please, Mister, which is for Ballintemple?" Denny inquired of one man after the other, bewildered by the numerous slits.

The men smiled and passed on, some of them stooping to pinch Minnie's plump little cheek, but none of them telling the way letters went to Ballintemple.

But even in New York a man will be found sometimes with intelligence and with feeling enough to know that he owes more than a smile to a child's query. And so a man came along presently and pointed with his finger to the slits provided for foreign letters; and then he held out his hand for Denny's letter.

That was just what Denny did not want.

"I ain't got no letter at all, I was only axin' to know," Denny hastened to say, shaking his head with tremendous emphasis.

When the man was gone, Denny pulled the letter out from under his coat and gave it to Minnie, placing it between her two hands, so nobody could see it.

"Sneak it in, Minnie, sneak it in, quick," he said, lifting her up till she could reach.

He was a lucky little man that day, and more of his work was to follow.

On the way home, when already in the neighborhood of Rutgers Street fish market, a little girl in tears made Denny pause. It was Sadie Rosenkranz, and her mother kept a candy and soda stand in Henry Street; but Denny did not know that, honest Injun, he did not; he was just sorry for the strange little girl in distress. Both he and Minnie hastened to offer succor.

"What oo kie?" Minnie said, looking very sympathetic.

Sadie suspended yelling, and a smile shone through her tears as she met Minnie's look.

In a moment Sadie had buried all her woes, and hand in hand with Minnie, they two and Denny were walking on toward Jackson Street Park. And there the three sat for a long, long time, and the policeman on his beat, who had been instructed to keep an eye out for a little girl with black hair and in a pink dress with a blue bib, passed Sadie often; but she did not look to him like a lost child.

At last Denny rose to go home, and his mind was fully squared about it that he was going to deal by Sadie as he had by Glup. But he had not gone far when a large, distracted-looking woman sprang forward and snatched Sadie up in her arms.

"Mamminue mine! Mamminue dear!" the woman cried. "Whithersoever hast been?"

Denny told the story to the woman; and the woman stooped and kissed Minnie and patted Denny's head; then she fumbled in the bag hanging down from her belt, and she gave Denny a nickel. And she did more than that; she told Denny where to find her stand; and he was to come there the next day with Minnie for candy and drinks.

But the grudging gods were not going to permit all that. Mrs. Rosenkranz was sitting inside her stand on a towel laid over a tin bucket turned upside down, and she had Sadie on her lap, when Denny's bare head bobbed up over the stand the next day. Mrs. Rosenkranz arose to make good her promise of yesterday, and already she had a fistful of candy ready to hand over to Minnie, when Sadie chirped in:

"Mama, me know to b'ess mese'f," and she made the sign of the cross over herself, exactly as she had learned it from Minnie the day before.

"*Ai weh!* a fire! a *shlack!*" Mrs. Rosenkranz cried, flinging down the candy to slap Sadie's offending little hand. "Run away, you two, an' never come near here again!"—she then turned on Denny and Minnie. "I don't want you to learn my child to make Tselems—a fire, a brand upon me!"

That evening Denny said to his mother:

"Ma, why ain't we Sheenies like the rest av 'em?"

"Hush, my honey," the mother answered. "The Catholic religion is the only true religion, an' signs by, too, for the Blessed Virgin herself was a Catholic."

"But if we was Sheenies, then I could have Minnie at the nursery in Montgomery Street an' go sell papers for meself."

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Worn out from her day's labor, Mrs. Nolan was already asleep in her chair; and Denny determined to keep his own counsel.

When the morning came and the mother was gone out to her work, Denny took Minnie around to the Gan Yelodim, where the

"I WAS TELLIN' GOD IT WAS QUARE OF HIM NOT TO MAKE IRISH PEOPLE SHEENIES."

babies of self-supporting women were kept free all day, well fed and well tended, and made to converse and play games in Hebrew and sing the Hatikvah.

"*Hatedaberi Ivris, yekirossi?*" one of the young women attendants said sweetly in Hebrew to Minnie.

"Me know to b'ess mese'f," Minnie answered proudly.

A chunk of bread and butter each was given to Denny and his charge, and they were sent away.

In the park Denny fell in once more with Ikey and Sam. He thought he would sound them; but he went about it cautiously.

"Ain't it true," he said to Ikey, "they wouldn't let yer uncle with the wooden leg in if he wasn't no Sheenie?—'cos—'cos if yez ain't no Sheenie yez get nothin'."

"In course ye don't," both Ikey and Sam answered, much pleased to encourage Denny in his view.

"Ain't it true they wouldn't let him in if he was Irish?" Denny asked again, to make doubly sure.

"Bet yer they wouldn't," said Sam, "'cos the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society that takes 'em off Ellis Island wouldn't have nothing to do with Irisher Betzimers."

"But my uncle wasn't brought in by them; he came by himself from Californy," Ikey challenged Sam.

"I don' care," Sam returned. "My mother's cousin was, an' I know all about it."

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Denny sighed. It was not a very deep sigh; it was only a matter of a little more labor; but he had a sure way of getting his daddy safely landed, after all.

He went home and wrote a fresh letter:

dear daddy bring the wooden leg but dont forget to tellem you are a sheeny and talk to them in sheeny langwids sheeny is a yid and leg is a fus and money is gelt and kimshon is be quick about it me and minnie is sheenys already and we are going to tellem to look out for you in ellis iland, from me your loving son denny nolan oh dear daddy i forgot to tell you that monro street is manrole street and dont forget it from me your loving son denny nolan.

The letter was sent off in the same laborious and cautious way as the first one. And now what was left Denny to do was to advise the people of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society of the coming of his father.

"What want you?" said through the window a lanky, elderly man, who had a way of frightening with his crabbed voice big and little children, without ever meaning it.

"Me father vet soon fun Californy kumen," Denny replied, trying to squeeze into his speech all the Yiddish he could command, "and he will mit him a new wooden fuss bring and no gelt, and we live in Manrole Street."

"*Nu, geh, geh,*" the man said curtly. "Tell your mother to come here."

A higher official, whose sympathies were a little more developed, was just turning in. The sight of Denny and Minnie interested him, and he paused to address them.

"What is your name, sonny?"

"Denny Nolan, sir."

"Denny Nolan—good, good!"

Denny looked up with searching eyes. He felt he had committed himself somehow, but he could not tell what it was.

"And what is your father doing in California?" the man asked him again.

Denny hung his head, and his fingers moved nervously about Minnie's little wrist. Presently he looked up wistfully and said:

"It won't make no difference if I tell yer the rale truth?"

"No, of course not, my good little man."

"Then it ain't Californy at all. 'Tis Ballintemple."

"Good — good — fine!" the man was chuckling and crowing aloud. Then he took Denny and Minnie each by a hand and brought them inside and had a long talk with them.

That evening the same man called upon Mrs. Nolan, to gather from her the true facts concerning her deported husband, and see then what might be done for her.

He pinched Denny's ear in recognition, and he lifted Minnie as high up as the ceiling would let him; and Mrs. Nolan thought the gintleman had a very nice way with the childer. Then she ordered Denny to run away and play for himself.

Mrs. Nolan eagerly related the whole story from beginning to end, pausing by the way to curse her husband's inheritance from the grand uncle, that had brought on the cork leg. And when she had finished, she added humbly:

"But beggin' your parding, sir, why should ye bother about us, at all, at all, when we ain't no Jews?"

"But we are!" the man answered proudly. And, seeing the woman continue to look puzzled, he explained: "You see, ma'am, we Jews want to help all we can, strangers as well as our own. Well, now then," he concluded, "there is only the one way left open. There is no chance of bringing your husband to you; they will not let him in; but we may be able to help you to get to him instead. You will hear from us, Mrs. Nolan."

When Denny came back he found the mother in tears. She wept in gratitude that strangers in race and faith were going to be so good to her.

"Sure I knowed it!" Denny said wrathfully, clenching his two fists. "I knowed ye'd spoil it all for us!"

"Spoil what, honey?"

"I knowed ye'd tell the man we was no Sheenies, an' now he won't do nothin' fer us, an' we'll never get daddy back no more!"

Oh, the women, the women! they upset everything!

That night, when bedtime came, Denny was longer than usual over his prayers. The mother thought he had fallen asleep on his knees from weariness, and it touched her heart.

"Wisha," she said, with intense pathos, "may the Lord look down on 'em that's worse nor orphants!"

Denny turned on her a pair of big, wondering eyes.

"I thought you had fallen asleep, alannah," she said to him.

"No," he answered, "I was tellin' God it was quare of Him not to make Irish people Sheenies."

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Mountaineering by Motor

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF "MCALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE," "THE CONFESSIONS OF ARTEMAS QUIBBLE," ETC.

. . . Fain would I know
Yon heavenly wafting through the heaven wide,
And the large view of the subjected seas
And famous cities, and the various toil of men.

THE mountains of North America, especially those of British Columbia, are among the most magnificent in the world, with isolated peaks of lofty grandeur, huge glaciers, and tumbled, snow-covered ranges that drift northward in vast and impenetrable solitude until they lose themselves in the plains of the arctic sea.

Unfortunately, they are only moderately accessible by rail and still less so by highroad. The economic and particularly the military reasons which necessitated the construction of the great roadways through the Alps exist in the case of these western mountains not at all. And, likely enough, the beauties of the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks will long remain unfamiliar to all save travelers by rail to Vancouver and Prince Rupert, to the lumberman and the more adventurous of American climbers.

But on the continent of Europe the Alps guard the smiling plains of Italy in a huge and towering semicircle, which stretches from Nice and Savoie upon the west to far beyond Venice upon the east; and across this bulwark of mountains the thirst for gold and empire and the passion for art have driven savage Teutonic hordes, kings, generals, and emperors, with their armies, and merchants, poets, and painters, since the days of Hannibal, Cæsar, and Alaric. A dozen or more royal highways, smooth and level as a sandstone floor, thread their way with gentle gradient through these seemingly impassable barriers, surmount their snow-covered crests, and debouch into the Lombard plain, like snakes wriggling over the rim of a gigantic wheel and writhing toward its hub.

And where once these roadways echoed to the clash of shield and spear, the tread of armed hosts, or the rumble of artillery, to-day are heard the purr of the motor and the halloo of the Alpine climber. To-day the American business man in need of rest can take his own car across the ocean and in a six weeks' tour climb the passes across which Cæsar and Hannibal led their armies and Roman couriers spurred, mail-laden. And, once the plainsman has tasted the exultant joy of mountaineering in a motor, all other pleasures will be tame to him.

The motorist who ventures for the first time into the Alps or Dolomites will inevitably approach these towering fortresses of rock with considerable respect. He will honestly question the ability of any machine to force its way up such perpendicular heights. A hundred yards from where he stands, the road zigzags at right angles

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across the face of a frowning cliff until it disappears two thousand feet somewhere above him. Only a ten-per-cent. grade at most, the road looks like a chute at Coney Island, and he feels like a blue-bottle clinging to a window-pane. But he releases the lever and throws on the gas. The car starts upward.

To his astonishment it climbs easily; the turns are broad, the grade slight. On and on, up and up he goes, fearful to look behind him, fearful to stop, fearful lest something give way. But nothing happens, and when at last the water in his radiator begins to boil, he throws out his clutch and puts on the brakes. Ahead is a massive face of rock reaching half-way to the zenith. Behind!—he catches his breath!—behind, thousands of feet below him, lies a tiny, distant valley (*his* valley), the road by which he has ascended winding to and fro, to and fro underneath him. Can he have come up *that?* Impossible! And never could he by any chance go *down!*

The engine has ceased to sizzle. With more confidence he starts upward again, and in half an hour or so he reaches the top and gets out, the conqueror of a seven-thousand-foot mountain, with a sea of glistening peaks lying all about him, a cold wind nipping his hands, and a fierce noonday sun blistering his face. He has climbed a pass in his motor! He still lives. He has *not* slid backward—*why*, he can't tell. One step and he would plunge down a mile—or so it looks. And all because these expert road-makers have turned and twisted over flank and spur, gulch and cliff, so that at no place is the grade as steep as between Thirty-third and Thirty-ninth Streets on Fifth Avenue, New York.

There is, in truth, no mountain pass over the Alps where motors are allowed that presents difficulty or danger to the careful driver of a sound car. So long as his brakes are in good working order, he has nothing to fear; the *climbing* is simple enough. A light 12 h.-p. car can climb the Stelvio (9,041 feet) as well as a 90 h.-p. limousine, if not better. In fact, a few years ago such a car was run out of Milan, climbed the Stelvio, and got home again (279 miles) in a single day. You will rarely find any grade steeper than eight per cent., and twelve per cent. is almost unheard of.

It is not the steepness of a pass that would make trouble, anyhow—you can take anything up to twenty-two per cent.—but the long strain on an engine at low speed, which will gradually heat (unless you stop occasionally to give it a rest) until it halts of its own accord. You *must* keep your engine cool going up, and your brakes cool going down.

And as we have now climbed our first pass and are lingering at the top to marvel at the wonders at our feet, let me take the moment to speak of that most peculiar and exciting phenomenon to be observed while mountaineering in a motor—the impression that the descent is five or more times longer than the ascent. Almost invariably you will be astonished at the short time required to arrive at the top of a high pass. There is, in fact, hardly any that can not be climbed in an hour and a half.

But the instant that you surmount the divide and exchange for your own power that of gravity, you will experience the gradually growing conviction that the slope before you is never to end. Down, down you coast, holding back cautiously on the sharper pitches, taking the "hairpin" turns with "deliberation and premeditation," easing the brakes as you reach some longer grade, and flying like the wind down valleys that seem never-ending—onward, onward, until, when the mountain wall lies far behind you and you seem to be skimming across the plains at its foot, you realize that a pass neither ends nor begins at the first stiff gradient, but twenty or thirty miles away.

Going toward the mountains, you have not noticed that you were climbing at all—the grade of from two per cent. to four per cent. was imperceptible. But on the descent your car rolls along of its own accord, so that perhaps two hours from the summit you are still borne along silently as if you were sitting on an enchanted carpet and flying aslant the wind.

The chief charm and beauty of pass climbing is less in the exhilaration of the ascent than the thrill and ecstasy of the plunge downward—the world lying before you like a map unfolded. Let us assume that, fascinated by the blue depths of glaciers and the purple shadows of the snowfields, the massing of billowy clouds about the summits, and their fast-moving reflection along the gorges, you linger on at the top of the pass until it is no longer safe to descend; and you watch while the peaks

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A BIT OF THE AXENSTRASSE, HEWN FROM CLIFFS 360 FEET ABOVE LAKE LUCERNE. THIS IS A CHARACTERISTIC EUROPEAN MOUNTAIN ROAD—SMOOTH, WIDE, AND SAFE.

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turn from white to rose, and from rose to pink, and the distant lowlands fade away in a blur of mist, and the sun sets amid a riot of color. The radiant lights of late afternoon pale to gray, the gray to dusk, and the dusk leaps to the translucent silver of the rising moon. There she swims among the turrets of the nearer ranges, swinging slowly up the ravine until she glitters on some ice-field that looks like a frozen ocean.

Reluctantly you go to bed, and the next moment, it seems, you are awakened by a knock upon your unvarnished door. The porter tells you it is nearly morning. The moon begins to pale. You bolt a cup of boiling coffee in the darkness, don your furs, and bring out your car. The stars, right above you, seem almost within reach of your hand. There is a deafening silence over the world.

"*Bon voyage, m'sieu!*" cries the innkeeper, smiling to himself at the idiocy of these Americans. Half asleep, you crank up, and with the beat of the cylinders rattling against the precipices like revolver shots, you release your brakes and let in your clutch. The car glides forward and plunges over the top of the pass. All is vague darkness below you—a darkness that moves and trembles. Suddenly your eye shoots through it, far ahead . . .

> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Like a dissolving view darkness slips away, and the multichrome plate of nature becomes "fixed." Grayness gives place to dim greens, soft yellows, and whites; the blue above, growing ever bluer, seems to rise like a floating ceiling; all things become distinct; impossible distances loom before you; the sun dodges around a near-by peak and throws a bucket of sunshine over your shoulders; the trees are tinged with an unnatural radiancy that in the mist of the morning is gold-woven. Phœbus has got his spot-light focused on the world. You plunge downward. You have a feeling of flying—of rushing high above the earth and seeing it unfold at your approach. To you Apollo's promise to Marpessa is fulfilled:

> And I will carry thee above the world,
> To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,
> And scattering without intermission joy.
> And thou shalt know the first leap of the sea
> Toward me; the grateful upward look of earth,
> Emerging roseate from her bath of dew,—
> We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon
> Shall flash and murmur, and cry from under us.
> And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
> Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
> Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom;—
> We two in heaven running,—continents
> Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
> And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm.

Down, down you drop, first through the gray-green, snow-patched wastes of the upper mountainsides, where the glacial torrents have torn gigantic rifts on the almost perpendicular slopes; soon through the sun-flecked, aromatic forests of fir and pine that hem the high uplands; and at last into the valley, where the mountain stream that has accompanied you on your descent widens to a little river and sweeps underneath stone bridges that connect narrow village streets with daisy-dotted meadows.

Village succeeds village, with stucco walls of white, yellow, rose-pink, and magenta; the cobbled streets swarm with good-natured peasants; from the campanile in the tiny piazza comes the quick clang of bells. A moment more and the village is far behind, and you are spinning over a white avenue, poplar bordered, ending a mile or more away in the tall tower of a church—an avenue such as one sees in dreams; and before you know it you are at the church, and the road turns, and there is another church at the end of another poplar-lined avenue another mile away.

The bare brown hills rise on either side, covered with myriad rows of little green terraces to keep them from sliding over into the valley. On a neighboring crest the ruins of a tottering stone castle, built before America was imagined, come into view and as quickly disappear. You pass a line of truck-laden donkey carts, the men riding, the women trudging along behind. It begins to be quite hot, and the sun is blazing out of a light blue sky; you shed your coat and long for breakfast. The next moment at a bend in the road you see what looks like a barber's pole with the sign:

DOGANA *

and a soldier smoking a rat-tailed cigar strolls into the road and motions you to halt.

"Have you anything to declare?" he asks lazily.

* *Dogana*=Custom-house

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Photograph by Mr. Welsh

THE ITALIAN SIDE OF THE STELVIO—A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE ZIGZAGS BY WHICH A ROAD CAN BE CARRIED UP THE STEEP SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.

A TUNNELED TURN ON THE FALZAREGO PASS, IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL. NEARLY ALL THE TURNS ON EUROPEAN MOUNTAIN ROADS ARE WIDE AND FREE FROM CONCEALED CORNERS.

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"Nothing," you reply.

"*Avanti!*" he mutters, waving his hand.

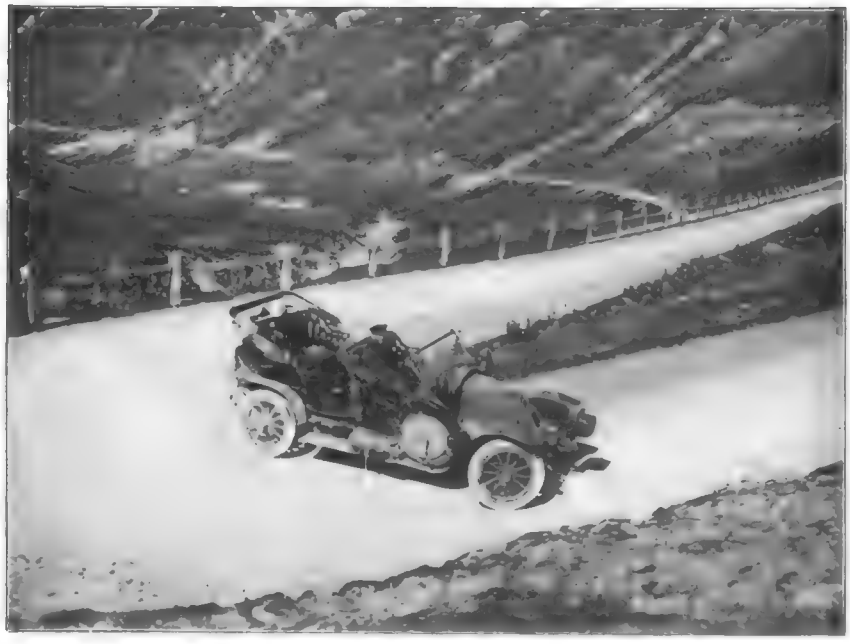
And you are in Italy.

There are three main groups of passes across the Alps:—those of southeastern France, of Switzerland, and of the Austrian Tyrol. Owing to ridiculous regulations as to speed and hours, as well as road quality, the Swiss passes (the Simplon and the St. Gothard) offer by comparison little attraction to the motorist save as short cuts, and even then they are not always desirable. But the great passes of Savoie and of the Tyrol are the most magnificent in the world and are naturally the objective of all who travel awheel.

In the west, two hundred years before Christ, Hannibal led an army against Rome over the winding ascents of these mountain fastnesses; but Napoleon, not content with a single route, and in spite of the stubborn opposition of the imperial engineers, constructed two other great thoroughfares, converging at Turin—the Mont Cenis and the Lautaret, in order that he might throw two armies across into Italy at the same time. These are the finest and most beautiful of the French passes, and connect with two others of great grandeur, the Col du Galibier and the Mont Genèvre; and they have a character of their own wholly different from those leading from Austria into Italy.

In the east, Francis Joseph did not relinquish his hold upon Lombardy until 1866, and even to-day his green-coated soldiers pace the bastions of remote fortresses situated on the crests of the passes across which the wily old emperor withdrew his armies nearly half a century ago. These Tyrolean highways surpass any others in Europe; there is nothing anywhere more exquisite than the Pordoi or so majestic and awe-inspiring as the Stelvio, and the motorist finds himself in a network of passes centering at Bozen, any one of which is exquisitely lovely and a marvel of engineering.

Savoie and the Tyrol each have their own peculiar scenery and advantages, and there



A WIDE "HAIRPIN" TURN ON THE ITALIAN SIDE OF THE STELVIO. THE ROAD ACROSS THIS PASS IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

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will always be two factions among automobilists equally insistent upon the superiority of the district of their choice over the other.

Those who are fond of comparatively short runs, with the privilege of returning to a palace hotel every night, and with the opportunity of seeing something of the gay life of the Continent, will find Aix-les-Bains an ideal center. If a quieter situation is preferred, the excellent hotels of Chambéry and Grenoble are at one's disposal. In either event, once established at such a base, the owner of a car finds himself in the midst of a multitude of exquisitely beautiful short passes, rising from two thousand five hundred to five thousand feet in height. There are nearly sixty "cols" or mountain passes in France alone open to motors, almost all of which are within short striking distance of Aix, and thus for accessibility and variety southeastern France admittedly excels any other district in Europe.

LOOKING DOWN THE AUSTRIAN SIDE OF THE STELVIO PASS, AT ABOUT 8,500 FEET.

For this reason it is the great center for summer motoring, and in consequence the roads suffer somewhat and there is likely to be a good deal of dust. You will pass more motors on the highroad between Geneva and Chamonix than almost anywhere else on the Continent.

Let me stop here to say, however, that it is an astounding thing to the American who goes to Europe for the first time to find that outside of this particular region he does not meet many motors. Off the main through routes you may go an entire afternoon without meeting anybody. Of course, in the height of the season—July and August—dozens of motors, even a hundred, may cross each of the high passes every day. But whereas you can sit on your piazza at Cortina all day in August and see a motor go by every ten minutes, in June you may not count more than three. I have gone for days in Italy in June and seen *none*.

But even with the drawbacks of a deserved popularity, the dust, and the heat (for Aix *is* hot), the motorist will find this district almost a paradise for a month awheel.

For weeks on end he can start out afresh each morning, climb a new pass or two, rest at some small French inn for an hour,

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spin home in the twilight, and reach his hotel in time for dinner, covering little of the same ground twice.

Here, too, is the starting-point for those grand highroads which are always calling—the Mont Cenis and the Lautaret. And some clear morning you will be up betimes and join the crowd of French, German, South American, and English motorists whose machines are throbbing before the hotel.

One by one the big touring-cars roar off down the road. You pile in your furs, thermos bottle, valise, guide-books, and maps.

"To-morrow night," you say to the obsequious *maître d'hôtel* who, frock-coated, bows you a *bon voyage*. The tires grip the roadway, the motor shoots forward and plunges down the hill. Through defiles where Napoleon's soldiers trudged fifteen weary miles a day toward Italy, you speed arrow-like at thrice that distance *per hour*. Soon the valley of the Mont Cenis broadens and opens up, showing huge flocks of sheep and myriads of cows pasturing in the upland meadows. Cascades plunge down the mountains on either side, and to your left the massive forts of Esseillon block the center of the valley, their huge guns raking the pass fore and aft. The grade stiffens almost imperceptibly, and you are up four thousand feet before you know it.

DOWN-HILL INTO ITALY

The snow-covered Dent Parrachée (12,100 feet) looms behind. Five hairpin lacets appear, but you swing around them without a pause. Presently you reach a bleak stretch of bare, brown mountains and an open prairie or plateau. A shallow blue-green lake comes into view. The summits are within arm's reach of you. The road becomes level, and a small town with a wall and several large buildings appears in front. It is La Grande-Croix, with the Mont Cenis Hospice, where Napoleon stayed when he invaded Italy. The air here is cold, and very likely the mists have gathered and a shower drives into your face as you start down the steep descent into Italy.

At Molaretto you present your Italian triptych to the officer in charge of the *dogana*, who stamps it and perhaps incidentally informs you that a young lady who resides at the post has just learned of the sudden desperate illness of her mother in Turin. Is M'sieu going to Turin? If so, would he perform an act of charity and take the young lady along? Thus innocently do the young ladies of Molaretto secure their transportation to the gay world in the plain below. You take the young lady aboard, and sweep down into Italy, dropping 5,210 feet in twenty-eight kilometers, arriving at Turin in time for dinner. This is the great through route from France to Italy, and one of the finest motor roads in the world.

But nowhere on the Mont Cenis does one experience any of the delightful feeling of danger that is associated with the steeper passes, such as the Galibier.

This pass is the highest in Savoie (8,580 feet), and is second in height only to the Stelvio. Strictly speaking, it may be classified as a "minor" pass because it merely serves to connect two others; but it has a melancholy, desolate grandeur at the summit, and the descent from Valloire is exquisite beyond description. This road has only just been opened to visitors and at first gives one a sensation of uneasiness on account of the fact that it is generally narrow and of bad quality. It plunges down-hill at what at first sight appears to be an impossibly precipitous grade, through great banks of débris from the mountainsides. In fact, just below the tunnel at the top, one half fears that the horn will start the near-by walls of rock tumbling about the car. Here edelweiss grows abundantly, and the rocky upland is ablaze among the snowdrifts with banks of blue, pink, and purple flowers.

As one descends, one's sense of security gives place to the first breathless feeling of danger. Then a "honk" is heard, and dashing down the mountain comes the motor diligence, swaying from side to side, at eighteen miles an hour, while the passengers, with set faces, cling to their seats and the guard winks and grins as he goes by. After that, one takes courage.

If possible, the motorist should leave France, cross Lombardy, and visit the Austrian Tyrol before the summer flock of automobiles has descended upon its valleys. He will probably put in a few days at Venice upon the way and then enter the Ampezzo by the Fadalio Pass. Should he, as is probable, ascend the valley of the Piave in the late afternoon and climb the Ampezzo in the light of the setting sun, he will in all likelihood declare that earth can hold no greater glory for his eyes. The superb

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A STRETCH OF ROAD THROUGH THE DOLOMITES, DOMINATED BY MONTE CRISTALLO, ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF THIS STRANGELY COLORED RANGE.

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mountains above the rushing glacial stream; the sudden sight of the valley of the Boite above Pieve di Cadore, with Mount Antelao towering in glistening white directly above; the brilliant azure of the sky, the pine-

ARBOIS, IN EASTERN FRANCE, ONE OF THE INTERESTING TOWNS WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE MOTORIST WHO MAKES AIX-LES-BAINS HIS HEADQUARTERS.

laden freshness of the breeze, and the sparkle of the air—all these combine to make an ecstatic moment in one's life.

As one ascends the valley, the lofty pinnacles of Sorapis, Cristallo, and the Tofana come into view, rank on rank of snow-covered peaks, until one finds oneself in a flowery plain with the tiny village of Cortina and its campanile at the foot of the mountain wall surrounding it. Cortina is one of the most beautiful places in the world, if not the *most* beautiful. You will stay there longer than you ought and leave tearfully, promising yourself that if you live you will return.*

From Cortina we turn directly toward the left flank of the mountain range and begin our ascent of the famous Dolomit-

*My children gathered 163 specimens of Alpine flowers in the meadows immediately around the hotel.

enstrasse. The road is firmly built, of easy gradient, and wide. Soon the Boite is but a narrow ribbon and Cortina a single spire. We turn to the right and find ourselves among the snow-covered ledges of the summits, soon coasting down again to Arabba at the foot of the Pordoi, over a high, winding, flower-bordered road, with snowy summits rising all about us, and the giant Marmolata beckoning us on.

And now we commence the ascent of the Pordoi, the most beautiful small pass in the Tyrol, as well as one of the steepest. The road immediately begins to wind back and forth, and before we know it we are looking far down on Arabba and feeling the cold air from the adjacent snow-patches. We are on a high, bleak valley covered with small sheep shelters. Hundreds of cattle dot the bare hillsides. To our left tower vast ridges toward which we climb steadily. At last we are on the summit (7,382 feet) and begin the glorious descent to Canazei. The road is wide, the gradient easy, the twenty-eight hairpin corners present no difficulties, and the view is incomparably fine.

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Indeed, I know of nothing grander than the view looking forward down this side of the Pordoi. On one's immediate right, looming like a huge yellow fortress above the curves of the road, is the Sella group, unique in mountain building. A glacier divides a huge, projecting bastion, from the rest of the range, whose massive walls are almost within reach of your hand. Beyond them rises the strangely picturesque Langkofel group, huddled together like three gigantic frozen gnomes. At your feet the road coils like a rope into the distant valley, dominated by the wonderful Rosengarten range, its snow-covered head looking down upon cañons filled with violet shadows.

You should see these Dolomites when the setting sun is gilding their monstrous and grotesque shapes with mysterious combinations of pinks, yellows, reds, and purples, which slowly die away into slate-gray while the Rosengartens burn bright in the afterglow. As you coast down into the valley, the cowbells tinkle all about you, little boys take off their Alpine hats and greet the "highly born," and as you slip through the zone of firs that cluster at the bottom of the pass, the stars break out and the shadows fall.

After a week or so in the Tyrol we are ready for the culmination of our mountaineering experiences—the ascent of the Stelvio (9,041 feet), the gigantic pass conceived and executed by the Austrians nearly a hundred years ago to enable them to throw their armies quickly across the Alps into the Lombard plain. As a stupendous piece of road-making construction, it excels anything in the world. Its surface is well-nigh perfect; and its views are awe-inspiring and majestic. This is the last pass to be opened in summer, and even as late as June nineteenth, I found fifteen feet of snow on the road at the summit. Washouts are not uncommon in spring and autumn, and care should be taken to inquire, as one proceeds, whether the road is open all the way through.

The finest views are obtained by ascending on the Italian side in the early morning and descending to Trafoi at sunset. As a matter of driving, however, it is somewhat easier to make the ascent from Trafoi. Between Prad (Austrian side, 2,940 feet) and the summit there are forty-six hairpin corners. In my long car I had to back on twenty-nine of these. The turns on the Italian side are much wider, and I had to back going up on but sixteen of them, and going down on none at all. The grades are easy, nine per cent. at the most, and frequently as low as four or five per cent. But the climb is so long that great care must be taken to keep the engine from overheating, as the car lifts itself over six thousand feet in about sixteen miles.

No owner of a good car need fear the Stelvio, however. His arms may ache after doing eighty turns and reversing on at least half of them, but he will forget his fatigue in the glories about him. The road itself is worth a trip to Europe to see, and mighty peaks and glaciers lie on every side.

WHERE THREE COUNTRIES MEET

Looking up from the valley at Neu-Spondinig, it seems inconceivable that one could surmount such a giant range of mountains. One sees only a narrow defile piercing the heart of the mountains. Into this the car runs and commences its climb, the road following alongside the boiling Trafoier Bach. At about five thousand feet you reach Trafoi and suddenly find yourself face to face with the Ortler, the giant of the Tyrol (12,800 feet), and the Madatsch Glacier. As you creep on and up, the view unfolds, other huge peaks come into sight and other glaciers, until at Franzenshöhe you feel that you are really on a level with the top of the range. But you have still seventeen hundred feet to climb.

Below you the road traces a fine line on the greenish-brown uplands. Range rises on range until the vista ends in the gleaming whiteness of the Weisskugel. At last you reach the top of the pass, and a wilderness of glaciers, mountain ramparts, and snow-peaks lies all about you. If you are wise, and can, you will spend the night at the comfortable inn and see the sun rise, but if time presses, you will cross over and coast down into Italy. The scenery on this side is quite different in character, but strangely picturesque and wildly grand. There is less snow here, and the mountains are torn into jagged edges and tortuous defiles.

As you descend, the shadows gather about you, while, above, the peaks burn green-yellow in the afternoon sun. You leave the Umbrail Pass on your right, which

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descends to Switzerland and the Münsterthal (three countries meet at the summit of the Stelvio), and soon are threading the winter galleries of the Diroccamento defile. Beyond the last, the road turns a corner, and the valley of Bormio, encircled by its amphitheatre of mountains, lies below you. You have crossed the Stelvio—day never to be forgotten—and as you sink into slumber you have the feeling that now, no matter what comes, you have indeed lived.

With regard to that bugaboo—the danger of mountain climbing by motor, it is obvious that most of such dangers (other than the regular risks of motoring) must of necessity reside in the grades, turns, or the width of the roads themselves. Now, while both in England and America one frequently encounters on the ordinary highroads gradients of from twelve per cent. to seventeen per cent., on the mountain passes of the Alps, as I said, one rarely finds a grade of more than eight per cent., while six per cent. may be said to be the average. Besides, the military pass over a mountain is usually as wide as a road on the plain, and infinitely smoother. The Mont Cenis is a huge boulevard, broader than the majority of main highways, and the Stelvio itself is nineteen feet wide.

The turns, too, are usually generous, and even a big touring-car can climb passes for weeks at a time without being obliged to reverse. Last summer I climbed seventeen passes in southeastern France without reversing at all, and this in a "big car." Provided your car has a long "lock," that is to say, plenty of space on the axle for the wheels to turn in, it is possible to go practically anywhere without reversing, and this is as true of the Stelvio as anywhere else. Although with my car I had to reverse twenty-nine times between the summit and Trafoi, there is an Italian officer stationed in the summer at Bormio on the Italian side who, when the weather is good, runs over the Stelvio in a little 14 h.-p. car, has tea in Trafoi, and buzzes home again in an hour and a half, without reversing once.

I know of no pass where, even to get by another car, it is necessary to steer very near the edge—not even in passing a motor diligence on the Galibier, the most breathless of the French passes, where one occasionally has the sensation of being on the ridge-pole of a house.

Nor, in the Alps, do you find that omnipresent and real danger of the Riviera, the terrible S turns, as the road follows the small bays and curves of the indented Mediterranean shore. There it is impossible to see another car coming, and motoring is really hazardous. But in the Alps you can usually see a car approaching (and its driver can see you) for a long time before its arrival. Both above and below you the road winds back and forth in plain sight, perhaps for miles. Occasionally there is a corner with an obstructed view, but there is always time to slow down and sound your signal, and you never comes suddenly on the *concealed* corner so common in England.

Neither do you meet abrupt changes of grade, but, on the contrary, these are even and gradual, as befits roads designed to carry heavy artillery and baggage-wagons. In a word, the Alpine mountain highways are as nearly perfect as human skill and engineering can make them, and present vastly less danger to the motorist than the highways of the valley and the plain. Besides, as they are constructed of broken rock and are subjected to comparatively little traffic, they are always smooth, while those below may be ground full of holes and be smothered in heavy clouds of dust.

The experienced motorist never hesitates to choose a mountain road instead of one on the level, even if it be longer, for he knows that in nine cases out of ten he will find there a better surface, less traffic, and less dust. Added to these advantages is the inestimable superiority of the upper road so far as scenery is concerned.

THE ONE DANGER IN PASS CLIMBING

No, the dangers of mountaineering in a motor lie not in the roads, not outside but *inside* the car itself, and the chief peril lurks in outworn or defective brakes, which may suddenly give way or cease to hold back your car. Then, indeed, there is danger, for on the steep slope of a mountain it would take but a few seconds for the car to get beyond control, and a few more for it and the driver to be thrown in a tangled mass at the base of the precipice.

Yet in view of the obviousness of this particular risk, and the fact that all cars have emergency brakes, few accidents occur. Many motorists, to make assurance doubly sure, shut off the gas and allow the car to

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run down-hill against the compression of the engine on its lowest gear. Even so, three brakes are better than two, and are very regularly supplied by many of the continental manufacturers. More cars are burned up by carelessly allowing the brakes to become overheated than are wrecked through brakes that give way. In descending a long pass one should constantly shift, using the brake farthest from the oil-tank as much as possible.

The brakes should be thoroughly inspected at the commencement of every long climb and always at the top of the pass before the descent is begun. If this is done, and fresh brake shoes are put on as soon as the old ones become worn, mountain climbing adds nothing to the ordinary dangers of motoring.

The author already hears his reader remarking *sotto voce:* "This is all very fine, but it is no sport for a poor man or even a fellow in moderate circumstances." This may be true, but the fact remains that any one who can afford to run any kind of a motor at home can take the same car abroad with him and pay out very little more than if he spent his vacation on the Continent doing his traveling by rail.

No matter how he travels after he gets there, he must first get himself and his party across the ocean and then pay his hotel and incidental expenses while *en route.* These will be less than at home, and he will save all railway fares and excess baggage charges, which alone will pay the operating expenses of a small car, including tires. It costs $5.50 to buy gasoline enough to drive an ordinary motor from Rome to Capua (164 miles); the railway fare (no free baggage) *for one person* is $5.80. The only extra expense necessary is getting the car from America to Europe and home again, and this (depending on its size) will cost from $225 up. Mr. Lee Meriwether gives the following figures from New York to Havre, Naples, and return:

Boxing and hauling	$48.00
Freight to Havre	67.60
" from Naples	78.00
Brokers' fees and shipping box Havre to Naples	43.20
Total	$236.80

This basic expense must be distributed over the length of the trip, and for a hundred-day tour will create an initial cost of $2.37 per day. Of course your trip can be too short to make it worth while. The ideal tour should be for at least two months.

Now there are two ways of motoring in Europe, equally satisfactory to the people who pursue them. One is the royal *de luxe* fashion, where you buy the biggest car you can find, hire a French chauffeur-courier (who must be a mechanician as well if you are to survive); frequent all the Ritz hotels, telegraphing in advance for the corner rooms with two baths, overlooking the lake; never average less than thirty miles an hour or a hundred and eighty miles for the day, open your throttle and your purse, let her go, and damn the expense. You can also, if you wish, have champagne served with all meals.

This method is recommended to those who can afford it—for a while. It is good fun.

BURNING GASOLINE—AND MONEY

Even without the Frenchman, the Ritz hotels, the front rooms, and the champagne, an American with a large touring-car who does not care to bother about the cost of things and likes to travel fast—even on hot days—will inevitably spend from twenty to thirty dollars per day while on the road. His tires do the trick. Running at high speed on a white-hot French road in August, he may blow out an eighty-seven-dollar tire in six hundred miles, though the same tire may last a careful driver five thousand miles. He burns barrels of gasoline by climbing mountain passes at the highest possible speed and by making record-breaking runs that leave him too weary to care what he pays for a room and bath, which will cost from five to seven dollars per night for a single room. His *déjeuner*, luncheon, and dinner will regularly cost him at least 50 cents, $1.00, and $1.40 respectively. He will drive his car from one end of Europe to the other until it is ready to drop to pieces, and then run it into a repair shop at Aix-les-Bains or Lucerne and have it put in shape again at any cost you please.

There is no way to estimate the expense of motoring in this fashion. You are the marked-down quarry of the hotel and garage men from the day you leave Paris. You will live on the fat of the land and feel like

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a Russian grand duke until your letter of credit gives out. The cost of motoring is like the cost of getting married or of spending a week in New York—it all depends.

If, however, the motorist is willing and perhaps anxious to drive his car himself; to look after her as he would a favorite horse; to know her every bolt, spring, and screw; to drive her as she should be driven and never allow her to get out of repair; to tour in a rational manner, taking plenty of time on the hills and passes, keeping his engine cool and never abusing his tires in the midday heat—then he will possess the joy that comes with knowledge and be master of his own fate.

He will have removable rims carrying extra large tires placed on the wheels of a small, light American car, so that there will be as little weight as possible on those tires and a minimum of gasoline necessary to send him along. He will make no endurance runs and content himself with a hundred miles a day. He will never go faster than twenty-five miles an hour, and he will not average more than eighteen, except on a long, easy down grade. He will climb his passes on his lowest or next to lowest gear.

At night he will stop at some modest (but entirely comfortable) inn or *gasthof*,* where for two or three francs he can secure a room and bed, and he will eschew the "American Garage" and the "Restaurant National," and keep his commissions in his own pocket. He will breakfast on coffee and rolls for ten cents; an omelet, cheese, and wine will do for his lunch, and his evening meal will be a full course dinner for forty or fifty cents. You can travel through Europe and live like a king on $1.20 a day, and have wine at two meals. This is gospel. Your chauffeur (if you have one) will do so, and he demands better food and more of it than you do. He will get steak or "untercut" at a *gasthof*, while you have stringy chicken at the "Beau-Rivage."

Of course, to live abroad at a minimum of cost you must make a business of it and be willing to take a good deal of trouble and to haggle over prices. You must go slowly and carefully, and you mustn't object to thin board partitions in the hotel rooms. But with all your inconveniences you will be happier than the other fellow, for you will know the country and the people better than he, and you will have the satisfaction of getting a thousand times your money's worth.

*Popularly known among American chauffeurs as a "gas-house."

EXPENSES—$1.20 A DAY

Doing it in this way, you can take your own car to Europe and drive it over the most perfect and glorious roadways in the world for ten dollars a day, including the transportation of your car and all your expenses while on tour, for two people. Your railway fares and board would probably come to quite as much if you covered the same distances as a regular tourist. And if you find that you must buy an extra tire you can put up at a little châlet on the shore of some emerald lake amid the snow-peaks, and climb over them and their glaciers for a week. It will cost you about $1.20 per day, and you will soon pay for your tire, lay up a sinking fund, and rest yourself besides—for the mistake of the motorist is that he motors too fast and too far.

Then, with a full tank and clean cylinders, you will start, some glittering morning, and climb from plains of wheat and barley through groves of beach and chestnut, ascend gorges torn by mountain torrents, past ruined castles of robber barons and fortresses swarming with *chasseurs des Alpes*, up roads that turn and twist dizzily backward and forward along the face of precipices.

You will climb until the snow lies by the roadside and the wind blows chill off the ice-fields; until, amid the majestic snow-caps of Savoie or the towering, needle-like pinnacles of the Tyrol, you pause on the crest of a pass and look down six thousand feet upon the yellow fields of France or Austria behind you, and the green vineyards and blue lakes of Piedmont or Lombardy before you, with the world at your feet—and nearer to heaven than you have ever been before.

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The RAGGED EDGE

by

KATE JORDAN

AUTHOR OF "A CIRCLE IN THE SAND," "TIME, THE COMEDIAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

THE sudden squall drove Celia against the houses and lashed her at last into the Restaurant Les Deux Magots. It seemed the wildest rain she had ever known. And then came the iron thought: To be houseless, with one's last franc in one's pocket, and to be a woman, on such a night!

She found a seat at an inconspicuous table. The crowd was all before her. Heads moved like an undertow beneath a sea of smoke; names were shouted across the room; corks popped; coffee ran in smoking cascades from the waitresses' big, metal pots. The well-being of feeding animals mixed with the joyous uproar of dreaming, reckless youth. While Celia's franc lasted she could be a part of it, but —after that? She put her hands to her eyes and ground in the fingers. Again, as for several days past, she saw a picture of the Seine flowing serenely, a white face, like a rootless lily, upon its tide.

"Are you sick, Miss Emory?" Yvonne, the waitress, was bending over her.

Celia's numbed hands dropped. "Just hungry, Yvonne," she said, with woman's eternal smile that floats like a curtain between her distress and the world.

"We have to-night," said Yvonne, as if sharing a confidence, "some rabbit stew with thick wine sauce, of an excellence to astonish."

But Celia ordered only soup and bread, and Yvonne went away on her heavy Gascon feet, while her glowing Gascon fancy understood and she exclaimed: "*La pauvre!* Ah, she is like a broken, blue-gray moth that the flame will surely swallow."

The crowd, which at first was as blurred by smoke as a spoiled wash drawing, began to disclose individual vignettes to Celia. She saw that one table held a quartet of young men in costume: A Spanish postilion in black velvet and scarlet; a hairy caveman in skins; an Assyrian king, high-crowned, with stiffly ringleted hair and beard; and a young Cæsar in a white wool toga, a pale blue velvet cloak piled on one shoulder and a wreath of silver bays pressed down low around his dark, close-cropped head.

"The Quat'z Arts ball is to-night, of course," Celia thought, without enthusiasm. She had forgotten it. Last spring she had been one of a happy party that had dined in a restaurant close to the Moulin Rouge, where it was held, and from that vantage-point had seen the painters and their models, representing creatures of every century and clime, flock in to hold the wildest revel of the none too sedate revels of the year.

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She was not conscious of her dull, uninterested stare at the men until she saw the Cæsar fling up his heavily-braceleted arm and wave to her. Then she knew him. He had been only a few months in the Quarter, modeling under a famous sculptor. She had never chanced to meet him at the infrequent studio teas and suppers she had attended, but had passed him often. And she had known every time that in the freemasonry of the life he would have spoken to her if she had not always looked at him so soberly and then beyond him—oh, quite, *quite* beyond him, to the very end of the longest street, to the farthest speck of sky.

She looked at him just as soberly now, but to-night he was not in a mood to mind it. He laughed a great deal. He kept brushing up the silver leaves from his brows with a hand that was fiery with paste jewels. Once he sang two whole lines of "Tout en Rose" before the caveman hit him with a huge bone that he used as a baton.

Celia was used to scenes like this. She knew that strewn over the world were mature, grave, successful artists who, years before, had frolicked in Paris in the same mad way. Yet, somehow, the young Cæsar saddened her. Perhaps she was seeing life clearer to-night, because, being so close to the abyss, she was *looking back upon it.*

HE COVERTLY RAISED THE GLASS TO HER. BUT IT RE-

The revelers began to make preparations for leaving. The clock was striking nine as Cæsar stood up. Through the bluish smoke his eyes held Celia's. Dark, very dark eyes they were, wide-open, boyish, with the dream of life burning in them—beautiful eyes. He began to sing "Tout en Rose" again, still watching her:

". . . . *Allez-y! Aimez-vous!*
Tout simplement."

The besottedly happy refrain was taken up at other tables as he poured out a last glass of champagne, and, while singing, covertly raised it to her. But it remained in the air. He looked at her, dazed.

Celia, sitting with clasped hands and tightly shut, pale lips, had shaken her head at him. He frowned, and after a pause brusquely edged the glass to his lips. She shook her head again, very slowly. Her eyes were grieved, and they admonished, appealed. His big shoulders shivered and he put the glass down, but contemptuously, the action saying as plain as speech:

"There, you little Puritan! You're stupid and irritating—but I hope you're satisfied."

Yvonne brought the soup, and Celia did not look Cæsar's way again. But she was nevertheless aware that he tramped out, singing defiantly:

". . . . *Allez-y! Aimez-vous!*
Tout simplement."

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MAINED IN THE AIR. HE LOOKED AT HER, DAZED. CELIA HAD SHAKEN HER HEAD AT HIM.

II

Celia's eyes sprang open, and a long, dreary, astonished shiver followed. Just before her she saw a row of striped awning scallops, and beyond them a stretch of lonely, pool-bright streets and angles of starry, violet sky. Remembrance came back to her. When she had heard that the sensational April hurricane was over and had seen Yvonne shuffling the dry chairs to their places under the awning, she had settled into this corner seat outside and fallen asleep. Now the hushed, unpeopled streets, smelling of rain, *felt* late.

She was not as panic-stricken as she had been earlier. The stimulus of the hot soup had swept her to decision regarding an act that she had heretofore considered in a pale, futile way and with distinct distaste: She had decided that after managing to pass the night without the shelter of a roof she could buy a bit of breakfast and still have enough for 'bus fare to the American consul's. In the uplift of the moment she had imaged him as a big-hearted Samaritan, who, while helping her, would say beautiful things of the bond between them formed by the Stars and Stripes. She did not feel so sure of the Stars and Stripes now. Still —he would do something. The important thing was to live safely through the night in the streets, and the dawn would mean hot coffee, new courage, and new hope.

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She was alone outside the restaurant except for an old man. He was Le Galle, the shoemaker of the neighborhood, a tippler who was commanded by a dramatically shrewish wife.

"She'll come soon and drag him home, squealing," Celia found herself musing aimlessly. She yawned in a chilly way. Her eyes would have closed again, but an old fiacre came with a dislocating lurch around the corner and stopped short. No one came out of it. The *cocher*, in glistening yellow oilskin, threw a blanket over the thin, steaming horse and sat down as far as possible from herself and old Le Galle.

Yvonne, whisking about the place, had noticed Celia. Every other time the blue-gray moth had fluttered away after meals as if frightened.

"*La pauvre!*" she thought, and crossed to her. "You are going to see some fun," she whispered hilariously. "Le Galle's wife has asked me to put a sleeping powder in his third brandy—a strong one, on my word! —so she can drag him home in peace. *Attendez!*" She took Le Galle's order, the cabman's order, winked at Celia, and disappeared.

The shoemaker was already moistening his puckered, purplish lips in semi-inebriation. The cabman had hung the big, glazed coat over a chair beside him and sat with his hands before his face, tired out.

Yvonne swung out with two glasses of cognac on her tray. She gave one into Le Galle's clutching fingers and placed the other beside the cabman, touching his arm for payment: "Well, monsieur?" He gave the pennies, drank the brandy at one rapacious gulp, and sat forward as before, his face within his shielding hands. Yvonne made a triumphant, mischievous grimace at Le Galle and went into the restaurant. Celia sat on in a dolorous silence. Her face, like a gray mask, stared at vacancy.

Five minutes had trailed by without anything happening when a taxicab began to murmur far away. Louder; louder. Now it came as fast as a train down the empty street, and stopped in a climax of cluckings before Les Deux Magots.

"*Attendez!*" a resounding, genial voice called. There was a splash of white, azure, and twinkling silver, and the young Cæsar stepped under the awning. The draperies were a hindrance to his lurching, college stride, and he visibly missed the pockets into which he would have thrust his hands. He was whistling and had given the victor's wreath a push over one eye so that in some grotesque way it suggested a traveling-cap.

After one look at him, Celia turned her head sharply away. There was a singularly poignant shame in having this man see her—this strange young man of all others. Why she should feel so in regard to him she could not tell, but it was a dread that scorched her as she sat with her face twisted over her shoulder.

"*Hel*-lo!" she heard him mutter in dismay. He paused, swung about, and crossed to her. She could hear the little table before her creak under his weight as he spread both big, jeweled hands upon it.

"I've been thinking about you all night." It was a flat declaration of friendship addressed to all he could see of her face. "You were bully to warn me against drinking, although I guess you thought me pretty fresh. Excuse me—won't you—please?" he asked very winningly, and waited.

Her head sank lower. "Now, look here, Miss Emory!" A pleased look went over his face as he noticed her shoulders twitch when he spoke her name. He sat down with a venomous vigor. "Don't try to freeze me for a masher—I'm *not*. I told you I kept thinking of you to-night. That was because I was worried about you. I hadn't seen you lately, and, honestly, I was staggered at the change in you. I could have kicked myself afterward for leaving here without speaking to you. We were headed for some Montmartre cafés to kill three or four hours till the ball began. But I gave up the idea of going to it. I shook the crowd and came back. I meant to find out from Madame where you lived and what she knew about you. And now—" He came to an inconclusive ending—"Now you're here—*still*. I know you're sick or in some trouble—or both."

Celia, stubbornly proud and shy as a wild bird, looked flickeringly into his eyes and then past him. "Thank you. You're very kind. But you are mistaken about me. There's nothing wrong—at all."

They sat in awkward silence for a moment. Her throat was contracting. His kind, candid words, his voice with *home* in it, had pierced her. Inside of her she was sobbing hard.

"I don't want to make a nuisance of myself. But don't you think you'd better let

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THERE WAS A SINGULARLY POIGNANT SHAME IN HAVING THIS MAN SEE HER—THIS STRANGE YOUNG MAN OF ALL OTHERS.

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me take you home?" When she slowly shook her head he looked at her as an anxious St. Bernard might look at a disobedient puppy. "All right, then. But it seems to me—" He stood up, lingered, and said good night in a defeated tone.

It was just then that the cabman's head came down with a bang on his arms, to the crash of broken glass; that Le Galle with a squeal of surprise at the sight began knocking on the table; that Yvonne appeared and, after a horrified glance at the cabman, said to Celia in an aside: "*Mon Dieu*, I gave *him* the drug!" that Celia, now on her feet, gave a shrill, sliding laugh as she swayed; that the young Cæsar clutched her, and as her wild laughter turned to tears, made her sit down, while, kneeling beside her, he patted her shoulders, gave her water, comforted her, and even straightened her hat, which had a way of coming down over her small, teary nose.

"You see?" he said victoriously, when she was calm. "I've just *got* to take care of you. No more marble heart—we're *friends*."

Le Galle and Yvonne had disappeared. Except for the stupefied cabman, Celia and the young Cæsar were alone under the awning. She did not wish to send him away now. She had had enough of proud loneliness and secret panic. Without knowing it, her hand had fastened upon his as if it were to pull her up out of something. Meanwhile he was kneeling on the wet stones, rubbing hard with helpful intention at the clinging hand.

"You'll get that—that lovely toga—*ruined*." The irresistible feminine warning came snifflingly.

"Oh, hang the toga! I feel like a woman in it, anyway."

He stood up, however, and took a chair opposite her, but very close, as if he would shut off from her the dampness and the cold. (How often he had speculated on the baffling color of her eyes! Sea-green they had sometimes seemed; then sometimes violet-black. Now he *knew*. Those large, soft, shining eyes were just the shade of his old moleskin cap that he loved—the same rich, slate-gray under a bluish haze.)

"What's the matter?" he asked in the kindest way. "Up against it—isn't that it?"

Yes, that was it. She had not had much money when she came from Virginia to Paris to study painting, but had hoped to support herself by sketches and illustrations. The first year she had pulled through. The second had brought her to grief. To-day she had been locked out of her top-floor studio, three months' rent owing for it. Her two chums happened to be out of Paris at this time; one had sublet her studio and gone to America for a while; the other was sketching in the *châteaux* country, she did not know where.

"I have acquaintances, of course," she said, with a weak attempt at pride, "and I'm sure, oh, *quite* sure that they'd have found a corner for me to-night—but I couldn't go and ask them. I tried—but I couldn't." She began nervously to twist her hands. "I've told you—and—that's all."

"Quite enough," said Cæsar. His eyes were like a dove's with pity, but he stood up in a businesslike way and spoke as a lawyer to a client. "You're to go back to your studio right away. If there isn't a fire we'll make the old hyena who locked you out get one——"

She had been studying him with a groping look. "But I have no money."

"*I have*."

"I—I couldn't do that." She shivered, and stood up.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, your coming upon me this way—and I don't *really* know you—" she said, her eyes miserable and frightened.

He bent over her frowningly. "I'm an American. My name is Lowden—Philip Joralemon Lowden. There's no reason——"

"I'd rather not," she pleaded; "somehow I——"

"Damn conventionality!" said Cæsar, and doubled his fists. "Don't you suppose I know the kind of girl you are?"

"I'm sure you understand—" she said faintly, hopelessly, but finally. "Yet——"

They stood silent then, side by side, looking out at the still, phantasmal streets.

"Well, let's go somewhere, get something to eat, and talk this thing over comfortably. That'll kill part of the night, anyway. This place closes at one—it's almost that—but I know a better one. Here's my taxi." He gazed down at her in sudden anxiety. "Your coat's like paper. I wonder if Madame or Yvonne hasn't a cloak?"

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Celia's eyes strayed to the sleeping cabman and the oilskin raincoat over the chair. She gave a wan, ironic smile. "If I could only borrow his," she said jestingly, "without any explanation or fuss."

"You *can*. Good idea. Hold on."

He pulled a wallet from under the pale blue velvet over his breast and hurried to the cabman. Celia, amazed, saw him crush some paper money into the man's loosely folded fist. In a few long strides he was at her side again and buttoning her into the coat.

"Dandy! Things are looking up. This is brand-new and as warm as a blanket!" he cried briskly. "I gave him enough to buy three like it, so he can't kick."

"Aren't you cold, too?" she asked wistfully, as he handed her into the cab; and he was reminded of the first appearance of trust in a watchful, eying robin.

"No; I'm a fake," he confided, grinning. "A light and airy Roman swell in the style of 50 A. D., on the outside—but underneath I'm a study in lamb's wool!"

As she snuggled down in the raincoat that held her like a huge cornucopia, she heard him rousing the chauffeur: "Wake up! Wake up! (No tired business men here, *I* tell you.) Gaston—Gustave! (No, I'm *not* Genevieve.) Go to the Restaurant du Filet-de-Sole—yes, Boulevard Montmartre—and *vite*, my friend—*vite*—VITE!"

He gathered up his skirts, stepped in, shut the door with a bang, and settled down joyously beside her. "This is bully," he said, and began to sing:

"Allez-y! Aimez-vous—!"

But he got no farther.

It was exactly as if a weird intelligence had stepped into the cab with him. There was a sultry prediction in the air. He was so big that as he sat down he had felt for half a moment the line of her fragile body along his own, before she drew away silently into her corner. He became as silent. The cab flew through strange, eery streets where lines of dark houses faced each other, with electric lights flickering lonesomely between them. They sat in shadow; sometimes in absolute darkness. They seemed sealed in a hollow cube and flung into space, they two alone.

"Are you warmer?" Philip asked after a long silence, and turned to look fully at her. (It seemed a daring thing to do, with this new, throbbing consciousness back of the look.)

"Oh, yes." She met his gaze. Her voice had a catch in it. Her eyes were brilliant in the gloom. He could feel her tremble. His own heart was hammering in a stifling way. He looked out at the streets—it seemed wiser. He tried to sing. He tried to ask if he might smoke. But he did neither. He sat with his arms folded fiercely and let the voice that had entered the cab with him whisper of something that was too vague even to be a dream, but that held a penetrating, ghostly delight. Celia was silent, and he heard her breath flutter. She, too, looked out at the streets through her window. But as if she had confessed, he knew that she was spell-wrapped as he was—wondering, quivering, troubled as he was.

III

The Restaurant du Filet-de-Sole was commercial and journalistic. A staff of waiters, looking neat and rested, had just come on at midnight. Everything about the brightly lighted, sanded oblong was as fresh as the pyramid of crisp, wet radishes that gave a rosiness to the *hors d'œuvre* table in the center.

When Celia and her pilot entered, some of the men sang out a greeting to him and glanced at her—but briefly. Philip, looking as if he had stepped from the pages of Gibbon's "Roman Empire," and Celia, with tousled hair, excited face, a *cocher's* raincoat enclosing her like a big bag, were allowed to sit in perfect peace among the cloth and corduroy of the others—*it was the night of the Quat'z Arts ball.* Besides, nothing astonishes Paris.

"I'd better circulate among these fellows," Philip said, after ordering an *omelette aux herbes* and a pitcher of chocolate. "I know half a dozen at that big table—two of them are secret-service men. They're friendly souls, so I'd better explain you or they'll come visiting. You're my cousin from the States, and I'm indulging your eccentric American desire to see the night side of the city."

Left alone, Celia felt a hush surround her, disturbed at times by terrifying little shoots of joy. She was only twenty-four. She had never been a really happy girl, for

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at home there had always been poverty and care, and the last six months in Paris had been a desperate tussle with the gruesomely patient wolf that has a way of sitting on certain frayed door-mats. The romance and lawlessness of her position to-night penetrated her dull despair. She loved this vagabond hour.

In her shy heart, she was ashamed of loving it so much—it was so wide of the demure foot rule with which she had always measured her conduct. Yet she did rejoice in it, though with hopelessness quivering through the feeling; for she looked beyond it and saw herself far away from her dear Paris, this night—and *him*—a memory.

Philip came back as the big omelet was being placed on the table. As he sat down, the voices back of him rose to such a sudden frenzy of discussion that Celia gave an alarmed look over her shoulder.

"They're not throwing things at each other," Philip said assuringly. "They're merely emphatic after the manner of the Gaul. Listen: There's a big diplomatic sensation to-night—but it's to be kept very quiet—not a word is to get into the papers. A memorandum that was arranged by two big statesmen, French and English—in all probability establishing the *entente cordiale* between their countries, bearing upon Germany's hostile attitude to England—*has been stolen.* This paper's existence was to have been kept a secret from every national bureau of foreign affairs—excepting Russia, no doubt, who is the definite ally of France and is in agreement with England as to Persia and the Balkans—you understand?" he asked, pausing in the story only in answer to the smiling helplessness in her eyes.

"I'm stupid about politics. I only know that *something's been stolen.*"

"Well, the main fact has penetrated, so we'll proceed in one leap to the crisis. *That paper was stolen to-night.* A German baron is suspected. They discovered the theft almost immediately, but the baron has vanished. It's being very quietly circulated that England and France combined will give a reward of fifty thousand francs for the return of the memorandum with the seals unbroken. No wonder those fellows are nutty! Every one of them has become an Arsène Lupin and a Sherlock Holmes rolled into one and is figuring what he'll do with that fifty thousand francs—if he gets it."

Celia looked past him into a dream. "Oh, how would it *feel?* It would be like manna falling out of the Paris sky."

"If it fell on you," Philip asked, "what would you do—first?"

"Cry, of course. Then—I'd hug the world."

"Or as much of it as you could get your arms around. The person nearest?" he asked, and gave a furtive look of longing at her flickering lips.

"Yes, the person nearest, no matter *who* it was—for I wouldn't know or care—I'd be just crazy," she said, with positive, bird-like nods. "But no amount of money could make *you* act so silly, I suppose?"

"When you saw me playing the frisky goat to-night in Les Deux Magots," said Philip, lighting a cigarette, "I was celebrating quite a bit of money then."

She had lifted the chocolate pot. It remained poised. "Sold something?" she asked enviously.

"Not so interesting. In fact, I'm afraid I'm not interesting, however you look at me," and he scratched his head sadly so that the wreath sagged a little more to the side. "I'm one of those deadly, classy students who's had Oriental rugs spread under his feet the whole way. I was born on Madison Avenue, New York, in a horrible, brownstone front that reeked with fat plush chairs and where three solid meals a day were served with grossly comfortable regularity. Over here I've had nice rooms from the start and weekly remittances from an adoring mother. When I was twenty-five, I came into what my father left me. To-day I got the lawyer's letter saying that all preliminaries were finished and I was—*it.* Father made his money in iron shutters. Except that I grew up with a passion to mold things out of mud and dough and sand, I'd have followed him in the shutter business. So now you know the worst. I'm not Murger's romantic *attic* student at all. I feel as if I ought to apologize to the whole nine Muses for being so well fed and never having holes in my stockings."

He shot out his hand so that it lay close to hers, without touching it. "Isn't it about time we decide what you're going to do? Had you any plan in mind—after—after—" He hesitated, and looked the rest.

"After spending the night in the streets?" she finished with daring and bitterness.

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"WHAT'S YOUR FIRST NAME, DEAR?" HE ASKED.

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"Yes—I thought I'd go to the American consul in the morning and beg my fare back to Virginia."

"Leave Paris? Give up painting?" he asked, dazed.

She laughed out loud. "If *you* have some of the earmarks of the Philistine, *I'm* an out-and-out fake. I can't paint. I thought I could and I made others think so. But I'm one of those who mistake aptitude for talent. Paris is full of my sort—*near* singers, painters, sculptors—full of them! Poor things," she said tenderly, "to put it poetically, they love the temple—they love to mingle with the inspired crowds that muster there—but they never, never, *never* can light a flame upon its altars." She gave a shrug of surrender. "And so I'm going back home—*where they do not want me.* They love me," she added quickly, "but they're poor, and I have younger sisters. Besides, I represent money thrown away. I'll go home, but I sha'n't stay there long. I've an aunt in New York, and she won't charge me much for board. I'll pick up typewriting there—or something."

"But, look here—don't you think—" he began persuasively. He got no farther, for three men entered. They were quiet, but visibly excited. The rest clamored around them.

"Baron von Volknerr!" was the name that ran through their controlled exclamations.

"That was the fellow who got away with the memorandum," Philip said, and stood up excitedly. "Have they got him? Who's got the money? I can't understand that over-the-speed-limit French."

Celia had turned around and was listening intently. "The man's been found," she said a moment later. "But not the paper. That was not on him."

"What are they saying, now?" Philip urged.

Celia swung back, fright and confusion in her face as she stared up at him.

"What's the matter with *you?*" he demanded, startled.

"They say—they say—the baron was found disguised—disguised as a *cocher*—found him stupid from drink—outside Les Deux Magots." She half rose, and sank back, her eyes on the *cocher's* coat. She pointed a helpless finger at it.

Philip sat down quickly and took imperative possession of the finger. "Keep quiet!" he whispered threateningly.

He beckoned to the waiter and paid the check. Commands continued to issue through his lips, set so rigidly they did not appear to move. "Keep absolutely still or you'll ruin everything. Take the raincoat carelessly on your arm. Don't be nervous. Hand me that box of matches beside you. Go ahead of me, and slowly, and I'll walk close behind so that attention won't be called to you at all. Ready? All right."

They were out of doors in a moment. Celia was trembling as if she had finished a race. "Do you think—" she stammered.

"I told you to keep quiet." He snatched the coat, rolled it into a wad, and tucked it under his cloak. "Come on," he said, and passed his arm around her stumbling little figure.

He called to a loitering taxicab, gave the first address at a distance that he could think of, and climbed in after Celia. Her hands, folded together, were as numb as lumps of putty. As Philip drew down the shades and struck a match, she watched him with a still sort of nervousness that was racking. There was something overpowering in the feeling that the duration of a match's burning could hold such cardinal meaning.

After a search of the coat, Philip spoke one word: "Nothing."

She echoed it faintly as the match went out.

"If this *ever* held the paper——"

He was interrupted by a scream from Celia—stifled, yet certainly a scream—"Wait! What's that?"

"What's what?" he asked, so excited that the words were angry.

"That lump that knocks against me as you shake the coat."

He struck another match, and the search was continued, their eager hands fumbling together over the glazed surface. Close to the lowest hem a secret pocket was found. This was sagging open and held a square, solid package. Philip peered down at it.

"British Embassy on the envelope!" he cried, as the match went out. They gripped each other's hands. They were speechless, but hurrahs and laughter and songs of triumph were all in that long gaze that lightened the dusk of the cab.

"Your troubles are over," Philip said

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very softly—yet the words danced. "You're ten thousand dollars richer than you were ten minutes ago."

He felt her shudder, and she drew her hands away. "Why—we're both crazy. That money's yours. *You* found the paper."

"I was searching for *you!*" he cried angrily, when he could speak.

"The coat's yours. You paid for it."

"I'd never have thought of taking it from that cabman if you hadn't spoken of it—and you wore it—so it's yours, and what's in it is yours—and that's an end to it!"

"It wouldn't be fair, Mr. Lowden. I wouldn't have kept the coat after to-night. You'd probably have taken it. You know that."

He lost his temper. No, he deliberately threw it away and shook his fist in her face.

"Don't be so angry because I tell you the simple truth," she pleaded.

"Simple truth!" he sneered. "Thin-blooded Puritanism! You're scared stiff for fear you'll owe me a *cent*. I thought I'd met conventional people before—but you're the limit. I knew you were from the first," he said, a fierce, wistful break in his voice. "Take those lonely days when I used to meet you places and looked my homesick soul out of my eyes longing to speak to you. Would you melt? Would you meet me one-thousandth part of the way? Not *you!* You couldn't see me with a field-glass. Why, I believe you wouldn't accept a life-preserver on a sinking ship unless you'd been formally introduced to the man who offered it——"

She laughed at this, wildly, gaily, but he continued to regard her with judging brows and stormy eyes. "I'm not as bad as that," she said softly. "I'll take part of the reward."

"Two-thirds?" he demanded.

"No. I'll take half."

"Thank God," he said, and wiped his face with a corner of his cloak. "You've about finished me. Now what I suggest is this: We'll drive a little longer, until it's morning. Then you'll wait somewhere in the cab while I go to my rooms and shed Julius Cæsar, returning in my new spring suit. After that we'll go for breakfast to some place where you can tidy up. After a lot of things to eat, the pageant will move on its victorious way to the English Embassy and collect its just reward in bags of gold." He sat suddenly forward, slipped off the wreath, and began fanning himself with it. "By the way, what's become of that emotional outbreak you promised would happen if you came suddenly into money?"

Celia looked at him almost in fright. The faint hollows in her cheeks became rose-colored disks.

"As I'm the nearest thing to you under these happy circumstances, there's a hug coming to me, and I'm waiting for it." His smile was gay, but his voice was dreaming, and his *asking* heart was shameless in his eyes.

"That doesn't count now," she said. "I'm only to get half the money, you see."

"Then half a hug," he insisted patiently. "I believe with Mark Twain: 'Let us not be too particular. It is better to have old, second-hand diamonds than to have none at all.'"

"Please don't talk so foolishly. Let's look at the package," she said rapidly, breathlessly, and drew back from his face, bent above her.

"All right." He sadly replaced the wreath. "But with your stern principles I wonder you can renege like that."

"We can see plainly now," she said, ignoring him, "for the morning has come."

Yes, the morning had come. They saw a ghostly Paris with hints of eastern gold. Their cab moaned in the sallow, empty streets as if the town were a resounding cave. The tall, melancholy houses showed every shade of gray from pearl to blackish-drab. In some streets, the electric lights gave mauve-pink throbs like the glow of weary fire-flies; in some they were out. The morning had come, but as yet the city was theirs, for they did not see a living thing, not even the inevitable fat, sleek, French family cat.

"We will proceed to gloat," said Philip, as he went down into the secret pocket and brought up the large envelope.

He happened to draw it out so that its reverse side was uppermost. The seals were broken. The flap was torn in a ragged way and soiled. They did not look at each other. A stillness like that at a grave settled within the cab. Philip pulled out the things that bulged the paper: A time-table, a handkerchief with a coronet in the corner, a curious, small weapon of tortoise-

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shell and gold that proved on examination to be a toothpick.

After a short, furious laugh he sat frowning at this medley. "Well, Miss Emory," he said, in a dull, unwilling way, "we have the envelope that once held the secret treaty; we have the baron's coat; we even have his rococo toothpick. But it's all something like that man 'who shook the hand of the man who shook the hand of John L. Sullivan.' That's about as near as we come to that fifty thousand francs."

She did not speak. She had sunk into the little thin coat. Her eyes were dull, like bits of scorched blue slate. After his first look at her Philip continued to study her with a somber tenderness. She visualized for him something fragile out of which machinery had crushed life.

He put aside the coat and papers, and humbly, gently took her hand. "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry," he said.

Her tears began to fall in a flaccid way. "Isn't it awful to be so optimistic—imaginative?" The words were feeble, jolting. "You see—I *had* that money—I'd even spent some of it on—on—a *hat*. Oh, dear! And now it's all just as it was. There's nothing."

Philip seized her arm. He made her look at him. There was a rigid gleam in his eyes. "There's—*me*." He dared to pass his hand behind her shoulders and pleadingly touched his finger-tips to her farther cheek. "Do you want me? I love you so much."

She came out of her tears and looked at him in a blind, shaken rapture.

"I love you, oh, I love you," Philip kept murmuring. "And I'm not a conceited ass, but I think you do—or *could*—love me. I seem to feel it. Oh, do!" he said, as he saw her flush and shiver. "Don't wait. You don't know me, but it will be all right—just as good to get married as quick as we can as to wait three months till I'd followed you to America and met your mother. That's the *junk* of life, I think. Love's the thing that *talks*. If you'll let me kiss you I'll know it's going to be. May I—*may* I——"

He kissed her. It was like a little religious ceremony at first, he was so afraid of frightening her. Then he kissed her innumerable times, deeply, tenderly, from his soul.

"What's your first name, dear?" he asked in ecstasy.

The pale gold April morning was filling the cab.

THE LONG ROAD

BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

Brother, what if the road be long,
Out of the gray town, over the hill!
A gay good heart and a snatch of song,
And life laughs back as we trudge along.
What if the inns be good or bad!
Turn your face to the wind, my lad;
Take the long road with a will,
Out of the gray town, over the hill!

Brother, what if the day be long!
Journeys end, and the stars, and the sun.
There's a dusty highway ribboning free
Through a jeweled land to the gleaming sea.
Drink a health to the hearts that roam;
Fling the cup at the stay-at-home!
Then take the road till the day be done,
Till journeys end, and the stars, and the sun.

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The Queen of Girls

by

RALPH BERGENGREN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN SLOAN

IN THE tap-room of an old-time Boston tavern whose existence eighty odd years ago has escaped the antiquarians, a tall, fashionably swallow-tailed, and yet indescribably wicked gentleman absently twirled his long, handsome yellow mustaches and stared as if fascinated at a want advertisement in the Boston *Transcript*. Usually at this twilight hour the tap-room was empty; but to-night eight other fashionably swallow-tailed gentlemen leaned on the bar together, and the front view of them surprised and even vaguely terrified Rafael McGinnis.

Gentlemen, unfortunately, are not always *good* men, but never before had this practised barkeeper seen nine in a row who struck him instantly as having not one moral, nor one ninth of a moral, among them. Patriotic Bostonian as he was, he defined them as foreigners, tanned by a lengthy sea voyage and flavored conversationally by salt association with common seamen. One, at least, the well-read barkeeper localized as a Russian by his barbaric whiskers; and another as an Italian by his frivolous ear-rings. But the gentleman with a large brass ring in his nose stumped McGinnis completely.

"Wot's all this about a gal, barkeep?" asked the gentleman of the yellow mustaches—probably a Dane, thought McGinnis—as he imbibed a slow, gurgling swallow of rum-and-water, with his thumb on the want adv. Picking up the paper casually, the pretty word GIRL, it seemed, had immediately attracted his attention.

"Housework, sir," answered McGinnis. A domestic man (like most barkeepers), he knew the item, upside down, by a kind of instinct. "Some poor devil wants a girl for general housework."

"Allus with a lively eye for a gal, is Yaller Mustaches," said the Russian genially. He was a fine figure of a man, probably a grand duke, with wild red whiskers starting so near his eyes that his wink at McGinnis produced the odd and striking effect of hastily swallowing one of them: "An' wot's gen'ral housework, ole feller?" he added, as if the expression struck him as quite new and possibly interesting.

For perhaps five seconds Rafael McGinnis stared at his customer. Then he remembered that the man was a foreigner and perhaps unfamiliar with American customs.

"Cooking," he explained good-naturedly. "Washing dishes. Sweeping and dusting. Wives can't do it, you comprehend, and so it's 'Girl Wanted,' as your friend has noticed. Theoretically, you hire the girl, the girl does the housework, and your wife cultivates herself." To every gentleman of them it was evidently a new and interesting notion. A girl to do housework! The Grand Duke made a surprising confession. "I hates to wash dishes," he exclaimed emphatically. "Tell us about these gals as ye hires to do it, barkeep."

Rafael McGinnis refilled the glasses, deftly wiped the bar with his coat sleeve, and set them in a row before his amazing customers. Domestic man as he was, the idea that anybody could be so foreign as to be ignorant of the Servant Girl Question (as

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we nowadays call it) was itself so foreign that he had to get used to it. He was accustomed to the periodical necessity of finding a girl for Mrs. McGinnis and had imagined the desperate and almost hopeless adventure to be the lot of married men the world over. But here was a grand duke who evidently did his own dishes! And it suddenly occurred to the intelligent barkeeper that many of the girls whom he had secured for Mrs. McGinnis were themselves foreigners.

"In *this* country," he explained affably, "we live under the constellation Virgo—a winged girl likely to fly away at any moment. The first thing that happens when a young woman marries is that she gets too feeble to do the housework. Therefore, you comprehend, gentlemen, her husband must hire an unmarried woman to do it for her. That's why they're called girls," he added, with a smile of appreciation for his own neat humor.

"But ef that's th' way it works," asked the gentleman with the nose-ring keenly, "why don't he marry one o' th' gals fust as he hires arterwards?"

"She'd get just as feeble," said McGinnis. "It's part of matrimony. And what makes it worse is that girls are getting scarcer and scarcer. They all want to be sempstresses. Take my own case, gentlemen, a plain, moderately cultured man with a delicate wife who just goes noivoisly all-to-pieces if she cooks a dinner. And that delicate woman, if you'll believe me, broke in seventeen girls in two months before we got Violet. It was the dark hour before the dawn, gentlemen, for Violet is the Queen of Girls. And when any girl *suits* Mrs. McGinnis three months running, you can bet she's a beauty."

MUTTON CHOP DASHED HIS HAT TO THE FLOOR IN A FRENZY. H'IT'S A CHOICE BETWEEN ME AN' A

"Plump an' roly-poly?" asked Yellow Mustaches mischievously. "Red cheeks? Eyes like blue sassers? Mebbe a leetle dimple?"

McGinnis grinned at the description. "If you're still here when Violet brings my supper, this being my night on duty," he

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"H'I WON'T 'AVE H'IT!" HE EXCLAIMED VEHEMENTLY. "H'IF FEEMALE, H'I LEAVES THE COMPANY."

replied discouragingly, "you'll see the clock stop. Handsome is as handsome *cooks*, gentlemen. If she didn't get restless every now and then and make me raise her wages"—the testimonial faded to silence as he glanced at the doorway.

The nine gentlemen turned slowly, without lowering their glasses, and regarded the Queen of Girls, who now stood on the threshold. Then, as if one mind actuated on their nine bodies, they turned together and regarded the clock. *It was still going!* Perhaps it had not yet seen Violet; perhaps it had heard her coming and looked quickly in some other direction. As *they* saw her, she was about the height of Napoleon Bonaparte, perhaps a third wider, and with much the same inscrutable expression of conscious power; but, unlike Napoleon, she wore a small black bonnet and a fixed smile of determined good-nature. Yellow Mustaches hit it off nicely when he told his nearest neighbor in a startled, disappointed whisper that she really reminded him of a jack-o'-lantern sitting for its daguerreotype.

Looking neither right nor left, she crossed the tap-room, deposited a stout carpet-bag in front of the bar, and lifted a good-sized hamper to the top of it. An aroma, delicious and unmistakable, emanated from the hamper, filled the room with an intoxicating suggestion of good roast beef smothered in the passionate embrace of sweet young onions—and made the foreign gentlemen quite forget their manners. They sniffed audibly. Their eyes glittered; they exchanged quick, significant, hungry glances; the handsome Dane, strolling carelessly to the door, locked it softly, and put the key in his pocket.

As for McGinnis, with the pale, distressed features of a man and husband who recognizes the quick approach of a domestic crisis, he leaned over the bar and stared down at the carpet-bag.

"Nonsense!" he said, pointing at the bag and assuming a jocular kind of sternness.

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"You're not going to leave us, Violet? *Nonsense!* NONSENSE!"

"Oi'm on the wing, sorr," replied Violet simply. "Oi say no worrd aginst Mrs. McGinnis——"

"I hope *not*," said McGinnis quickly, and smiled tactfully at his fading Violet. "Mrs. McGinnis is very fond of you, Violet. Only this morning, she said to me, 'Mac, don't you think Violet ought to have five-fifty a week?'"

"An' bein' as we're off on that tack, Vi'let," said the red-whiskered gentleman, also smiling insinuatingly, "wot's th' matter o' six?"

It was a mean thing to do—the meanest thing, perhaps, that even to-day complicates the Servant Girl Question. For beyond six dollars a week Rafael McGinnis knew he could not go for any treasure. The supper he had so happily hoped to devour cooled in its hamper. The clock ticked. The Queen of Girls cross-examined the Grand Duke. Rafael McGinnis tried to bluster, but nobody minded him. Only one gentleman, a stocky fellow whose wide mouth, neat mutton-chop whiskers, and round, horn-rimmed spectacles gave him a lugubrious resemblance to a worried sculpin, seemed to regard the situation with equal disapproval.

"Oi'll thry th' place, sorr," said Violet presently. She stooped for her carpet-bag, and the mutton-chopped gentleman, unable longer to control himself, dashed his tall hat to the floor in a frenzy of despair and defiance.

"H'i won't 'ave h'it!" he exclaimed vehemently. "We've lived without feemale women, messmites, 'appy an' contented like h'Adams in a garden afore h'Eve were created—cuss 'er! H'if h'it's a choice between me an' a feemale, h'I leaves th' company." And without pausing for his hat, he made a wild rush for the door of the tap-room. But the lock stopped him. He pulled and kicked crazily until the handsome Dane got him by one arm, the nose-ringed gentleman by the other, and the Grand Duke, picking up his poor, battered, tall hat, set it back on his head with a firmness that smacked of impatience.

"Wot *you'll* do, Mutton Chop," he declared briskly, "be to stand by th' rule o' th' majority. We hires this gal, ole feller, to cook an' wash th' dishes——"

"*Not h'if she knows wot we be!*" cried the other desperately. "Ye drive me to h'it, Whisker. Piruts we be, ma'am, an' not childless widder men h'as 'e's jest been a-tellin' h'of ye. Nor married, h'either. Piruts," he repeated, "h'as comes ashore h'in pooty clo'es h'as we've stole h'off th' backs o' gentlemen passengers h'an' made th' pore cusses walk th' plank h'in their silly h'onmentionables, h'if ye'll pardon th' word, ma'am——"

The truth was out, and none quicker to recognize it (now that he did recognize it) than Rafael McGinnis. Now he understood those barbaric whiskers, that puzzling nose ring, their amazing ignorance of the Servant Girl Question. He glanced anxiously at the clock, but it was still far from time for the evening traffic of the tap-room to come to his rescue. He stared hopefully at Violet. Wonderful girl! She still smiled like a jack-o'-lantern, and now she was smiling at the wretch with the mutton-chops.

"Ye're a well-manin' wan yerself, sorr," she said gratefully, "pirate or no pirate. An' Oi thank yez fer warrnin' me. But Oi've said Oi'd thry th' place, sorr, an' Oi'm afther thinkin' Oi'll give it a thrial."

II

On the lonely beach of a tropical island a solitary flamingo, standing comfortably on one leg, curiously watched a solitary pirate moodily pacing back and forth, back and forth. He was a small pirate, simply dressed in a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, a pair of blue trousers, a cutlas, a pistol, a red cotton shirt, and a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat with a pretty ribbon (worn hanging over the left eye) such as was then much affected by seamen. On his left arm he carried a coil of rope, and in his right hand a good-sized bottle on which some unknown apothecary had pasted a friendly warning that it contained a deadly poison. Encumbered as he was, he every now and then raised his hands and tugged despairingly at his small mutton-chop whiskers.

It was still quite early morning, and the bird, the pirate, and an ancient wreck whose cabin still projected from the patient sand that had almost buried it, all cast long shadows toward the woods behind them.

Presently Mutton Chop the Pirate stopped pacing. With an air of finished determination he approached the wreck and dis-

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appeared into the cabin. He laid his hat on the table, opened the bottle, and gingerly smelled its fatal contents. Evidently he did not like poison, for he quickly recorked the bottle and stood it carefully on top of his hat. From the cupboard he removed an ancient leather-bound volume, possibly the original log of the doomed vessel, tore out several blank pages of vellum, and placed them methodically by the hat and bottle. Even the flamingo, now watching him through the hatchway, must have seen that he labored under some profound nervous excitement. Finally he sat down at the table, dug a stubby pencil out of his pocket, moistened the lead with his tongue, squared his elbows, and began to write:

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRAVE FELL OHS! ALL. I take my pen in hand to tell you that when you read this I will be no more, but dead as a door nail. This is the end of me. Life is sweet they say but to me it is sour as a pick ill. I told you so. I told you how it would be if you got a girl. When I was young I fled from all girls and bee came a buck can near to S cape from them. We led a wild free life, and who more wild and free than me? When we took a ship and found girls on her we made them walk the plank and would laugh and shout to see them sink. But when we came home to this isle there was no girl. I see now it was too good to last. Yes, I see now that on earth there is no place where a girl will not come soon her or late her. There is no S cape for me.

I can kill men as well as the next one, as you all know mess mates but O! it is gloom he work to kill a man when you are him. Once on a time I had a man pull out my tooth and O! this will be as if I was that man and me too. I will pull and feel at the same time. I am my own tooth, that is how it will be. But it will soon be done. A good, strong pull and I will be out and at peas.

I can not spell her name but you know who I mean. It is a flour, but she is not. What have I done that this flour should pick me out for what she calls, curse her! love's young dream? Where I go she is all ways there and purr sues me with her awe full smile. She gives me a queer look that makes me sick, and she says, Come Mist her Chop and wipe a dish or Come Mist her Chop and need the bread or this or that. And I have to go. I am like a bun he when a snaik looks at him with her bright fierce eye. I would kill her if I could but I can not and I do not see why. I can not sleep, or eat, or smoke, or chew, or drink, or joke, or sing, or laugh, or play cards or dice, or dance a horn pipe. And it will get worse and worse.

Last night I could not sleep and could but turn and toss, and thought I will die if this keeps on. An then I said why not die now and have it done with? It was that way with my tooth, and when it was out and there was no more curse said pain, I said I could not see why I had stood it so long. I am not a cow herd. And so I got up and took my cut lass, my fire arm, some poise on, and a rope to hang with. I could not make up my mind then which I would use so I took them all. I think now that the cut lass will be best. I have heard it does not hurt much to be hung, but how can you be sure? There is much that we do not know.

Last night when I thought of all this and how I must die to S cape this girl I could curse and swear,

"TH' SEA! TH' SEA!" HE MUTTERED IN A KIND OF ECSTASY, AND WALKED STRAIGHT INTO IT.

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but now I am calm. I am like a cloud in the sky, peas full and calm and round and light and with out no arms or legs. It is a queer way to feel, but not bad.

So no more now and fare well from your friend,

LAMB CHOP

It was a long letter. The sun was now considerably higher, but even so the writer seemed loath to finish it. If he was, indeed, as he had just intimated, both a tooth and a dentist, his professional willingness to extract himself doubtless collided with his natural unwillingness to be extracted by anybody. But nothing so nails a desperate resolution to the mast as to commit it to paper. He placed the letter where no one entering the cabin could help seeing it, slapped himself bravely on the chest, drew his cutlas, and began sharpening it with a pocket whetstone.

Over what followed it is as well to pass lightly and quickly. No sensitive reader can *enjoy* the spectacle of a brave but bashful man busily committing suicide. Yet intelligent curiosity, scorning morbid excitement for its own sake, may wish to know just how he managed it. The facts then, simply but firmly stated as from one student to another, are:

Mutton Chop, as he had himself written, was no cow herd. When the point of the cutlas satisfied him—and that was only when it was as sharp as a needle—he lugged the bench on which he had been sitting to the forward end of the cabin. Here the remains of the ancient mast bisected the bulkhead, and he stood the bench legs out, diagonally against the wall between the mast and the corner.

Then he felt all over his bosom until he located his violently beating heart; kept the place with his right forefinger; and juggled the bench up and down with his left hand and right foot until the upper right-hand leg of the bench rested its tip end squarely on his right-hand forefinger nail. Then he quickly removed his finger, braced the bench solidly; cut a piece of rope from the coil; lashed his cruel cutlas, point outward, to the carefully chosen leg, and backed slowly to the other end of the cabin. No dentist was ever calmer. Possibly no tooth was ever more reluctant.

But the dentist predominates. With a long, gurgling shriek the aching tooth hurls itself madly at the waiting cutlas. We see him. We can't help it. We don't want to. Nearer! Nearer!! Nearer!!! Eyes closed—pale feet moving up and down like a couple of pistons—extended fingers clutching the air as if to stop himself and then bravely letting go again. How long the time seems! But ah! thank Heaven, no tooth, however determined, can run straight with its eyes shut. He swerves—misses the cutlas—spreads himself horridly against the bulkhead. A human pancake!

Some men would have been discouraged, but not this Mutton Chop. He unflattened himself slowly, picked up the rope, and turned his eyes to the ceiling. Once more he was all dentist. There was one hook in the ceiling directly over the table, and he began hauling the time-worn piece of furniture out from under it.

Presently he stood on the edge of the table, now also the edge of eternity. Briefly and baldly, Mutton Chop slipped the noose round his neck, adjusted the knot deftly behind his left ear, gently tightened the rope, and made it fast in good seamanlike fashion to the hook. Then he did the following things quickly, one after the other: He closed his eyes. He clasped his hands. He smiled peacefully. He jumped off the table.

The rope tightened.

The hook broke.

He sat down on the floor.

Any fool, as he had just grimly told himself, can jump off a table; but it takes an unusual fool to sit down on the floor from the same altitude. Disappointment and the floor hit him together—and with the quick, impulsive rage of this second mortifying failure he did the following things, one after another: (1) He drew his pistol. (2) He pointed it at his head. (3) He pulled the trigger.

In that confined space, the pistol went off like a cannon. Smoke filled the cabin; the startled flamingo fluttered away from his post of observation, and was out of sight far down the beach before he had stopped running. Nothing is quicker than human impulse, and this time Mutton Chop would surely have done it if two impulses, both perfectly natural, hadn't got hold of him at exactly the same instant. "Shoot!" cried one. "Duck!" cried the other; and the deadly bullet, no head intercepting it, knocked the poison bottle into a thousand useless fragments. He might, to be sure, have committed suicide by eating these

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fragments, but the thought never occurred to him. The smoke floated up through the hatchway, and presently Mutton Chop put on his hat and slowly followed.

The sea rippled gently on the long beach: the tired pirate sat down on the wreck and stared at it with mournful indifference. What was so much water good for, anyway? he asked himself bitterly—and then, suddenly, he jumped to his feet with a grim expression of satisfaction. "Th' sea! Th' sea!" he muttered in a kind of ecstasy, and walked straight into it. The beach was wide and shoal, but step by step he advanced sturdily toward the far horizon—ankle-deep; knee-deep; waist-deep; chin-deep. He made hardly a ripple. Now his mouth vanished, and his neat side-whiskers floated on the broad Atlantic like little bunches of seaweed. At last only his well-varnished hat, with its pretty ribbon, remained visible, bravely advancing seaward—then it stopped moving and floated quietly on the calm blue surface.

But beyond the hat, after perhaps a long quarter of a minute, the ocean was again strangely agitated. The top of a head came slowly out of it; then the upper part of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles; then a pair of mutton-chop whiskers, floating like seaweed; and then the chin of the very man who had just disappeared forever. Under his feet, as any quick-minded observer would have guessed immediately, lay an unexpected sandbar—and who could say how far it extended? With an expression of complete and final discouragement, Mutton Chop turned slowly and started back again.

Presently he passed his pretty hat, but he merely scowled at it and left it floating, mute testimony to his attempted suicide.

IF VIOLET HAD LOVED MUTTON CHOP, SHE WOULD HAVE HATED HIM FOR THOSE WORDS.

III

He came ashore soberly, some distance north of the wreck, where the solemn trees hesitated at the edge of the beach like good children whose mothers had told them not to go in swimming. Here was a fine place to dry, and he sat down to do it, luxuriating in the heat of the sun-baked pebbles and curling his wet toes around them appreciatively. Probably the cold bath had shocked the nonsense out of him, for life seemed good and getting better and better every minute.

Come what might, he would never again

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kill himself. Perhaps, after all, he had been too hasty, too emotional—and now the thing to do was to collect his weapons, destroy his letter, and get sensibly home in time for luncheon. It had been a silly business that he blushed to think of, but it had proved one thing definitely. No man who has (practically) killed himself with a cutlas, a rope, a pistol, and an Atlantic ocean—and he would have done it with poison if he hadn't broken the bottle—need fear one female. He got to his feet, folded his arms, and smiled a cold, supercilious, superior smile at an imaginary Violet. Yes, siree! He would go back immediately and——

"Misther Chop!" cried an anxious, affectionate, familiar voice from the woods. "Oh-h-h-h, Misther Chop! Ain't yez iver comin' anny more to help woipe th' dishes?"

The sad cry floated thrillingly from the forest; almost it seemed to cross the beach visibly, like some tenuous ghost of sound, and flitter out of sight and hearing toward the horizon. The bright, sunny day swallowed it—and the dark, mysterious woods swallowed Mutton Chop.

Farther to the south a harsh but happy chorus jarred the woodland silence.

> "His wife an' leetle daughter,
> They march above th' water,
> And in, kerplunk! they go.
> Ho, boys: ho!
> *ker*plunk! they go.
> Ho!"

"An' here we be, Vi'let!" said Red Whisker cheerfully, as eight pirates and the Queen of Girls came out of the woods together. "Here we be, ole lady, an' I bet ye ten doubloons to a apple dumplin' as we'll find th' cuss a-hidin' of hisself in th' ole cabin."

It was an unusual way for employer to address girl, but from the very beginning Violet had insisted that she was a lady and, inexperienced as they were in social distinctions, they had all taken her word.

We must understand Violet, and now, with Mutton Chop speeding back across the island, is as good a time as any. Students of the Servant Girl Question have frequently held that girls have neither conscience nor a sense of humor: that they are, in fact, an ingenious, soulless kind of automaton designed by Providence to do housework, but ruined—and here obviously the Devil gets hold of them—by a distorted ambition to have girls themselves. Violet knew better. She was proud of being a girl; liked (not unnaturally) to have a person of the opposite sex, preferably the constable on the beat, in her kitchen; and possessed both humor and conscience, although she allowed neither to interfere with her profession.

Attracted by the side whiskers of Mutton Chop—for in those days nearly all constables wore them—she had found amusement as well as convenience in making the bashful fellow useful. "Love's young dream" was pure humor; and the brief, bitter message scrawled that morning with charcoal on her neat bread-board—"good by curse you i go to kill me"—was its natural outcome, uncomplimentary but convincing. If Violet had loved Mutton Chop, she would have hated him for those words and wished him success in his enterprise. As matters stood, they stirred her conscience and set it working in her like yeast in the bread dough.

Not for worlds would she have shown her employers that bread-board—indeed, she cleaned it immediately to make a batch of biscuit; nor did she dare disturb them before breakfast. The meal over, she had persuaded them to take the trail of the runaway. Red, blue, pink, yellow, crimson, old rose, green, and magenta (for they had lately captured a box of the then famous "Dorothy's Domestic Dyes" and had been having the best of times with it), their shirts now dotted the sand with pretty color as they resumed their chorus, linked arms two and two—Hay-foot! Straw-foot! Hay-foot! Straw-foot!—and marched to the cabin. The girl lagged behind them. Knowing what she knew, prey to remorse, she sat down on the cabin and stared with unseeing eyes in front of her.

Down in the cabin, mute witness of so many near-tragedies, nothing had changed since Mutton Chop left it. Sadness reigned there. It was like coming out of the warm sunshine into a Fine Arts Museum. Instinctively they took off their hats and lowered their voices.

"Wot th' ————!!!————!!!!!————" whispered the man with the nose-ring.

"Pizen!" whispered Red Whisker, sniffing delicately.

"Eet ees a rope!" whispered a little, nervous, brown man, his earrings shivering. He picked up the rope and dropped it as if

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HE SEIZED VIOLET BY THE WAIST AND TOOK A SPLASHING STEP SEAWARD. "IN WITH HER, GENTLEMEN ALL AND MERRY COMPANIONS."

it stung him. "Ahh! To see! Zee knot ondair zee ear—bahh! *Sacrê!*"

"An' here's a leetle letter from him," whispered Yellow Mustaches. "He is no more," he breathed hoarsely after a moment. "*Dead as a door nail.*" His tone carried conviction. He pulled at his long yellow mustaches recklessly, heedless now how he might take the curl out of them.

"Read it, ole feller," said Red Whisker harshly. "Wot's th' matter of him, dead as a door nail? An' here be we, all th' way across th' island to have a pooty leetle laugh on him. An' him dead as a door nail."

Yellow Mustaches cleared his throat, swallowed twice—the sobbing gulps were the only sound in the cabin—and began reading. Under any circumstances he was a pathetic reader, carefully emphasizing the unimportant words and slurring the important ones. But he read slowly; once you got used to him, he was easy to follow. And this in a way was easy reading. It went straight home to them. Without the fripperies of a conscious art, the simple, sincere, crude effort of a brave but bashful man to explain before killing himself made them for the first time see life through his own horn-rimmed spectacles. And now he was dead as a door nail! Out and at peas! No more pointing good-natured, derisive fingers at him as he stood, gingham apron around his neck, and helped Violet with the dishes. Ah, Pickled Devil-fish! it was too high a price even for a girl like Violet.

"An' where's wot's left on him, pore feller?" said Red Whisker brokenly. "Allus a-tryin' to save th' rest on us trouble he were, but he can't'a'buried of hisself, 'cos it's agin natur. Under th' table mebbe." And the broken-hearted rascal went down on his hands and knees to look more carefully for his vanished comrade.

Right over their heads, Violet screamed once, twice—a dozen screams tumbling over each other as the eight pirates tumbled up the ladder to see what was the matter with her. No girl, however eaten by remorse, can sit and gaze with unseeing eyes indefinitely. They found her pointing at a neat little pile of sand absently heaped together, patted into a round, pie-like shape, and prettily scalloped about the circumference by the big bare toe of some one who had only recently sat on the cabin.

A pathetic sand-pie—for who but Mutton Chop could have made it?—and on either side of it the deep impression of a large bare foot as the sitter had jumped up decisively. Beyond the sand-pie one large footprint trudged bravely after the other straight toward the ocean. It was a plain track, and they all followed it together in an awed silence. Only when the ocean rippled at their feet did they dare raise their

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eyes and see, far off, a round, well-varnished little hat floating disconsolately on that tranquil surface.

"Buried of hisself he did, arter all," said Red Whisker wonderingly. "Crazy as a loon he were, pore feller—an' here's th' feemale gal as drove him to it!" He seized Violet by the wrist and took a splashing step seaward. "In with her, gentlemen all an' merry companions!" They caught his meaning, looked again at the hat, and gritted their teeth with horrid, revengeful unanimity. Three of them got her by each arm, two pushed behind, and the terrified shriek of the surprised girl lost itself in the rude and brutal chorus:

"Ho, boys: ho!
And in, kerplunk! they go.
*ker*plunk!
Ho!"

It was a wide, shoal beach, as Mutton Chop had discovered. Again and again Violet dug her two little heels into the sand and stopped so suddenly that they all went in a heap together. It was a good deal like an old-fashioned game of football—three yards to gain—4—11—17—Rah! Rah! Rah!—DOWN! Eventually they were up to their middles and stopped to take breath before the next rush.

"Messmates," said Yellow Mustaches suddenly, as if the thought had just struck him, "cookin' an' washin' of th' dishes ourselves ain' a-goin' to bring pore ole Mutton Chop back to us."

"No more it ain't," agreed Red Whisker.

"Mebbe we'd better spare her cussed life, arter all, say I, an' break her in to do pore ole Mutton's work aboard ship."

IV

It was a fair, sweet morning, a week since Mutton Chop had vanished forever, and from the deck of an unarmed and fleeing Indiaman Captain Isaac Turner keenly studied a small, rakish-looking schooner rapidly overhauling him. Of the schooner's purpose there was no doubt whatever. The Jolly Roger flaunted at her masthead; the wind rippled it, and the fleshless jaws seemed visibly chewing the cud of anticipation.

Amidships, as his glass showed him, seven of the vile but able wretches sat round a rum hogshead, gloriously drinking rum and eating doughnuts. A short, stout pirate, whose bright blue trousers were much too narrow for comfort, served them industriously—now rushing a silver pitcher from hogshead to empty cannikin; anon rushing stout legs in tight trousers off to the galley for a fresh plate of doughnuts. What puzzled the captain was the evident fear and anxiety that impelled these extremities.

Beside the hogshead, embracing it affectionately, a lanky devil-may-care rascal raised his voice villainously, and the same sweet wind that waved his long yellow mustaches wafted the ditty to the ears of the captain:

"'Hop down, hop down,
Oh, Eyes of Brown,
Hop down from off my knees.
Lift up,' he said,
'Your golden head
From off my shoulder, please.
It's up sails all!
Th' fore ro-yal
We sets afore th' breeze.

"'A kiss! A kiss!
My pooty miss!'
He kissed her ten times three
Who ne'er, he swore,
Kissed gal afore.
'I'm off to scourge th' sea.
From surge to surge
I could not scourge
With you upon my knee.

"'A hug! A hug!'
And, mug to mug,
He clasped her to his chest.
And heaved a sigh,
And piped his eye,
And thus th' gal addrest:
'Farewell,' he cried,
'My Joy! My Pride!'
And fled like one possesst."

Captain Isaac Turner gloomed over his long white whiskers at his first mate. "It's 'The Pirate's Farewell to his True Love' all right," he said grimly, "though it's many long years since I've heard it sung. Lay us aboard they will, sir, if we don't circumvent 'em—an' then it's plank, fire, and another good ship missing. Can you scream, Mr. Smith?"

Worried as he was, and fairly so aboard that defenseless vessel, Mr. Smith smiled at the question. But discipline is discipline. He screamed obediently—a strange noise—for it was the first time the brave fellow had screamed since infancy—but with plenty of volume. Watching through his glass, Captain Turner saw the blood-thirsty ruffians on the schooner rub their hands cheerfully.

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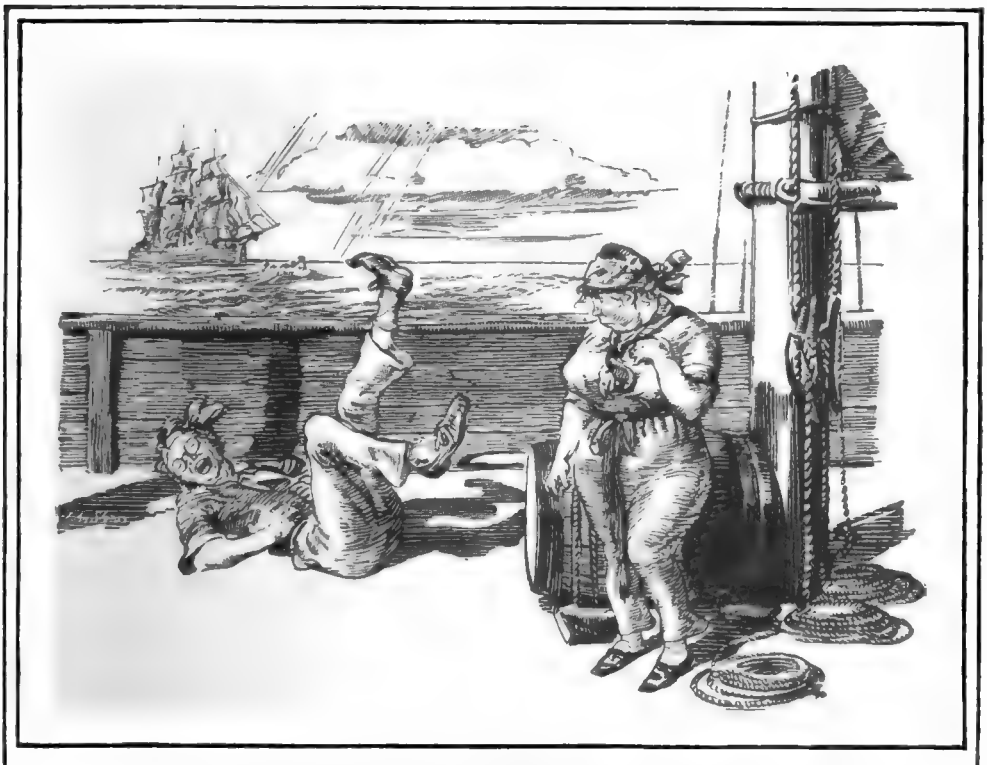
"Good!" he exclaimed. "Scream again, Mr. Smith, lively now—and then call all hands aft. I've something to say to 'em." He studied the effect of the second scream and was surprised to see the fat little pirate who had been serving the others drop a plate of doughnuts and dive like a startled rabbit into the hold of the schooner.

Aboard the *Tender Polly* nobody noticed this cowardly disappearance. Red Whisker, leaning on the hogshead, was making an oration.

"Gennlemen all an' merry comp'nions," he was saying dogmatically, "*I'm* a fire-eater an' *you're* a fire-eater, an' *we're* all fire-eaters, cuss us! [Hear! Hear!] Blow high, blow low, we scourge th' sea, an' it's true's gospel, as th' song says, that ye can't scourge th' sea an' hold a pooty leetle gal on yer knee at th' same time. Ef ye could 'twould be a cussed fool way to go scourgin'. [Laughter and applause.] We laffs at love 'cos we're beasts. *I'm* beast, *you're* beast, *all* beasts—*an' proud on it!* Great applause.] Best beast I ever knowed, gennlemen, were a beast named Mutton Chop—a bloody-minded, good-hearted beast, an' now he's dead as a door nail. Gennlemen, *ex*cuse tears. [Cries of 'Don't blame ye. All feel same way, Whisker.'] An' now, this being scourgin' day, run out th' forrard gun, gennlemen, an' drop a round shot jest afore th' nose o' yon pore Injyman."

During this fine speech the wicked schooner passed to windward of her quarry. The forward gun boomed ominously. Across the water a dozen wild screams, in which Mr. Smith predominated, answered it pitifully as the Indiaman hove to and lowered her colors. A cowardly vessel. They saw the captain wringing his hands helplessly on the quarterdeck, the mate wringing his hands helplessly amidships, the crew wringing their hands helplessly on the forecastle, and a little group of lady and gentlemen passengers wringing their hands helplessly in front of the cabin. Then, almost as if they were rehearsing a grand opera,



"OH, YOU LEETLE *MAN*, YOU!" HE GURGLED, AND ROLLED ON HIS BACK.

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they all howled together, waved their hands despairingly aloft, sank on their knees, and extended trembling arms imploringly toward the disgusted pirate. A monotonous chant emanated from them:

"Spare us! Spare us! Spare us! Spare us!
Mis-ter Pirate! Mis-ter Pirate!
Mercy! Mercy!——"

"A lily-livered lot ef ever I see one, gennlemen," exclaimed Red Whisker contemptuously. "Wot I hoped for were a pooty fight, vessel to vessel, an' now all we got to do be to lower away a boat an' massacre 'em like pickin' dandelions." A moment later the *Tender Polly* lay head to wind, and her long-boat, laden with pirates, pulled toward the screaming merchantman.

At about that moment, down in the hold of the abominable vessel, Mutton Chop stirred in his sleep. How he got there will hardly puzzle the perspicacious reader. Failing to leave the island as a disembodied spirit, his only chance was the schooner, always partly provisioned and ready, capricious as pirates often are, to start scourging at a day's notice. He had swum out, climbed aboard, and made himself a snug hiding-place in the hold. Farther than that his plans were indefinite. He would leave the *Polly* at the first opportunity and perhaps ship on some other vessel starting on a long, girlless voyage.

In two days the *Polly* had weighed anchor, and his ears told him that his fierce former companions, contrary to custom, had brought Violet with them. He stuck tight in the hold, foraged and got a bit of exercise on deck at night, and slept in the daytime. Now as he slowly awakened he knew by the motion of the schooner that she was hove to, and guessed the reason.

Mutton Chop turned over and peered between the barrels that hid his nesting place. The hatchway was open, and he nearly betrayed himself by an oath of astonishment. Some one, whom he had never seen before, stood on the ladder and looked out of the hatch. The position hid the upper half of this person's body, but Mutton Chop was nevertheless certain that the man was a stranger, for never before had he seen any man whose weight was so strangely distributed.

It seemed, so to speak, to have settled slowly, leaving him a comparatively small waist and then expanding him in a balloon-like way that tapered to the tiptoes on which he was standing. Tie a string around his ankle, lift his toes suddenly off the ladder, and he would very likely float up in the air and be a pretty thing for children to play with. And *this*, thought Mutton Chop, was what they had got to take *his* place in their jolly company, although where or how they had found it he could not imagine. Indignation got the better of him.

"Hi!" he shouted angrily, and climbed over the barrels.

The stranger heard him. He scuttled up the ladder—and Mutton Chop after him; fled in panic along the starboard side of the vessel, rounded the foremast, dodged under the jib, and away aft again. He was a short fellow, made apparently in two sections, for above the waist he widened as remarkably as he widened below it. Except for his head, picturesquely turbaned by his piratical kerchief, you might have stood him up (thought Mutton Chop) on one end as easily as the other. And he had no wind whatever. His savage pursuer had the little duffer by the collar before they were amidships, swung him, round and dropped him instantly like a hot potato.

"Misther Chop!" cried one.

"Vi'let!" cried the other.

Gradually their expressions became human. Happy Violet! No unintentional murderess, she could now discard these unwomanly, ungirlish, disfiguring garments and once more stay happily at home in her kitchen while her employers were away on business.

And to Mutton Chop also the moment was an emotional revelation. A girl in trousers! A girl in— He sat down on the deck and laughed till the tears came. Who could ever be scared of a girl in trousers? He held his sides. He waved his feet in the air, rocking hysterically from side to side on what was now his center of gravity. Oh, this *would* kill him; and the indignation of Violet made it funnier and funnier. A girl in—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Had he known anything about suffragettes, he would have hurled the word at her between spasms. He found another.

"Oh, you leetle *man*, you!" he gurgled, and rolled on his back where he lay feebly thumping the deck with heels and knuckles.

There is one thing that no girl can or will endure, and that is to be laughed at. She will leave immediately and without notice. Violet looked about wildly and saw

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the Indiaman under full sail and bearing down rapidly on the motionless schooner. In the port bow, the wind waved the long, white whiskers of Captain Turner like a flag of defiance. No longer helplessly wringing his hands, he firmly grasped a long pole with a keen-edged knife lashed to the end of it. And behind his vessel the pirate long-boat had turned like a surprised and disappointed serpent. Spray hid them. The anxious miscreants pulled through a shower bath as they tried, desperately but in vain, to beat the captain to their own schooner.

You see now what Captain Turner had been after, why he had asked Mr. Smith to scream, the real meaning of that unbelievable display of cowardice. A resourceful old seadog! The Indiaman coasted along the side of the schooner; the long pole reached from deck to deck; the keen-edged knife slit the jib, slit the foresail, slit the mainsail, came within a horrid ace of slitting the Queen of Girls. Instinctively she grabbed the pole, and before she could let go of it disappeared over the taffrail into the ocean. A moment later Captain Isaac Turner dragged her aboard his own vessel—and it had all happened so quickly that Mutton Chop still lay on the deck thumping it hilariously.

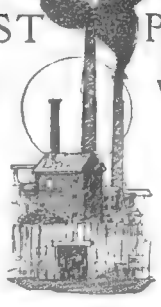
So his surprised companions found him as they climbed back, sober enough now, aboard the disabled *Polly*. Already the Indiaman was out of gunshot. They surrounded Mutton Chop, stood him up, patted him on the back, and shook him excitedly. Hysteria slowly relinquished him. He took off his spectacles, wiped his eyes, put them on again, and looked hopefully from one side to another.

"W-where's Vi'let?" he articulated feebly. "H'it may kill me yet, messmites, but H'i w-w-wants another look h'at 'er!"

A MAN FOR TEN YEARS

ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WARRANT PRYOR



IT WAS night in the mills. In one immense sheet-iron building five blast furnaces, towering into the darkness, gave out a hard metallic roar. The ground vibrated under foot, the air shook and quivered with heat and din; uneven glares of harsh, white light sent monstrous shadows sprawling. The gangs of men were mere scurrying specks.

Suddenly, from a bridge above, a thin, clear whistle of warning was heard. A moment later, from one of the furnaces there was a crash, ear-shattering, and a blinding burst of flame. It flooded the building with dazzling light; it showed the black specks of men running pell-mell, showed one of them stumbling and pitching to the ground. For an instant he lay face down with arms out, a tiny black cross. And then the flame swept overhead.

He was a Polish boy of eighteen. His name was Jozef Brinsky. He had been five months in America.

At the same hour, Marynia, his sister, was with her husband, Jan Kokovitch,

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strolling along the main street of the town. The town as a whole was grimy and dark, but the street through the center was gay with lights, and the Polish girl seemed under their spell. Marynia was barely seventeen. Her figure was slight, undeveloped. Her shoulders stooped, her face was thin, the features large, the color high. In her voice, in her laugh, and in her eyes was intense and joyous eagerness. She was a bride. She wore brand-new American clothes. The clothes did not fit her; the skirt dipped behind; the colors were loud, the hat was too large. But she wore them proudly.

From time to time she pulled Jan's arm to make him stop while she peered into a shop window. At one she stopped for a long time. Inside was a carpet, vivid green with a border of crimson tulips. And Marynia's face set in a thoughtful frown.

Jan seemed a giant beside her—a giant in a stiff black suit. His immense lank limbs were ill at ease, and his stolid face wore a puzzled grin. Crimson tulips were not in his line. But from his eyes, under their heavy brows, came a gleam of dog-like worship. They had been married three days before.

Until Marynia's coming, Jan Kokovitch had lived only for his job. In the rolling-mills for twelve hours a day, this man, who, five years before, back in Poland, had been a dull peasant at the plow, now stood on a sheet-iron bridge, working levers which sent huge, flaming logs of steel plunging and crashing into the "rolls" beneath him. And there was nothing else he cared for. Tireless, nerveless, doing exactly as he was told, he worked with a deep, unthinking zest. From the mass of sweated laborers, he had risen slowly, job by job, until his wages averaged over twenty dollars a week. But he spent little and had few friends. He refused to join the union. At night, in his cheap, bare boarding-house, he ate and smoked and slept; at five he woke up, jerked on his clothes, swallowed rye bread and coffee, and went to the mills.

If you had spoken to Jan of Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, the ballot, politics, business, graft, he would have replied with a puzzled scowl. He knew none of these things—had not even learned to speak English. He had learned just when and how to fling his whole weight on a lever.

Jan Kokovitch knew his job. And that was the only thing he lived for.

But the money that he sent home to his mother had stirred the village in Poland. A score had come to America, and among them Marynia and Jozef. Their parents were dead. And Marynia, who had a fiery will of her own, had made her brother bring her along. They told gleefully how they had tricked Ellis Island, Jozef swearing that she was his wife. In New York and on the train coming west, they had barely slept. They excitedly talked of all they had seen—young Jozef scowling manfully and puffing a cheap black cigar. Jan grinned and listened indulgently. He was a distant cousin of theirs; he had met them at the train and had helped them find rooms. Then at night he tried to show them the sights. And here Jan's eyes were opened.

For Jan knew nothing at all of the sights. From the first he followed in their lead; supplied the money, listened, and watched. More and more his eyes turned to Marynia. The rides on the trolleys, the five-cent shows, the crowds, the shop windows, the women she saw—all kept her flushed and eager, now laughing and talking, now silent, using her eyes and her ears. Jan Kokovitch had known no women before, and to him this girl was a little volcano. Each time she clutched his arm, it thrilled him. When Jozef got work on the night gang, Jan spent his evenings with Marynia alone. As the weeks passed, not even at his job did the thought of her leave him. Vaguely at first, but then more and more surely, he could feel that she wanted him. He became deeply, confusedly happy.

And so she had become his wife.

They had rented one floor of a cottage, with a room for Jozef. And Marynia had spent long days in the shops, trying to choose from the mass of gaudy furniture, carpets, chromos, and curtains. For she was the wife of no common laborer—Jan earned more than twenty dollars a week!

She was at it again to-night, watching the carpet with the crimson tulips—an embryo American wife. As at last they started home, down one of the dark, unpaved side streets, the thoughtful frown was still on her face. So absorbed was she that she barely noticed the group of men who stood in front of the cottage. But Jan saw the looks on their faces. As Marynia went in, he turned uneasily back and moved toward

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them. But before they could tell him what lay within, he heard the girl's scream of terror.

On the floor in their front room lay something terrible, under a sheet. This sheet she had lifted, and then she had screamed. Her screams subsided after a time. A priest came and went. Candles were lighted. And all that night, the next day, and the night that followed, Marynia crouched in the death-room, now stammering frightened prayers to the Virgin, now shuddering with her head in her hands. . . .

And Jan could do nothing, could think of nothing that would help. He had seen men enough killed in the mills, but there it all came in one blinding flash, and was then over and done with. He had seen death, but never its terror. Her face was like ashes, she shrank from his hand, she did not sleep, she ate nothing. Finally he left her alone. Vaguely he felt that her fright would pass off.

And so it does, in most cases here.

But in two back rooms on the floor above there lived an old woman named Julka, with squinting eyes and a garrulous tongue. And she now eagerly seized the chance to tell what she knew of America. Her husband, a puddler in the mills, had been crippled at forty. For twelve years, through rain and heat and cold, Julka had earned their living at a tobacco booth, by the mill gates. Her life had been hard, she had grown old fast, her square-toed shoes were cracked and misshapen, her short gray skirt had been patched many times, her shawl was frayed, worn thin at her shoulders.

And she had nursed her bitterness. Not an accident happened in the mills that she did not learn in all its details. She became a gossip in sickness and death. And all she had learned, luridly colored by her old mind, Julka poured into Marynia's ears.

"It will be the same with your man," she ended, muttering low in the death-room. "It is always the same in this devil's hole! No man is a man for more than ten years! If he lasts ten years he is lucky!"

Beside Jozef's grave Marynia collapsed. Jan carried her home. And there in her bed, clutching his arms, she begged him in whispers to give up his job and take her back to Poland.

Still Jan thought that the spell would wear off. But days and nights passed and Marynia grew worse. She was not the average Polish girl; her nature was keyed tense and high. Marynia was barely seventeen; she had been married only a few days; and the terror of death had struck in deep. As before she had gathered into herself all the lights of the grimy town, so now she gathered its shadows, its ghosts. She lay with eyes shut, and the old woman's pictures trooped through her mind. When she slept she dreamed of the thing she had seen upon lifting the sheet. And this was an omen of evil for Jan. "A man is a man for only ten years!" Over and over, trembling, breathing hot and fast, she begged him to stop while there was time, and take her back to Poland.

Jan's face grew haggard, his huge jaws set; pain and bewilderment showed in his eyes. He was like a child. "No!" he would whisper pleadingly. "No!" And again he would seem almost terrible. "No!" he would answer harshly. "No! No! No!" Many times he cursed the old gossip up-stairs.

All day in the mills, high up on his swaying, quivering bridge, Jan stood between two other men—young men all three, and giants, grim-visaged, heavy bathed in sweat, eyes red from the smoke and the dazzling light, scowling down at the fiery logs of steel that came hurtling over the skidway into the massive, thunderous rolls. Scowling down and never still, now flinging his weight on a lever, now savagely dragging it back with both hands—and making each move in the nick of time! It was a thrilling, man-sized job!

All night in the cottage he sat by Marynia's bed. Jan Kokovitch knew nothing of sickness; he had not been sick a day in his life, and he made up his mind that she lay at death's door. He brought in a young Polish doctor.

"Yes," said the doctor, "she has a high fever. But this is nothing, only a part of the scare she has had. I will give her something to make her sleep, and in a few days she will be well."

But a few days passed, and she did not get well. Jan had hired a woman to stay and keep out the old hag from up-stairs. And this woman said:

"I don't like to stay here. Your girl talks and cries as if she was crazy. I think she'll *go* crazy unless you give in."

For three more nights he watched her.

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From time to time, noticing him with a start, she would clutch at his arm and beg him in whispers to give up his job. And on the fourth night, strangely quiet, Jan showed her the tickets he had bought.

"We are going back," he said roughly. "We are going back to Poland."

Late the next day Marynia awoke from eighteen hours of dreamless sleep. She felt very weak, but her fever was gone. And the terror was gone. They were going back to Poland.

After a time she opened her eyes. They moved idly over the bare, cheerless room—and rested on one corner. It was there she had planned that the brightly varnished chest of drawers and the mirror, with its red plush frame, were to go. She thought of the other things in the shops, the things she had looked at so many times. And there was a sudden twinge of regret. The room was bare at present.

Through the open doorway she saw a sheet thrown over the back of a chair. She shuddered violently, closed her eyes, and all other thoughts were swept out of her mind. But in a few moments the fright passed off. They were going back to Poland.

She fell asleep. And at night when she again woke up, Jan was in the other room. Marynia lay quite silent with her eyes fixed on his face. There was a lamp on the table out there, and Jan was standing beside it. He had just come in, his dinner-pail was still in his hand, and he was looking down inertly at the tickets that lay on the table where he had left them the night before. For some moments he stood motionless.

All at once from the mills came the scream of a siren, rising, falling, long drawn out. The night gangs were going on. Jan's head jerked up, and his whole big, slouching body grew tense. So he listened. Then his head sank slowly down. . . . And into Marynia's mind stole a feeling of deep uneasiness.

The next day she told the woman to go. In the afternoon she got up and dressed. She was still weak, but impatient of her weakness. She felt too uneasy to sit still, and she threw on a shawl and went out to buy food. The autumn night was raw and bracing. Lights sparkled, as they had always done. The shops that she entered were full of women. Two were laughing and chattering. One buxom, black-haired girl was flirting with the butcher. From most of the windows Marynia passed, came the cheering odor of cooking. A baby cried lustily somewhere. A fat little boy at a window was doubled up with mirth. A group of men passed her, smoking their pipes. Everything was just as before. . . . Again came twinges of regret.

But as she reentered the cottage, she noticed the door still open into Jozef's room. She closed it quickly, shivering. In the kitchen she threw down her parcels, lighted a fire, and began to cook. An hour passed. And then she heard Julka coming clumsily down the stairs. In a moment Marynia had run to the door and had locked it. She came slowly back into the kitchen and stood there breathless, waiting.

The old woman knocked softly—then louder—and still louder. At last she grumbled impatiently and started off to her booth by the mills. But Marynia still stood rigid, her lips white, fighting off the blind, unreasoning terror. She crossed herself, as though old Julka were some evil spirit working a charm. "A man is a man for only ten years!" . . . Then her mind cleared, and she drew an unsteady breath of relief. They were going back to Poland.

But that night, while she gave Jan his supper, again she watched him furtively and saw the dull wretchedness in his eyes. Their old gleam of dog-like worship was gone. A scowl of alarm came on the girl's face.

"The rent is paid!" she spoke sharply in Polish. "We will wait till the end of the month!" She was standing close behind him. But Jan said nothing; he did not even turn in his chair.

On the following day the rooms seemed even more bare than before. She washed her dishes and swept the floors, but after that there was nothing to do. The weather had turned bitterly cold, the chill of the front room struck into her bones, and she thought of the stove she had planned to buy, a parlor stove, tall and shiny, with nickel-plated trimmings. They had no such stoves in Poland. She tried to rid herself of the thought, but it kept coming back. The rooms were bare. There was nothing to do.

At noon she went out. She went to the Polish hardware shop, bought the stove on instalments, paying the first two dollars down, and asked them to put it up at once. She did this, barely stopping to think. The

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ON THE FLOOR LAY SOMETHING TERRIBLE, UNDER A SHEET. THIS SHEET SHE HAD LIFTED, AND THEN SHE HAD SCREAMED.

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stove was put up the same afternoon. She eagerly kindled a fire, and when it was crackling nicely she opened the oval door that the glow might come out. She pulled a chair close and sat looking in at the red-hot coals. The room grew warm and comfortable.

Again her eyes moved about to the places where her new things were to have gone. She thought of the large, cushioned chair, the carpet, the purple spread for the table, the gay-colored chromos for the walls. The fire burned low. She threw on more coal, and sat long into the twilight. She was thinking again of that carpet—vivid green, with a border of crimson tulips. She had first seen it two months before.

As the dusk deepened to darkness, through the window came a dull, uneven, reddish light. It flared up and down as if coming from some immense conflagration. Marynia noticed it suddenly, and rose and went to the window. Over there in the east were the mills. At a dozen points solid columns of flame poured up and bent to the south, wind driven. The clouds rolling above were warm, billowy masses of color. She stood for a long time scowling out.

"If he lasts ten years he is lucky." . . . But Jan was strong—strong as a bull! What legs and arms, what shoulders, what a chest! *She knew!*

The scowl deepened on her face. In her mind there had risen another scene—a bleak, fast-darkening valley with here and there a lonely hut, the long, dreary winter just beginning—Poland.

And that evening, watching Jan in his rough working clothes, which were frayed and burned from his fiery job—she knew what he was thinking.

Late the next day she went out again. The night was setting in frosty and clear. Lights shone gaily, the main street was already filling with crowds. The baker's shop was packed with women. As Marynia entered, a peal of laughter came from a group gathered close round a girl who was blushing and fighting them off with her hands. She was to be married the next afternoon. The wedding dance was to last all night! . . . Marynia was barely seventeen. . . . Next door was a cinematograph show. From over the entrance a gramophone voice was blaring out a rag-time song. She stopped to listen and look at the posters. . . . She turned as a trolley came clanging by, and caught just a glimpse of two shop-girls chattering on the rear seat. Somehow their clothes looked more jaunty than hers. She tried to see why. But they were gone in an instant.

The shop windows were brilliantly lighted now, and filled with fascinating things—hats with huge feathers, hats with gay ribbons, suits, waists, skirts, and corsets, underclothes, stockings, high-heeled shoes, bright colored plates and saucers and bowls, glittering knives and forks and spoons, mysterious cooking utensils, bedding, curtains, furniture, clocks! Things you can have in America!

Suddenly, without warning, close behind her by the curb, jangling, loud and gay, a hurdy-gurdy opened forth. She turned abruptly. A red-faced Bohemian woman had stopped with her small, chubby girl. From the hurdy-gurdy a monkey came toward them with a weird, sly look. The wee girl shrieked in terror. But the mother laughed.

And for the first time in ten days and nights, Marynia laughed, her face flushed, her eyes shone. She hurried away toward the gates of the mills, her packages tight clutched under her arm. She did not stop to reason or think, barely realized where she was going or what she had decided to do. At the gates she waited, straining her eyes.

Before her, down a shadowy lane, by hundreds, by thousands, with faces begrimed, eyes heavy with fatigue, some silently trudging, more clattering, laughing, talking, and shouting in a harsh babel of many tongues, puffing pipes, swinging pails, the men of the mills came hungrily on.

Just across the way from Marynia stood a rude little tobacco stall. Over it flared a yellow flame. And under the flame was a wrinkled face with squinting eyes that peered eagerly over at the girl. As Jan came along, the old woman saw Marynia spring suddenly forward and catch his arm and laugh and say something that made him start. She noted the look of dumb, fierce joy that came on Jan's face. She saw the pair move quickly on.

And then old Julka looked back at the mills, at the columns of flame striking angrily into the quivering sky. And she chuckled maliciously to herself.

For the mills had taught her what spells they could weave. In the silence, after the crowds had gone, she could hear their ceaseless thundering.

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"IT WILL BE THE SAME WITH YOUR MAN," MUTTERED JULKA. "NO MAN IS A MAN FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS."

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The Most Dangerous Man in the World

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

HENRI BERGSON is to thought what Roosevelt is to action: a fountain of energy, brilliant, terrifying, and important. To be sure, he is a quiet professor of philosophy at the Collège de France, who writes difficult books on metaphysics and, so far as I know, takes no active part in politics; yet the revolutionary labor groups in France claim him. Though his thinking has been about biology, mathematics, and psychology, people call Bergson an artist.

The universities and the churches are troubled about him; his books sell everywhere. No word he says goes unreported; his recent London lectures were quoted in the American papers. Bergson's name has disturbed and excited politicians, heightened artistic desire, renewed interest in philosophy, and given a faith to thousands of people. His phrases are ringing through modern thought.

The extent of his influence seems a nine days' wonder. At fifty, without the aid of a press agent, he is the most debated figure wherever men are thinking about their destiny. That he has found new truth does not explain it. Others have done that and died unknown; the world is not in the habit of honoring prophets while they live. The reason for his stupendous reputation lies, it seems to me, in this: that Bergson is not so much a prophet as a herald in whom the unrest of modern times has found a voice. He is popular because he says with splendid certainty what thousands of people have been feeling vaguely.

Of the uneasiness and unsettling of the day we are all aware. Radicals call it life; conservatives, death. But whether you rejoice in it or distrust it, you can not ignore it. Things are changing; the world is in doubt; in churches, schools, and governments—wherever men meet, they talk of a tremendous sense of things in the making. Instead of a world once and for all fixed, with a morality finished and sealed, with a Constitution to be "interpreted" but never questioned, with parties regularly elected, captains of industry idealized, poverty accepted, learning taken from schools like a pill—we have a world bursting with new ideas, new plans, and new hopes. The world was never so young as it is to-day, so impatient of old and crusty things. Men feel they can make their fate instead of letting fate make them. You may shake your head wisely. The world to-day is young enough to feel that there is no limit to the things it can do.

This freshness has found its philosopher in Bergson. What is nothing but a shadowy uneasiness in millions of people has become crystal-clear in him. Men are flocking to Bergson because he shows them a world in which their vague and half-formed wants are justified. For the restless desire to find new ways of living and thinking becomes in Bergson, not the fad most people believe it is, but the very principle of life itself. Instead of change being against Nature, standing-pat is; it is the conservatives who violate the spirit of life when they want institutions to stay frozen tight, not the radicals who want them fluid.

Bergson has called his greatest book "Creative Evolution." In it he asks you to think of all life as very much like your own. You are a part of life, after all, and if you realize what it is like for you to be alive, you may get a hint as to the rest of life. When you desire to make something

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—a city or a poem—your desire and your effort are like Nature's, when she made you. Your city or your poem is never quite what you desired. The missing link, an elephant, and you, are not quite what Nature desired either. Effort is never altogether successful.

And so you go on straining to make other cities and other verses. You have to struggle against the débris and the traditions you made; your houses have to be cleared away before you can build new ones; they are slums now and very troublesome. Your poems have produced professors of poetry.

"From the bottom to the top of the organized world," says Bergson, "we do indeed find one great effort; but most often this effort turns short, sometimes paralyzed by contrary forces, sometimes diverted from what it should do by what it does, absorbed by the form it is taking, hypnotized by it as by a mirror."

"Hypnotized by the form as by a mirror." Think of the right of free contract used to deny relief to overworked women; think of vested rights, intended to safeguard the individual, used to deny compensation for injured workingmen; think of the Lincoln League shielding Senator Lorimer; of legal procedure defeating justice. We Americans have indeed a right to agree when Bergson writes that "our freedom, in the very movements by which it is affirmed, creates the growing habits that will stifle it if it fails to renew itself by constant effort."

You can not stand pat upon the past. The institutions of the past are like the fresh eggs of the past—good while they were fresh. Society, like each person in it, is a growing, living thing, and it must have fresh food and new clothes. It makes no difference how splendid were the knickerbockers of your childhood. Admire them, by all means, feel regret that you have outgrown them, but don't try to squeeze into them. So to pretend that men in the twentieth century can live under laws made in the eighteenth, or that children can be brought up like their grandparents, is to act as if society, instead of being alive as an oak, were dead as a rock.

No philosophy ever written is such a deadly enemy to the stand-pat intellect in all its forms. And if I were interested in keeping churches, constitutions, and customs fixed so that they would not change, I should regard Bergson as the most dangerous man in the world. The spread of his teaching will put all institutions and theories on the defensive. For the true Bergsonian always sees life bigger than the rules of living. And history supports Bergson when he writes that:

"Life in general is mobility itself; particular manifestations of life accept this mobility reluctantly, and constantly lag behind. It is always going ahead; they want to mark time. Evolution in general would fain go on in a straight line; each special evolution is a kind of circle. Like eddies of dust raised by the wind as it passes, the living turn upon themselves, borne up by the great blast of life."

Bergson speaks for those who feel that science is becoming at once stodgy and arrogant. They honor science for the practical help it gives us in the business of life. It enables us to feed, house, and clothe ourselves, to cure disease and poverty, to sail the sea and the air, to get about the earth, to control the elements. Science has done much; it promises more. It opens up a prospect of greater power in a future when men shall become masters of the world.

Before the things science can *do*, the Bergsonians are reverent. They rebel when science claims that it can know all that is worth knowing. There is one thing they say that science can never give—and that is the feeling of life itself. It can tell us how we did something, how we can do something else. It can tell us why the sunset is red, and what causes redness, but the thing you see and actually experience escapes it. Read all the books ever written about the science of sunsets, and they will lack something you can find by looking out of your back window late this afternoon.

That thing is what the artist in you finds. You are no longer trying to use the sunset—tell time by it or know which road lies westward. You have simply given yourself over to the full flavor of the experience, and, in Bergson's phrase, you have a "direct vision of reality."

So Bergson is the spokesman of those who want the whole of life in all its tantalizing abundance. They are not satisfied with the laws and inventions of science. They want not only the causes of things and their mastery, but the fragrance and the rhythm of them too. They love the perplexing variety of the real world.

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DYING EASY
or
GETTING WELL HARD

by

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE SICK-A-BED LADY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMIL OTTENDORFF

"YOU can take your choice," said the Doctor tersely.

Already, at barely four o'clock of a brisk November afternoon, the Doctor's nerves were utterly jaded by a maddeningly long line of extravagant patients who had asked him an unending number of expensive questions, and then thrown away his answers as though, after all, the answer was nothing more than the mere rustling husk of the particularly meaty problem that confronted them.

Moreover, fully two-thirds of the patients had been women, and it was the special "contrary-mindedness" of women that had whitened the Doctor into an old man at fifty.

Even now, staring irritably at the wilful Girl before him, the Doctor smiled wanly to remember that once upon a time he had actually dreaded the ordeal of practically giving women their death-warrants. Yet, looking back reminiscently over twenty-five years, how few dying women had met the issue more tragically—or more courteously—than by laughing at him and intimating that he was a mistaken fool? The really agonizing, heart-racking feature of his professional life had been, rather, how to convince a crying woman that she was going to get well. If a woman insisted upon making a distinct point of never believing anything that he told her, it was certainly indisputably more cheerful to watch her doubt her death than doubt her chances of life.

Worst of all, this particular Girl now before him had kept her gray eyes glued to the ceiling in the peculiar, sulky nonchalance of a reprimanded child, all the time that he had been talking.

"But I've only had two hemorrhages!" she persisted. "And I tell you nobody in our family has ever had tuberculosis. Why, it's perfectly absurd! And besides—" with a manner almost shrewish she flouted herself over to the long, shining mirror and shook back her head as though to shake foam from her eyes. "I always was thin, I tell you. It's nothing for me to lose ten pounds in a summer. Everybody coughs who rides in dusty automobiles. See my red cheeks! See my bright eyes! Do I look like a person who's got tuberculosis?"

"You do," said the Doctor wearily.

The Girl came back to her seat. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "What utter nonsense!" She hesitated a moment, then began to swallow very hard. "Tell me again everything that you've said."

The Doctor rubbed his hands across his eyes. "We won't go all through it again," he answered dully. "I have made the requisite examinations, and I tell you there is absolutely no doubt. And it all comes back to exactly what I said in the first place, Miss Von Walter. You're a sick girl, and you can take your choice here and now between dying easy and getting well hard. 'Take your choice,' I said distinctly, 'your choice,' not mine. My science is neither a magic friend who can compel you to live, nor yet

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"THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS THAT YOU CAN EVEN TAKE YOUR CHOICE FROM—DIE OR GET WELL! . . . AND YOU MUST CHOOSE QUICKLY," HE MUTTERED.

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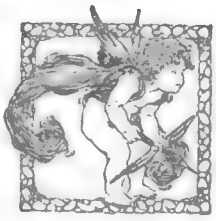
a ruthless enemy who would be reconciled to see you die for the sheer professional satisfaction of proving my diagnosis correct."



"But I'm not going to die!" snapped the Girl. "I tell you I'm not sick."

With a smile not altogether pleasant the Doctor rose and crossed the room toward his hat and coat. Only caged squirrels, he reasoned, were literally obliged to stay and whirl round and round in an endless circle. A man can almost always lock up his desk and go home.

Half-way to the door the Girl blocked his passage.

"I'm sure you're mistaken," she argued. Her voice was grotesquely threatening. "I'm absolutely positive that you are mistaken," and, turning abruptly, she whisked out of the office.

All the way down the stairs that led to the street her high heels clattered scornfully: "Mistaken—mistaken."

But the next morning when the Doctor reached his office an hour earlier than his usual custom, the Girl was already there before him, though so cuddled up in a great fur coat that he did not recognize her until her husky voice spoke.

"I left my handkerchief here yesterday," she began abruptly, bracing her height, like a bashful child, against the somber wainscoting of the office.

"I think not," said the Doctor.

For the first time around her petulant young mouth a smile flickered.

"Well, never mind," she acknowledged. "But as long as I happen to be here, I might as well ask you one or two more questions. Suppose—suppose——"

With a gasp of displeasure the Doctor started to refasten his gloves. "I can't waste any more time with you," he said sharply. "What's the use? It isn't at all what a doctor thinks that interests people like you. Nothing under heaven except what you think yourself seems to appeal to you in the slightest!"

Totally ignoring his dismissal, the Girl stepped forward and faced him with unmistakable defiance. "I will be answered!" she cried. "Suppose, I say—suppose that the absurd thing you told me yesterday were really true—what could I do about it?"

More amused than displeased with her vehemence, the Doctor stopped fumbling with his gloves and scanned her face bluntly.

"There's only one thing you could do about it," he said. "And only two things in the whole, wide world that you could even take your choice from—die or get well! There's no middle dallying-ground for your kind. You'll never, never be able to put your foot down twice in identically the same spot. Every step you make from now on must be of necessity forward—or back."

In nervously unconscious realism he took out his watch. "And you must choose quickly," he muttered.

The Girl's figure sagged the merest trifle against the wainscoting, and her teeth clicked together twice with a suggestion of cold.

"As for what is the matter with you," continued the Doctor sharply, "you ought to consider yourself exceedingly fortunate. There aren't many critical diseases that are considerate enough to give the patient a chance to make any choice at all. Only, you especially—must hurry."

Insolently the Girl shrugged her shoulders.

With one stride the Doctor reached the window and yanked aside the soft, darkening curtain. In the merciless, full strength of morning light the Girl's ghastly features fairly startled him.

"There!" he cried. Personal temper and professional triumph reeked in his voice. "There! Yesterday the most conspicuous facial telltale of your general condition was the flush of your cheeks and the glint in your eyes. Yesterday, it was that; but to-day—now—this minute—back of all your vivacity, back of all your exuberant contempt, back of all your 'don't care,' I see the white, serene, unmistakable 'coffin-look' in your face. Now will you believe what I say?"

Twice her shaking lips opened and shut before her final husky whisper actually escaped.

"What should I have to do to get well?" she gasped.

"You would have to do what I tell you!" said the Doctor. "And I don't believe you have ever done what anybody told you since the day you were born."

"No," she mumbled.

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[illegible]. The hotel guaranteed, perhaps they [illegible]mbered, in the prospectus, not to receive consumptives. And that very morning one of his very best patrons—the mother, in fact, of two of Miss Von Walter's girl friends—had protested.

[illegible]consumptive! Even in a sudden paroxysm of coughing the Girl denied the word with outraged emotion. A consumptive! Why, how utterly absurd! Of course somewhere [illegible]Of course she coughed! Of course outdoors, and live out[illegible] to get rid of their winter and summer, rain or [illegible] that what

"Not rain?" whimpered the Girl.

"Yes!"

"Not s-n-o-w?" Her eyes were big with horror.

"Yes!"

When she spoke again her voice was steadier, but very low. "I've plenty of money to take care of me," she mused, "and my aunt that I live with would do anything for me, I suppose. How long would it take me to get well?"

The Doctor shook his head. "No one can tell," he answered conscientiously. "One year, two years, three, four, possibly even five. And every hour of the day and every minute of the hour would be a fight for life—not an atom of energy squandered even so much as by a walk to the street corner; not an ounce of flesh risked by even so slight a whim as an untasted glass of milk; not a half-hour of sleep lost by the lure of a novel or the length of a prayer. Every hour, I said; every minute—no, every second—of the day and night would be like trying to accumulate a great fortune by saving a cent at a time; and in the process of accumulation, not one cent of that desired fortune, not even so much as a mill that goes to make a cent, should be spent in extravagant, unnecessary pleasure. And never would you go forth into the world again marked 'well' until you had accumulated a big enough health-fortune to enable you to live on the interest of your principal—and on that interest alone."

Slowly the Girl edged out to the front of her chair. All the young girlhood of her seemed to have waned into haggard maturity.

"One to five years," she repeated dully. "And if I shouldn't choose to 'get well hard'—so very hard—what would happen then? Suppose, for instance, that I really preferred the 'dying easy'?" The last two excitement, she fell into a fitful, sobbing slumber, to wake at last in the gray, early morning and find that her day of days had dawned as spiritless as a babe still-born.

Hurrying out of bed, she began to dress with all possible haste in the thinnest sort of white mull that would have graced a Fourth of July at home. Then, scribbling off a hurried note of explanation to her aunt, and snatching up a bite from the previous night's untasted lunch, she stole softly [illegible] the deserted stairs into the [illegible]nched with started off as [illegible]er on for another year, or even a year and a half, growing merely dimmer and dimmer; or as far off as next spring you may still be counting me a fool, and some night—in the very midst of lights and laughter, waltz yourself into eternity at a german." The sudden chuckle in the Doctor's throat was only a contraction of the larynx. "But it will surely be 'dying easy,'" he admitted. "Dying as one of life's pampered pets—the softest cushion on the sofa, the warmest corner by the fire. And every day, no matter how soft, no matter how warm, no matter how easy or selfish, every day you'd be getting worse."

In abrupt, explosive excitement the Doctor jumped to his feet. "But the other way!" he cried. "The outdoor way! The big way! The brave way! The resolute way! No matter how hard it was, no matter how lonely—loss of your comforts, exile from your friends, rain, snow, sleet, ice—every day you'd be getting better!"

Rising from her chair, with big eyes blazing and cheeks like wilted scarlet poppies, the Girl reached out an appealing, desperate hand to him.

But even as her fingers clutched in his the office door flew open with a gusty bang, and a chill, harsh November blast from the street smote her across the narrow width of her shoulders.

Crumpling like a fair leaf into the mold, she wrenched back into her smothering furs with a little wail of despair. "Oh, no, no, no," she sobbed, "I'd rather be warm—" and turned and fled from the office.

For fully a minute the Doctor sat staring blankly forth into space before he reached up unsteadily and wiped the damp from his forehead. Then, with a step a trifle slower than usual, he rose and wandered over to the window, and stood looking out an unconscionably long time into the blustering highway, where the crude, gray flurry of

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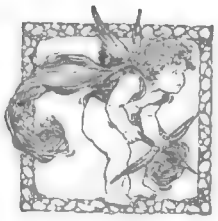
a ruthless enemy who would be reconciled to see you die for the sheer professional satisfaction of proving my diagnosis correct."



"But I'm not going to die!" snapped the Girl. "I tell you I'm not sick."

With a smile not altogether pleasant the Doctor rose and crossed the room toward his hat and coat.

"Caged squirrels, he reasoned, were you really sad to stay and whirl round everybody does dress circle. A man can best—warmth, cold, love, food, drink, overwork, overplay, sailing, swimming, reckless riding, hazardous mountain climbing. It's pretty nearly always from the kick of the favorite horse, which fact, if you really care about facts, ought to give death rather a friendly smile, or else life somewhat a treacherous twinkle—whichever way you care to look at it."

Then the Doctor, after the manner of his kind, went back to his work.

And Helen Von Walter, after the manner of her kind, went back to her play.

At the most Nature offers only three types of nurses for the consumptive to choose from. First, the shrewd, grim, resolute, unbribable, unswervable, mercilessly conscientious, cold-fingered Northland.

Second, the bright-faced, amorous-eyed Southwest, with her poppy-colored uniform and her jaunty little snow-cap; eager, ardent, eternally excitant, dosing out two-thirds bravado to one-third health, and pledging even her bitterest potion to the single toast: "Eat, drink, and be—married, for to-morrow we die."

Third, the sun-bleached, loose-collared, unbelted South, with her gentle, lax, over-indulgent mother-heart, craving no possible mission in the world except just to pamper, just to pat, just to soothe, just to flatter the poor, sick souls committed to her care.

Needless to say it was Florida that Helen Von Walter selected.

Deep in the sunny, sweltering, noonday corners of a big hotel the Girl settled impishly down to laugh and cajole with her fate. Ruffled and beribboned, flaming-cheeked and icy-footed, she huddled round the hearth fires in the chill, early twilights, waiting for the excitement of supper or evening dance to begin. Out from her clammy bed in the lazy, late mid-mornings she strolled down into the dining-room with

vehemence, the Doctor stopped fumbling with his gloves and scanned her face bluntly.

"There's only one thing you could do about it," he said. "And only two things in the whole wide world that you could even take your choice from—die or get well! There's no middle dallying ground for your kind. You'll never, never be able to put your foot down twice in exactly the same spot. By the core of noon, from now on much in the dark seed-twilight—or back of day—passed each other in monotonous, rainless succession.

It was Helen Von Walter's first experience with the South, and, whatever brief reprieve a few weeks of scorching sunshine had added to her life, those weeks had certainly added nothing to her face except a very slight, twisty droop to her mouth—the droll, unmistakable discontent sign of the first-year tourist who is not yet reconciled to the food or the sulphur water.

Gradually, though, as November mellowed into December and December reddened like a blood-orange into holiday time without any personal mishap whatsoever, her reviving courage began to express itself in hectic bursts of gaiety and extravagant tests of physical effort.

And to hers, as to all unacclimated Northern senses, the frostless, fir-balsamless Christmas time, vapid as a red rose without perfume, budded indolently to its bloom.

It was Helen Von Walter's nostrils that were homesick first.

"But it doesn't smell like Christmas! It doesn't look like Christmas!" she argued resentfully from day to day. With maddening evasiveness the whole blessed spirit of the approaching day eluded her at every turn. More tantalizing than water that won't boil or jelly that won't "jell," the Christmas that wouldn't Christmas hectored her thoughts day and night.

Then something a great deal worse than a lost or mislaid emotion happened to her on Christmas Eve.

With much tact, with many profuse apologies, the hotel proprietor approached the Girl and her aunt in their rooms. Was it possible—was it so much as barely possible—that Miss Von Walter was a consumptive? A hotel proprietor must protect himself and his guests—and there had been several inquiries concerning her that past

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week. The hotel guaranteed, perhaps they remembered, in the prospectus, not to receive consumptives. And that very morning one of his very best patrons—the mother, in fact, of two of Miss Von Walter's girl friends—had protested.

A consumptive! Even in a sudden paroxysm of coughing the Girl denied the charge with outraged emotion. A consumptive! Why, how utterly absurd! Of course she was thin! Of course she coughed! Of course people came South to get rid of their beastly Northern colds! Wasn't that what the South was for, anyway?

If vehemence alone could convince a suspicious man, the proprietor went away convinced. But after his departure the Girl's eyes turned to her aunt and the expression in the older woman's face was an expression of defeat.

"We'll have to move on after Christmas," quavered the aunt timorously. "We can't keep it quiet any longer."

The Girl jumped up in a great rage and stamped her feet. "Keep what quiet?" she demanded vociferously.

Even as she stormed a splash of blood began to show at the edge of her lips.

Slight as the attack was, it sent her scuttling off into bed, to lie flat on her back with her white face snarled up in a civil warfare between fear and anger. All around her through the paper-thin walls, or reverberating from the piazzas, came the gay talk and laughter of Christmas Eve festivities.

Afraid to laugh, afraid to cry, she lay staring out across the room to the pleasant open window that looked down into the night-darkened, tropical courtyard where the electric lights kindled in little sharp, twinkling stabs, goading the great flaunting, crimson poinsettias into a strange glow that rose like an iridescent crimson mist to the very edge of her window-sill. Always unduly susceptible to lights and colors, her heart quickened suddenly to a new, defiant recklessness.

"I will have a Christmas! I will! I will!" she kept reiterating.

Her mind quickened instantly to an absurd childish plan of "running away" for one absolutely free, wild, death-dealing day, if necessary; far, far from her cloying aunt, and twice as far from the hateful, suspicious hotel people, young and old, who had claimed to be her friends! Weak with excitement, she fell into a fitful, sobbing slumber, to wake at last in the gray, early morning and find that her day of days had dawned as spiritless as a babe still-born.

Hurrying out of bed, she began to dress with all possible haste in the thinnest sort of white mull that would have graced a Fourth of July at home. Then, scribbling off a hurried note of explanation to her aunt, and snatching up a bite from the previous night's untasted lunch, she stole softly down the deserted stairs into the street, and started off as fast as she could for the nearest pier that she could hope to reach.

Already at six o'clock in the morning the business of the wharves was practically over for the day, and she had just barely time to scramble across a tarry gangplank and tumble over a crate of oranges into the only vacant camp-stool of a tiny craft that was even then beginning to puff and pant with the excitement of escape.

It was almost two hours before the scorching sun burned its way clearly through the fog. Then, bright as blue lacquer, the rippling water glistened away on either side toward the flat, green shores. In incongruous city architecture, homely wooden houses loomed up occasionally to right or left through a scraggly grove of cabbage palmettos. Far behind the white wake of the boat faded the church spires of a little orange-colored town. Far ahead, beyond a startling scarlet sail, brightened the mystic, glittering vastness of the Gulf of Mexico. And in every direction, as far as the eye could see, scudded thousands and thousands and thousands of ducks—swimming, diving, soaring high into the sky, and scaling down again like one huge, rustling sheet of wings.

In the midst of her staring interest the Girl turned suddenly to look into the purser's eyes. So astonished was she that she scarcely noticed the blank book in his hand.

"What is your name?" asked the purser.

The Girl straightened up in a haughty sort of perplexity. Southern Florida's boat custom of recording names was new to her. "What?" she asked. "What?"

A little girl in a picnic party giggled audibly.

"What is your name?" repeated the purser, grinningly.

"Why, Miss Von Walter!" cried the Girl with temperish indistinctness.

The purser plunged his pencil point wry-

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ly into his mouth. "Spell it," he suggested, pleasantly.

"Why, it's perfectly easy to spell," persisted the Girl hotly, so hotly, in fact, that everybody near her stopped to listen. "V-o-n W-a-l-t-e-r," she enunciated tersely. "And what difference does it make to you, anyway?"

The purser shrugged the question aside. "And where-all are you going?" he quizzed, with such a soft, amiable, Southern intonation that it really sounded a great deal more like mere social curiosity than a purely business estimate of dollars and cents.

"Where am I going?" snapped the Girl. "Do I have to tell everybody my business? Where am I going? Why——"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered the purser contritely. "Von Walter? Why, of course! You're the sister of Mr. Von Walter down at Yellow Sands. We'll put you off at his landing instead of running on to the store. I hope you didn't think it a liberty the captain writing to you, but you know we saw your address on the letters your brother gives us to mail now and then, and —well, we just reckoned to write you because your brother's getting to be a pretty sick boy, we think, living all alone the way he does. Well, it sure is pleasant your getting here on Christmas. How's everything up in Vermont state?" he finished, with a vigorous effort at cheerfulness.

The Girl started to explain, started to deny; then bit her lip suddenly and evolved an entirely new impulse that set her pulses pounding.

"Yes. Yes. Put me off at Yellow Sands," she answered decisively.

Up through her sluggish veins leaped a strange, quick inquisitiveness, half grim, half mischievous, concerning this Northern stranger with the same name as hers, who was exiled like herself, sick and "all alone," on Christmas Day. Brighter and brighter in her eyes shone the exciting consciousness of an unusually fatalistic episode. She shrugged her shoulders almost mirthfully.

"Well, I've got to get off the boat somewhere," she argued to herself, "and I guess any really sick man named 'Von Walter' is brother enough for me."

As an hour sped by and the small boat stopped for freight at several different landings, she began to study the landscape with acute, new interest. At some such place as one of these, she reasoned, she was going to step nonchalantly off the gangplank, and trust alone to her own wits to brighten, or at least relieve, whatever situation immediately developed.

There would be a great, roomy warehouse full of oranges, a tiny store shining quite brightly with rows and rows of canned foods, a neat house or two tucked away in a perfect bower of green palms and red roses: and always, of course, the inevitable well-built pier, with the inevitable host of tantalizing wild ducks swimming most tamely round within the cool shadow of the huge sign-board that guaranteed, "No Shooting Permitted from This Pier;" and always, just as inevitably, the row of grinning young fishermen all striving, not altogether unhopefully, to catch their duck-dinners with a hook and line.

But when the purser came for her at last there were no oranges in sight, no palms, no roses; just glare and heat, and broiling yellow sand, and a short, narrow, sagging, horridly dilapidated, utterly deserted pier.

With a gallant if somewhat grimy hand the purser helped her across the slennder gangplank, and steadied her feet on the slippery boards of the landing. Then, "We'll pick you up again about four o'clock," he called out genially, as the boat backed out once more into the deeper, bluer water.

Vaguely she turned and stared toward the dreadful shore. Slowly to her squinting, sun-dazzled eyes a "house" loomed up beyond the first curve of the beach—a weird, rustling, yellow-brown, palmetto-thatched hut, like the wildest picture of the wildest cannibal land that ever graced a school geography.

Anxiously choosing her steps, the Girl started along the pier. Through occasional fissures of broken planking she caught fleet glimpses of great wads of water-hyacinths, sucking noisily at each miniature tidal wave from the boat's paddle-wheel, and close in the snug angle of pier and beach a half-sunken rowboat lay guzzling-full of the cloying purple blossoms.

With a little gasp of dismay, she jumped down into the sand and started for the hut. Even as her first foot touched the sand, the whole buff-colored surface of the beach seemed to writhe and wriggle and scuttle away under her feet, a living, moving, dizzy carpet of fiddler crabs, those dreadful little garbage-people of the Florida beaches; and

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"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!" SHE SAID.

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with one loud scream of terror she snatched up her skirts and fled at full speed for the only haven in sight, the palmetto hut, where she hurled herself, half laughing and half crying, into the astonished presence of a boy of about her own age, who lay lolling indolently in a long, lazy East Indian chair, just outside the door.

For a startled instant the Girl stood staring breathlessly into his eyes, then with a womanish effort at social poise:

"Merry Christmas to you!" she said. "I'm Helen Von Walter, from Boston town, and they threw me ashore here because they insisted I was your sister, so I've come to eat Christmas dinner with you!"

Slowly, with a grinning sort of amazement, the Boy struggled up from his chair. The grin in his blue eyes had almost reached his lips when the cough overtook it. Like a brutal tornado stopping to ravish a single flower so frail that the gentlest zephyr would have bruised it, the merciless paroxysm snatched him, and wrenched him, and racked him, and crumpled him up at last into a pitiful little heap of choking misery and speechless mortification. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen, the dreadful paroxysm lasted. From his first angry, rigid clutch on the arms of his chair—coughing, coughing—he sank down limper and limper—coughing, coughing—until at last, with an ugly cry like the pain of an infuriated animal, he turned and flung himself down head and shoulders across the small pine table at his elbow, with one claw-like hand clutching weakly at space, the other falling helplessly to his side.

At first, in a foolish, nervous social effort to assuage in some possible way the grim awkwardness of the situation, the Girl laughed casually, as though he had been merely trapped into some sneezing, peppery sort of accident. Then, as the coughing and strangling continued, she began to mumble some absurd formula about being so awfully sorry that he had such a bad cold. Then with increasing nervousness she dashed into the hut, where a rusty pump showed dully through the doorway, and brought back a broken-handled cup stenching with sulphur water. "Here! Drink this!" she whispered.

But when the Boy's wan cheek turned desperately on the hard table, and he lifted his great, beseeching, bloodshot, tear-blinded eyes to hers, something starchy in her knees and her nature gave way very suddenly, and without any purpose, without any real intention, she sank down into a little white heap on the rush-covered ground at his feet and took his strange, alien, masculine hand into her shy, virginal, fastidious, young-girl fingers, and lifted it very, very gently to her cheek.

"Don't bother anything about me at all," she said. "I'm a consumptive, too!"

Only the tremor of the Boy's arm answered her.

With the waning of a long, cramping, tedious half-hour, pity itself did not fade from the Girl, but she began gradually to feel rather absurdly self-conscious, sitting there on the ground cuddling the hand of even a very sick strange boy. Something in her cheek must have winced slightly at last, for from the direction of the table a barely audible voice gasped out:

"Un-comfortable?"

Even to the Girl herself it seemed an inordinately long time before she answered.

"N-o," she answered judicially. "I'm not exactly uncomfortable. I've got cramps in both knees, and my neck aches. But it isn't exactly that. It's only that I can't remember what you look like—and it makes me feel horridly silly."

The Boy began to cough.

"Well, what do you look like?" she persisted after a minute.

"Like—the—devil," gasped the poor voice.

"Haven't you even got a 'Christian' name?" quizzed the Girl amiably.

After an interminable strangle the tremor in the Boy's hand relaxed.

"Richard," he answered tardily.

Twice the Girl started to speak and then changed her mind before she blurted out abruptly: "Does it hurt to cough like that?"

"No," gasped the Boy at last, in a mumbling, table-smothered voice. "No, it doesn't exactly hurt you. That is," he muttered drearily, "you're so busy coughing—you don't know whether it hurts you or not. Why, if a railroad train ran right over you while you were coughing you couldn't even die and get rested till you'd finished coughing."

"Oh, dear!" said the Girl shudderingly.

It was fully ten minutes before she spoke again. Then:

"Richard," she stammered, "don't you

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think you've coughed almost enough? It's noontime, and I haven't even had any breakfast!"

Drawing his thin hand out of hers, the Boy rose weakly to his feet and started for the inside of the shack, then turned, and, leaning hard against the rough door-casing, looked smilingly down on the Girl's flushed cheek where his hand had lain so long.

"I'll be all right now in a few minutes," he said. "I always cough like that every morning, and then I feel pretty dandy again till the old fever comes up in the afternoon." He glanced at the clock, and back again to the Girl's unduly sober face. His smile deepened. "I could have gotten up sooner," he confessed, "but I liked it."

"Were you really as lonely as that?" she asked gravely.

The Boy laughed. And much bitterness was in the laugh. "Yes, eleven-tenths as lonely as that," he said.

Then he went into the shack, and the Girl followed him, and together they began with some nonsense and some apprehension to explore the innermost recesses of his primitive pantry.

"It isn't much of a Christmas dinner," the Boy acknowledged drearily. "There's a woman across the island that comes once a day to cook and fix up for me, but they were having a party of their own this noon, so I told her not to come. It was very careless of me," he finished with ill-timed humor; "but then, you see, I wasn't exactly expecting any 'angel visitor' that would—stay to dinner."

With her little white teeth snarled tight in a mouthful of gristly beef, the Girl eyed him suddenly with irrelevant contempt.

"What perfectly hateful food!" she gasped at last. "How do you stand it?"

Shifting her chair abruptly out of the reach of a broiling sunbeam, her eyes narrowed dreamily on the meal before her. "They are having turkey at home," she mused covetously, "and cranberry sauce, and stuffed green peppers, and fresh tomato salad with mayonnaise dressing, and plum pudding." Again she was driven to jerk her chair away from the encroaching scorch of sunshine. "Do you skate?" she asked abruptly, with an absurd little catch in her voice.

"Do I skate?" cried the Boy. His eyes brightened; his shoulders straightened. "Do I skate? Why, up in Vermont you just ought to have seen me! There wasn't a——"

Without any warning, the Girl began to whimper over her coffee.

Pointing an accusing finger at her, the Boy laughed. "You're homesick!" he scoffed, not unkindly.

"I'm not! I'm not!" retorted the Girl for one firm, defiant instant, before her face went crumpling down into her hands.

"Don't mind me," said the Boy at last. "I'm homesick too."

"Then what are you down here for?" sobbed the Girl through her shaking fingers. "And why do you stay here? And how long have you been here? And who are you, anyway? I've told you all about me—can't you tell me anything about you?"

The Boy took up a tin spoon and dug deeply into the lukewarm grapefruit.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," he said boyishly. "I just was sick three years ago and came down here. My sister and I had a little money, and we divided it—and I came down here. I didn't cough very much the first year, and I had a little launch, and cruised round everywhere and had a bully time, and didn't seem to get any sicker then. But lately—well, after a while, you know, they won't take you at the hotels, and money goes awful fast, anyway, and—well, I found this shack, and I'm pretty comfy and decently well fixed now."

The Girl's hands dropped away from her face. Her tear-stained eyes began to roam shrewdly round the rough shack, with its canvas cot, and its two broken chairs, its rusty stove, and its pile of tattered old magazines.

"Do you really call this being 'well fixed'?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said the Boy in surprise; "why not?"

"Aren't there spiders sometimes in the palmetto thatching?" she persisted.

"Oh, yes, sometimes," the Boy acknowledged readily.

"And doesn't the roof ever leak on a rainy day?" she queried wistfully.

"We never have rainy days," he answered proudly. "Anybody ought to be willing to stand a leak for an hour or two."

A flush began to creep along the edge of the Girl's cheek-bones.

"But Richard Von Walter," she cried, "what in creation do you do down here? Oh!" her face brightened as her eyes lit on

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the pile of magazines and a set of drawing instruments on a shelf close by. "You read a lot, of course? I'll be glad to send you magazines. And you draw a little, too?"

The Boy shrugged his shoulders wearily. "No, I don't do anything," he said. "I used to read a good deal at first, and the second year I was down here I won a prize with some plans for a new library over at the town. But this last year, somehow, by the time I've had my breakfast and finished my coughing—well, I don't do anything any more except just stretch out in the sun and watch the bay."

Languidly he shoved his chair back into the full hot glare from the window. "Oh, of course," he added defiantly, "it isn't exactly—Vermont. But I like it. It's warm!"

With a little gasp of rage the Girl jumped to her feet.

"Dying easy!" she cried. "Perfectly, disgustingly easy! A Boy who can win prizes, throwing away his life in a nasty old hut like this, with a dirty, vile buzzard swirling high over his head night and day just waiting for a chance to pick his bones. Oh, the shame—oh, the pity of it!"

Toot! Toot! From around the corner of the cove sounded the shrill steam-whistle of the returning steamer.

Without stopping to say even "good-by," the Girl snatched up her hat and, half-blinded with tears, half-choked with anger, went running off across the horrid, squirming beach toward the broken-down pier.

With the little steamer so close that she could plainly discern the purser's friendly figure, she stopped suddenly, shifted nervously for a second from one crab-crushing foot to the other, and then, with an odd little jerk of her head, started back deliberately for the palmetto hut.

Tiptoeing cautiously to the doorway, she stood a second staring into the dingy hovel. Across the meager comfort of his cot the Boy lay, sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Richard! Richard!" she called very gently. "Richard—I don't want you to die!" A passion, not of love but of life, was in every pulse of her body, in every tone of her voice. "Richard," she persisted, "do you hear me? I say I don't want you to die. I—I can't bear it! I tell you I won't have it! I'm going to take you home with me! Don't you hear? Don't you care?"

"No, I don't," he sobbed.

Vibrant around them, as a gigantic heart-throb, echoed the chug-chug-chug of the approaching steamer.

Staggering up from his cot, the Boy turned and faced her, haggard, hopeless, crushed with defeat.

"What's the use?" he said despairingly. "What's the use?"

"Richard, Richard," she kept repeating, "I'm going to take you home with me, do you hear? Everybody ought to help some one else to get the thing that he needs most himself. I'll help you if you'll help me. Quick! Hurry! Haven't you a suit-case or something that we can throw these few things into? We've both been fools, but I tell you I'll get well if you will! There is a way," she continued excitedly—the doctor's words fairly jumped to her mouth. "There is a way—the right way, the big way, the brave way—no matter how hard it is, or how cold, no matter how dull it is, no matter how lonesome, every day we'll be getting better! We can reach home by New Year's," she argued hectically. "We'll begin all over again with the New Year—cold, ice, snow, and then even skating again; sometime!

"Get well along with me,
The best is yet to be!"

she paraphrased suddenly.

Wildly the Boy reached out and tried to take her in his arms.

"Is the 'best' yet to be?" he cried huskily. "Is it? Is it?"

The little wrist that pushed him back was like a little wrist of steel.

"Not that, Richard," she ordered. "Not that. Why, we're nothing but children, you and I, nothing but sick children; very, very sick children," she added under her breath.

At a slight rustle in the doorway, she turned and looked into the purser's kindly face.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked. "When I saw you run out and then run back I thought maybe——"

With a smile as maddeningly irresistible as the light that jacks a deer in the pitch-black forest, she turned back and stunned the stubborn, balky resistance in the Boy's eyes.

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Then, with all the air of a young royal tyrant, she stepped forward and gave her directions to the purser.

"I'm going to take my brother North with me," she announced calmly. "I don't care whether he likes it or not—it's the only thing to do. If you're not strong enough to help him out to the boat alone, couldn't you call the captain?"

"Great Scott!" grumbled the Boy. "Do you think I'm a baby? Don't I walk out to the pier almost every day—or two—to fish?"

Hastily the little procession started for the boat, the purser leading the way with a pathetically light-weight suit-case in one hand. Clutching close at each other's arms, the Girl and Boy followed cautiously, arguing with low-voiced vehemence every step of the way. "Will you mortify me and humiliate me after all this day," protested the Girl, "by standing up now and denying that you are my brother?"

An hour later in the chill, early Florida gloaming, lying flat on his back on top of the little boat's cabin, with nothing between his staring eyes and the sky except the Girl's occasional hovering face, the first tiny smile of real happiness flickered across the Boy's mouth, and his hand went stealing out wistfully to the Girl's as she sat there beside him.

"It's rather a 'Merry Christmas,' after all, isn't it?" he faltered.

So through a splash of spray, and a leaping of fish, and a whirl of soft wings, the small white boat went plunging on through the wonderful, unforgettable Florida night, with its pale opal sunset, and blue sapphire dusk, out of which the great yellow-white moon, like a huge incandescent grapefruit came looming up into the sky across a resplendent, shimmering moon-path of molten gold.

And the eyes of the Boy who lay smiling up into the sky were like the eyes of a tired child who has just glimpsed the first lights of home.

And the eyes of the Girl who sat staring out into the shadows were like the eyes of a grim, mature, undauntable woman, who has just finished estimating the chances of her approaching journey.

On New Year's Day, a week later, up in the Northland with its cold, and snow, and gray-brown bleakness, there was a very definite little tap at the door of the Doctor's private office.

Deep in a somewhat headachy perusal of his latest medical journal, the Doctor did not rouse himself to acknowledge the summons until the sound reached the proportion of absolute clamor. Then, "Come in!" he called, a trifle more tersely than would have been necessary if he had answered the original call.

For an instant his print-tired eyes stared unrecognizingly at the fur-muffled figure before him. Then his brows crinkled.

"What! You here again?" he said drearily.

The Girl laughed. Something in the special quality of the laugh made the Doctor lean forward and scan her more closely.

"What is it?" he asked with cautious interest. "Let me see. You've been gone about seven weeks in Florida. And I suppose you've come back thinking that the hole in your lung is quite healed?"

"No," smiled the Girl, "but I've come home feeling positive that the hole in my will-power is most absolutely cured. I've come back to do what you tell me," she finished simply. Then a certain mocking humor flickered in her eyes. "And I've brought you another patient," she added, nodding casually toward the outer office.

Glancing at the clock, the Doctor motioned her to a chair and left the room abruptly, shutting the door behind him. After that she heard the remote slam of several doors.

It was half an hour before he returned to his desk. His face was very grave.

"This is an astounding situation," he said. There was infinitely more blame than praise in his voice. "You two sentimentalists! Are you utterly mad?"

"Yes, I think so," acknowledged the Girl cheerfully.

The Doctor laughed in spite of himself, and the Girl, relaxing, began to drum her fingers maddeningly on the arm of her chair.

After an interminable minute, the Doctor looked up quizzically.

"What are you hoping I'll do?" he probed.

The Girl stopped drumming. "Send us off to some 'Greenland's Icy Mountains' sort of a sanitarium," she suggested, "where Northern people like us can eat the kind of food we were bred to eat, and breathe the

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kind of air we were bred to breathe, and shiver—yes, even shiver—with the kind of cold that we were bred to shiver with, and——"

"I certainly will not send you to the same place," snapped the Doctor.

"Yes, you will!" said the Girl. Again her fur-turbaned head nodded back toward the outer office. "Yes, you will! That boy out there hasn't sense enough to get well without me. And besides"—her face was the graver one now—"it was I who brought him North. I am the one who is really responsible for him."

The Doctor jumped up and began to pace the floor.

"Of all the outrageous situations!" he snarled. "And good Lord!—Do you think I can raise the dead?"

"Yes, if you want to," said the Girl quite simply.

With a visible effort at self-control, the Doctor stopped his pacing altogether and came and stood in front of her.

"You've gone down-hill since I saw you last. But it isn't you I'm afraid of. An equal amount of proper food and common sense would save you yet. But the boy out there in the other room—that's different! He's 'all to the bad.'"

Changing instantly from trusting docility to her old belligerency, the Girl sprang one step toward him and stamped her foot.

"I won't get well unless he does!" she threatened. "I won't! I won't! I tell you I won't!"

"That's not my funeral," shrugged the Doctor. "You didn't suppose for an instant, did you, that your getting well was doing me any special favor?"

The Girl began to sob.

"Stop that!" said the Doctor. "Crying fits are one of the luxuries that you'll have to deny yourself for the next few months. Neither violent sorrows nor violent pleasures can enter your program for a long time to come. Do you understand, distinctly, everything that that means?"

"Yes," snuffled the Girl, "but I don't want Richard to die! More than that," she announced tremulously, "I won't have him die!"

The Doctor stared at her helplessly. "Richard has been sick and lazy a long time," he said—"three grossly self-indulgent years. I very much doubt if he has will-power enough left to get well."

The Girl straightened up. "I've got will-power enough for two," she said.

"And Richard," plodded the Doctor, "has most evidently squandered his fortune in 'far lands.' I very much doubt if Richard has money enough left to get well."

"I've money enough for both of us," she said. Then her lip curled. "But even if I hadn't," she gasped, "do you cure only for money?"

The Doctor shrugged aside her taunt.

Impetuously the Girl reached out and clutched at his sleeve. "Oh, I didn't mean that. Oh—please—make—us—well!" she gasped.

"Go out into the other room," said the Doctor. "I want to think."

As soon as he was alone, he began to pace the floor again. His shoulders sagged. His head drooped forward. All the temper, all the crisp animation waned utterly from him, leaving him gray, cold, timorous, irresolute. Through narrowing, speculative eyes he visualized the two young creatures in the outer room—the Girl's impetuous, wilful emotions roused as yet only to a sense of fierce, maternal protectiveness; the Boy's more definite passion. The long, inevitable battle of sex and sense, the weeks, months, years perhaps, of constant medical supervision, and even fatherly intimacy. Infinite patience, infinite study, infinite skill, inordinate worry; in the Boy's case, surely, the inevitable resort to desperate remedies, the awful responsibility of actually experimenting with life and death. The——

Then suddenly the Doctor's shoulders tightened. His chin lifted. His step quickened. Back to his dulled, evasive eyes came a bright gleam. Round his grim mouth a smile of almost malicious triumph flickered. Ego had awakened—Ego, the one supreme gift of the gods. Ego, the lashing, goading, grinning realization of his own personality that thrills a man's dormant pulses into the miraculous consciousness that he alone out of the whole wide world can tackle a certain task as he believes it ought to be tackled.

When the Girl, forgetting to knock, came plunging back into the office, she found him reseated at his desk. Her face was ghastly with suspense.

"Why, you're telephoning!" she cried reproachfully. "I thought you said you

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wanted me to go away so you could 'think.'"

The Doctor laughed. "I was just calling up New York," he said, "to cancel my steamer passage. I was planning to sail for the Mediterranean Thursday." He hesitated. After all, he was only human. "It's eleven years since I've had a vacation," he finished a little grimly.

The Girl's mind clung only to the fact of the canceled steamer passage.

"You mean—" she gasped — "you mean that you're going to take care of——"

The Doctor rose and closed his desk peremptorily. His face was almost as white as the Girl's.

"Richard!" he called through the open door. "Richard, come here!"

Springing into the doorway with every trace of physical languor, every taint of weakened will-power swallowed up suddenly in one tense, tingling, vital thought—the fear of death—the Boy straightened up his thin shoulders to meet the verdict.

"Richard, come closer!" said the Doctor.

With all her dominating protectiveness, the Girl's white hand clutched tight at the Boy's clammy fingers.

More solemnly than any priest who ever reached out to unite a man and woman, the Doctor reached out and separated the Boy and Girl before him.

"You little fools!" he cried out, not unkindly. "Can't you understand that there must be no love—no romance—no sentiment even, between you two from this day on?"

In the Doctor's firm right hand the Girl's fingers winced. In the Doctor's firm left hand the Boy's fingers loosened.

"This is no time to mince matters," said the Doctor bluntly. "I won't give you any definite answer as to whether I'll take care of you two or not until you tell me, as though your Maker were asking you, whether it is Love or Life that you are after. Because, if it's Love, I tell you frankly, without pang or compunction, you can not righteously marry. So tell me now, is it Life or Love? Tell me instantly!"

"Why, Life, of course," stammered the Girl.

"And you, Richard?" probed the Doctor's voice.

The slow, sad tick of the old-fashioned clock throbbed on and on and on. Outside in the street a clanging electric car silenced suddenly. Across the hall a plumber stopped pounding. Then in the stillness came the broken answer of a relinquished dream.

"L-i-f-e," sobbed the Boy.

Into the Doctor's eyes flashed a gleam of pride. "Good Boy! Good Girl!" he cried. "Richard, I'm going to try to make you well! Not 'better,' you hear, but well! Well! And now," he continued, "now for the most sacred of all sacred promises. Richard, say after me:

"*I, Richard,*"

"I, Richard,"

"*Consumptive,*"

"Consumptive,"

"*Renounce thee, Helen,*"

"Renounce thee, Helen,"

"*As my possible wife,*"

"As my possible wife,"

"*Forever and ever,*"

"Forever and ever,"

"*Unless Health should us reunite.*"

"Unless Health should us reunite."

"*—And God help the man who is trying to help you!*"

Out of her tears and her bitterness and her pain the Girl's smile shone forth suddenly all luminous with a great Hope.

"God help the man who is trying to help us!" she repeated softly.

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This is the judge all proud and cold.

This is the lawyer sent to mold
The mind of the judge all proud and cold.

BIG BUSINESS
And the Bench

NOW LET'S CLEAN - NOT WHITEWASH - THE COURTHOUSE

BY C·P·CONNOLLY

VI

IT IS too widely believed that the courts of the West monopolize the abuses of our judicial system, and that those of New England, New York, and New Jersey are invulnerable to criticism. It is true that the Eastern courts do not always exhibit the same evils that exist elsewhere, but they possess faults of their own quite as well defined and needful of correction. They have been the source of decisions, respected elsewhere for their integrity, and followed else-

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where as worthy guides, which, though honest indeed, were as invasive of the rights of mankind as those of the most corrupt of courts. Nor have even certain of these states been always free from the taint of boss-appointed, corporation-ruled judges.

With the survey of these Eastern courts that follows, the present series of articles on the American judicial system turns, in conclusion, from criticism to a constructive program of reforms and remedies.

This is Big Business, out for gold,
That sent the lawyer in to mold
The mind of the judge all proud and cold.

The right of a court to reduce the amount of a verdict is based upon the theory that juries are sometimes influenced by passion or prejudice. But this right should not be stretched into a usurpation by the court of the function of the jury; and when this occurs the right of trial by jury has been definitely impaired. The amount of the verdict is the essence of the verdict. What good does it do a suitor to secure a judgment unless the judgment is allowed to stand? Yet the courts refuse to permit juries to fix the amount of the verdict unless the amount comports with their ideas of justice. After a litigant has run the gantlet of the courts and their delays, the appellate court will finally say: "You won, and won fairly, but you got too much."

The litigant naturally inquires: "Why didn't you tell me you wouldn't let the verdict of the jury stand? If I had secured a verdict for less than you thought I was entitled to, would you have raised it?" He knows the court wouldn't, and he naturally loses respect for a court which protects the rights of his opponent but not his own.

If it were not for this, juries would not render verdicts for thirty or forty thousand dollars for a life. Such verdicts are often rendered in the belief that the Appellate Courts will reduce them.

There are of course exceptions. In 1901 Supreme Court Justice James A. O'Gorman of New York City, now United States senator, set aside a verdict for three hundred dollars against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company for the death of a five-year-old boy. Justice O'Gorman pointed out that the funeral expenses and other special damages proved in the case amounted to one hundred and eighty-one dollars, leaving but a little over one hundred dollars as compensation for the loss. He said such a verdict shocked the moral sense.

On April 10, 1896, Melville T. Graham, a child between four and five years of age, was run over and killed by one of the cars of the Consolidated Traction Company in Hudson County, New Jersey. The father of the child brought suit. A jury in the Hudson County Circuit Court gave him a verdict for $5,000. The Supreme Court of New

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Jersey set the verdict aside as "absurdly excessive," and ordered a new trial unless the father would consent to have the verdict reduced to $1,000. This sum would barely pay the lawyer. The offer of $1,000 was therefore rejected.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

This is the Boss, all brazen and bold,
That joins with Business, out for gold,
To send the lawyer in to mold
The mind of the judge all proud and cold.

In 1897 another jury gave the father another verdict for $5,000. Justice William S. Gummere, in setting aside this second verdict, relied upon a decision written years before by his father-in-law, Mercer Beasley, then Chief Justice, which first laid down in New Jersey the now well-known rule, *made by judges*, that a verdict for damages in such cases must be based only on what the child would probably have earned for its parent up to the time it arrived at majority.

ONE JUDGE'S VIEW OF CHILDREN

"Children are more often an expense than a pecuniary benefit to the father," said Justice Gummere. "If at the father's death an account was stated showing on the one side the moneys expended by him in the education, maintenance and support of the child, and on the other side the moneys received by the father from his child, in a majority of every hundred cases the moneys expended for the benefit of the child would be found to be far in excess of the amount received from him. And yet," continues Justice Gummere, "on the theory upon which this verdict is based, the larger a man's family is the more likely is he to die rich. . . . A family of ten sons would justify the assumption that at his death he would be better off by $50,000 than he would if he had never had issue."

Another jury gave the father of this child $5,000. Again the Supreme Court set the verdict aside. The next jury compromised and awarded $2,000, thinking perhaps the court might allow this verdict to stand. But it didn't. After three trials the court set the verdict aside. Evidently jurors tired of trying to please the Supreme Court of New Jersey, for there is no further trace of the case in that court.

It must have cost the Traction Company more than $5,000 to fight these three trials. I suppose they thought it a good investment. "Nothing so discourages litigation as despair of success," wrote Paley in his "Moral Philosophy."

In the case decided by Chief Justice Beasley which first laid down in New Jersey the rule of estimating damages in cases of death by accident, the son, aged twenty-two, of a widow was killed. The mother supported herself by her needle, with such

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aid as the son had been able to give. The court set aside a verdict for $3,000 on the ground that the widow was able to support herself by her needle, and that two younger sons, sixteen and nineteen years old, "were of ages to earn their own living"!

I would not think of accusing Chief Justice Gummere or the late Chief Justice Beasley of improper motives in any case. Justice Beasley honored the bench of New Jersey, and Justice Gummere is a fine type of everything that is best in our citizenship; but neither his training nor his social standing has ever brought him in touch with the masses of the people. He was appointed to the bench while attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The courts of New Jersey are so used to the domination of the Pennsylvania Railroad that they have ceased to realize its domination. I called the attention of a New Jersey judge to a story that I had heard of a judge of one court in New Jersey who was constantly hearing cases in which the Pennsylvania Railroad was a party while, during the vacations in his own court, he was appearing in an adjoining county himself as attorney for that railroad. The judge to whom I spoke, a judge about whose integrity there can be no question, defended this practise.

O. K.'D BY BIG BUSINESS

New Jersey, more than any other state, is modeled after the English system of jurisprudence, and it has consistently maintained all of the early narrowness, with none of the later progress, of the English system. If I were going to reform the law radically, I should start with New Jersey and Massachusetts. I do not mean to say that there are not many excellent decisions in both these states, but they are leavened by many which militate against social progress—more than any decisions I am aware of; and they are all the more dangerous because they are the decisions of eminently respectable judges.

Justice Mahlon Pitney, now of the United States Supreme bench, formerly Chancellor of New Jersey, rendered two decisions that aroused strong feeling against him at the time of his recent confirmation by the Senate. One was his decision in the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association case (77 New Jersey Equity, 219), in which he decided that the members of a labor organization could be enjoined from peaceably persuading persons not to accept employment, when such persons were not under any specific obligation to work. The other was his decision in the Friedman case,

This is the People, bound and sold
By the crafty Boss all brazen and bold,
That joins with Business, out for gold,
To send the lawyer in to mold
The mind of the judge all proud and cold.

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where a little girl four years old was injured by an iron girder, one of a pile insecurely stacked up on a sidewalk where a building was being constructed.

After reading these decisions, one does not have much difficulty in classifying Judge Pitney, nor does one wonder that Big Business was satisfied with him as a justice of the Supreme Court when it found that it could not get Judge W. C. Hook of Kansas. It is not only the law that he lays down, but the mental attitude of the judge, which shows judicial narrowness.

It appeared necessary for Judge Pitney's friends, at the time of his nomination, to announce through the press that it was not he, but his father, also a former chancellor, who was the author of the labor decision; and this statement, though erroneous, seems not to have been corrected by Judge Pitney.

I do not criticize Judge Pitney as a man. But I do say that corrupt judges do not render opinions more serviceable to the great corporations than his, nor opinions less in accord with what the average man understands justice in this twentieth century to be. Such decisions make more Socialists in a year than all the arguments the Socialists constantly marshal against existing conditions. And in these decisions a majority of New Jersey's highest court, of course, concurred.

JUDGESHIPS SOLD AT PRIVATE AUCTION

One evening, some three years ago, in the lobby of the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, I heard the political boss of one of New York's counties vaunt his control of the judges in his county. I thought at the time he was a mere boaster. Investigation proved his claim true.

Frederick R. Coudert, of the New York City bar, said two years ago in a public speech in Cooper Union: "I have heard of cases—and it is common talk among lawyers—in which $60,000, $100,000, and, I believe, as high as $180,000, have been paid for the ermine. With this condition existing, it is easy to understand the state in which our courts are to-day. The political judge is supposed to take care of organization men; and so it comes about that the enormously profitable receiverships and refereeships are given to men merely because they stand well with the organization."

In the Democratic party certain local bosses are said to profit personally by these judicial contributions. In the other party, the judicial candidates are among the heaviest contributors to campaign expenses. For this reason neither political party has been anxious for an investigation of these matters.

Down to the time of the Revolution in France, judgeships were sold at public auction to the highest bidder. They are sold at private auction in New York City to-day. And now, as then, it is a crime to question the integrity of the judges.

BOSS-MADE JUDGES

A few years ago, Richard Croker, returning from his foreign home for a visit to the land which had made him a millionaire, was banqueted in New York City. Around the board sat twelve judges, paying tribute to this successful beneficiary of corrupt politics.

From the judges elected to the Supreme Bench the governor designates those who are to constitute the Appellate Divisions; and the judges elected to the Supreme Bench are selected by the political bosses. Judge Mitchell Louis Erlanger, for instance, was selected through the influence of "Big Tim" Sullivan. Judge Erlanger is a brother of "Abe" Erlanger, of Klaw & Erlanger. This theatrical "trust" has much litigation in the courts, and "Big Tim" Sullivan is financially interested in the firm. That he has made a good judge is no argument for the method of his selection. There are a number of judges who owe their selection to Sullivan.

William Willett, Jr., a former Congressman, was bound over to the grand jury in the fall of 1911 on the charge of having paid money to Louis T. Walter, a lieutenant of the democratic "Boss" Joseph Cassidy of Queens County, New York, for the nomination which he received from a Democratic convention for the office of Supreme Court judge.

Many judges are selected in Manhattan through the influence of Thomas F. Ryan, of Tobacco Trust and Metropolitan Street Railway fame.

There is a wide-spread belief among New York lawyers that they must employ either Alton B. Parker or Morgan J. O'Brien in order to be certain of a hearing in the higher courts. These lawyers are attorneys of the

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great corporations. Morgan J. O'Brien is very close to Thomas Fortune Ryan. Another lawyer said to have the ear of the court is De Lancey Nicoll, also of Ryan's legal force. These lawyers are, of course, eminently respectable, and their standards of professional ethics are no doubt high. But judges often resign from the bench for the purpose of accepting such litigation. The condition is one that should be remedied.

In one case in New York City (Manhattan) a decision was rendered in the Surrogate's court. The defeated party thereupon appealed to the Appellate Division, and employed, as additional counsel, Morgan J. O'Brien. The Appellate Division reversed the case; the decision read well, but it incorrectly stated an important fact.

THE FAR-WEST WAY IN THE EAST

Judge Emile Henry Lacombe of the Federal bench of New York notoriously leans toward the corporations. He was appointed through the influence of William C. Whitney, the Metropolitan Street Railway magnate and associate of Ryan. Judge Lacombe was in Whitney's office when Whitney was corporation counsel of New York City. He had entire charge, as a judge, of the notorious reorganization of the Metropolitan. Perhaps no corporation in the country shows a record of such corruption as the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. And Judge Lacombe did his best as a judge to make the recent Tobacco Trust decision of the Supreme Court more ridiculous than it originally was.

Benjamin Oppenheim, a New York lawyer, was disbarred on the application of the Metropolitan company in 1901. Oppenheim had won in the trial court a suit for damages against the company for injuries sustained by a child that was knocked down and permanently crippled by a street car. It was charged later by the railway that Oppenheim in that case had been guilty of subornation of perjury. At the time of the charges preferred to Governor Hughes against District Attorney William Jerome, ten years after Oppenheim had been disbarred, a number of vouchers turned up, amounting in the aggregate to nearly three thousand dollars, for sums paid by the railway to the witnesses that had sworn against Oppenheim. Fifteen hundred dollars had been paid to the referee who signed the report in the case, recommending a new trial on the ground of Oppenheim's alleged subornation of perjury. The Appellate Division has recently rendered a decision reopening the case and referring it once more to a referee.

Federal Judge Henry Galbraith Ward had been counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad before his appointment. Other Federal judges in New York were railroad attorneys before their elevation to the bench, though Judge Noyes, one of these, is a man against whom no word of criticism is heard. Judge George Chandler Holt is a man of sterling integrity, according to common report among lawyers, and Judge Learned Hand is among the best of our Federal judges.

The caliber of many of the men who have been elected to the Supreme Court bench in New York city, however, makes the office a doubtful honor for any man of practise or prominence. There is no dignity in the office. Most of the men who have gone on the bench were at the time unknown at the bar—at least of indifferent reputation and practise; and yet, of course, in New York, as elsewhere, some of these men have made exceptionally able and upright judges. It would be as untrue to say they are all incapable as it would be untrue to say they are all of unimpeachable integrity.

SWIVEL-CHAIR LAWYERS

The attractions and temptations of money-making are enormous at the bar in cities like New York. The flower of the bar has been drawn away from advocacy into the more lucrative field of financial law: that is, into positions as salaried clerks and advisers to the great financiers —positions which yield fortunes and speculative opportunities. Nearly every large law firm in New York has the bulk of its cases tried by clerks and junior partners.

As a result, the chiefs of the bar are not in touch with the courts. They are not interested in them, so far as the routine of court work goes; and when they want decisions themselves, they usually get them.

ALBANY AND BOSS BARNES

The city of Albany is one of the greatest centers of vice in the United States. The municipal government, the financial institutions, and the slums are in a partnership

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more intimate than San Francisco saw in its worst days. William Barnes, Jr., the Republican boss, holds his power through elections which are shown to have been openly purchased. Barnes is easily a millionaire. He is not supposed to render an accounting in political matters.

Under Barnes's rule the New York Central Railroad, without compensation, and in violation of the constitution of the state, has taken twelve acres of land at Albany, known as the Albany Basin, a harbor formerly used by all steam and canal boats. The Delaware and Hudson has a plan on foot now to take what is left of the basin.

The destruction of this Erie Basin has forced the Canal Commission to go a mile and a half from Albany to find a terminal.

The railroads acquired the basin so as to destroy water competition.

No judge in Barnes's district can be nominated or elected without the consent of Barnes. Governor Hughes appointed Randall J. LeBœuf to fill a vacancy in that district. LeBœuf was an honorable man and a high-minded judge. At the election following LeBœuf's appointment Barnes turned him down, and nominated and elected in his place William P. Rudd, an attorney for the New York Central Railroad.

NO "HOLIER THAN THOU" FOR NEW YORK

These matters are not, of course, new to New Yorkers. I am repeating them here, in view of what follows, to show in part the debased conditions in Albany. The Supreme Court of California has been subjected to a torrent of criticism because it protected the political ring in San Francisco. I want the New Yorker to judge for himself whether there is any vital difference between the highest courts of New York and those of California.

On July 21, 1911, the senate and assembly of New York adopted a concurrent resolution which authorized the appointment of a special committee of the senate with power to investigate the charges of wholesale corruption in the government of Albany city and county. William Barnes, Jr., was one of the unwilling witnesses before this committee. The evidence tended to show that for ten years the J. B. Lyon Company had been awarded a large quantity of printing, by both the city and county of Albany, without public bidding, and contrary to law. Barnes owned seven hundred and fifty shares out of an issue of three thousand shares in this corporation, and this stock had been a gift to him, as it was alleged, for his political influence. The report of the Senate Investigating Committee said that the gross expenditure of public money in Albany for public printing was "simply scandalous."

Barnes refused to produce the books proving these facts; and the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the state, refused to compel him to produce the evidence. It said that even if the stock was given to Barnes, "it was his private affair." There was not, mind you, any question of constitutional right or privilege involved. The court said that the matter was "immaterial."

"IMMATERIAL"—BUT TO WHOM?

It *was* immaterial in the view of judges who believe the political boss is a political necessity. But no one reading the opinion of the court can escape the conclusion that the purpose was to protect Barnes, who is not only the Albany boss, but the chairman of the Republican State Committee. Behind Barnes is Wall Street, as behind Murphy is Wall Street; and a decision that protects Barnes may protect Murphy some time, for the law is now settled.

Documentary proof of these charges would have served a wholesome public purpose. It would have removed from the question the veil of doubt which partisan charges always raise in the public mind.

If any lawyer thinks I am drawing unwarranted legal conclusions, let him read the dissenting opinions of Chief Justice Cullen and Justice Willard Bartlett.

JUDICIAL BLUE-HOSE

The courts of Massachusetts are not in any sense corrupt. A Boston lawyer told me that there was not a judge in Massachusetts, from the highest to the lowest, who could afford to own an automobile. Massachusetts judges are appointed for life by the governor. Massachusetts and New Jersey are two states where the standards of judges and of justice are supposed to be

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higher than anywhere else. But Massachusetts judges, like New Jersey judges, will go as far as any in putting the interests of property above the interests of human life, and they will do it with finesse, and adroitness, and ability in the writing of their opinions.

The Boston judge will favor the man who belongs to his clique, just as the Tammany judge in New York will do the same thing; but he will condemn the act of the Tammany judge as reprehensible, because, forsooth, his hosiery is not as blue as the Massachusetts standard requires.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has recently gone to the extreme in decisions against labor unions, and in so doing has reversed its own previous decisions. There is a line of decisions in that state which border on the heartless, and in which the Supreme Court, as in many other states, has arrogated to itself the functions of the jury.

In one case against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, an inexperienced brakeman on a freight train had been killed by being knocked off his car by the corner of a building that was but two and a half feet from the nearest rail of the track. The Supreme Court said that when the defendant invited the dead man to work for it, it was an invitation to work on the road as constructed, and that the railway did not "obligate itself to rebuild its tracks and buildings and make them more safe."

In deciding this case the Supreme Court expressly overruled a former decision of its own.

ONE STEP BEYOND "THE LIMIT"

A few years ago the Boston Elevated Street Railway put up this sign: "Passengers ride on the platform at their own risk." The street railways of Boston have always carried people on the platform and collected fares for such accommodations. The cars were jammed night and morning on both front and rear platforms, as well as inside. The Supreme Court held that a person injured while riding on the platform could not recover damages. The street-car company could collect its nickel—it was not bound by the sign; but the passenger was.

The legislature repealed this decision, and provided that the sign should be no defense to a claim for damages.

In Connecticut, for years it was the practise of corporations, when a suit for damages was brought against them, to let it go by default—that is, to refuse to answer. This avoided a trial by jury and allowed the judge to fix the damages. The judges ruled—and the Supreme Court sustained them—that if the defendant could prove that the plaintiff was in fault at all, or contributed to the accident, he should recover only nominal damages. By methods straight or devious, the corporations would prove that the plaintiff had been in fault. And the judges did the rest. Nine times out of ten they gave the plaintiff damages for twenty-five dollars; sometimes they went as high as one hundred dollars; and sometimes as low as a dollar.

The practise became so notorious and so shameless that the Democratic party attacked the abuse in its state platforms, and after much agitation it was finally corrected by the legislature.

"FIXING" THINGS IN RHODE ISLAND

In Rhode Island the Supreme Court judges are elected for life by the legislature, and, as in Massachusetts, are removable at any time, with or without cause stated, by a majority of the same body. Charles R. Brayton, the Republican boss whose word was the law in Rhode Island, selected the judges and the legislature elected them. Boss Brayton was admitted to the bar at the age of fifty-one, but never practised. He accepted retainers, however. One of his clients was the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

The legislature passed a law declaring that motormen and conductors should not work more than ten hours a day. While this bill was pending, Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and his friends were negotiating for the sale of their electric railway interests. The prospective purchasers refused to buy if this law was to become effective. Brayton fixed it. He had the law amended by adding after the words: "No motorman or conductor shall work more than ten hours a day" the clause: "unless he shall contract so to do." And every motorman and conductor thereafter had to "contract." What the corporations would do without the political boss is a Chinese puzzle.

No man who has not shown a proper respect for wealth, or the traction companies, or the railways, has ever got on the bench

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in Rhode Island, except for one brief period when the power of the boss was temporarily in eclipse.

The Supreme Court, until 1900, when the power was forbidden it, claimed the right to usurp the functions of the jury and to order judgments on the evidence. The court consists of five members, four of whom would probably not have been considered for their positions but for the political services they had rendered the "machine." At the time of their election, three of these judges were members of the legislature, the body which elected them.

THE TOP NOTCH IN ILLINOIS

One state remains to be mentioned with a somewhat peculiar distinction. In Illinois the right of trial by jury is more flagrantly invaded than anywhere else.

By the seventh amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the right of trial by jury is preserved, and it is provided that "no fact, tried by jury, shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of common law." There are in Illinois three judges of appellate courts clothed with the remarkable power of setting aside judgments on the facts alone. They may reverse the verdicts of juries because they do not agree with the judgment of the jury.

These judges do not see the witnesses face to face; they do not know the manner of their testimony, nor their bearing on the stand; they go solely upon the cold and unillumined pages of the record; and their finding is final, with no relief in the Supreme Court. The appellate court will say: "We will set aside this verdict because we do not agree with the conclusions of the jury."

When the case is further appealed to the Supreme Court, that court will say: "We may agree with the jury, and disagree with the appellate court, but we can not disturb the court's findings of fact; that is not our province; we can only correct its law."

WHAT ARE THE REMEDIES?

No great evil was ever cured by a panacea. There are many remedies—as many as there are writers and thinkers on the subject. The evils here portrayed never will be entirely eradicated, because the causes at work are similar to those in every walk of life. One must presuppose always the fallibility of man.

But there are certain changes which can be effected in a short time, and which should operate to minimize many of the judicial abuses outlined in this series.

First of all: Publicity.

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of justice. Judges have grown reckless and contemptuous because they have known that public criticism was not likely to attend their acts. The time has come when we must learn to know and understand what our courts are doing. We shall be the better citizens for this, and our judges will be better judges. The honest judge is not afraid of criticism. He knows that unjust criticism hurts only the accuser.

Judges must permit respectful criticism from lawyer as well as layman.

Every judge should school himself—or be schooled—to the respectful, but plain, speaking of lawyers, both in and out of court. Judges have too long lived in the hothouse of flattery. They have become used to it, and the lawyer who doesn't flatter their vanity is at a disadvantage. Instead of appealing to the judge's knowledge of the law, lawyers appeal to his weaknesses.

The practise of disbarring lawyers for criticism of the courts should not be tolerated, even if it is necessary to invoke public wrath to cure the evil. There is no reason why free speech regarding the courts should be guaranteed to every other citizen, and denied to the lawyer. He may mercilessly attack the President of the United States, but he may not attack a judge. He fears the judge for his power—a power from which there is no appeal to the people. If the lawyer speaks his mind, his means of livelihood is gone. And unfortunately he is often the only one who is able to see and understand the hall-marks of infamy in a judge.

The same rule should be applied by legislation to the state courts that applies to the Federal courts — namely, that every

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judge is entitled to his action for libel, triable before a jury, *but no more.*

No state court should be permitted to do what the Supreme Court of Colorado did in the case of former United States Senator Patterson—punish a man severely, without trial, for the publication of charges against the honor of the court, without permitting him to defend himself by proof of his charges.

THE ROYAL RIGHTS OF JUDGES

Nor should any case like that of Charles A. Thatcher, the Toledo lawyer, be tolerated. Thatcher criticised, among others, two Supreme Court judges during a political campaign in which these judges were candidates for reelection. After the election the Supreme Court appointed a packed committee to prefer charges against him. He was disbarred by the Supreme Court, by the votes of the two judges whom he had criticised. (The Supreme Court of Minnesota refused to sit in judgment in a similar case.) The legislature reinstated Thatcher; but the Supreme Court refused to recognize its right to do this.

Another reform that should, and can, be effected, is the reform of "the law's delays."

This phrase has become a byword—justly and shamefully so.

In the first half of the nineteenth century in England, it was said that no man in middle life, beginning a suit in equity, could possibly hope to live to see the end of it; and yet in the English law courts to-day matters are disposed of with an expedition and a substantial justice which put our American system to shame. There you may bring your suit and get a decision in two weeks.

In one case in Missouri, argued four years ago before the Supreme Court, after the case had been on the calendar for three years, there has not yet been a decision. Every judge of the court who heard the argument of the case is now retired from the bench.

The history of one stockholder's suit in New York for a period of ten months shows that the plaintiffs were harassed by over twenty motions and appeals, with hearings and arguments before twenty-two judges, one of the judges hearing seven arguments.

We have returned to the ancient trial by combat, in which strength, endurance, and skill were required for victory.

The man who wants to defeat a claim because it is just and because he is in the wrong, puts off his suit as long as possible, and thus keeps from paying his just debts. Business men have no confidence in the courts. They have their own arbitration committees in the great business boards and exchanges. They know they will never get a decision in time to be of value. The matter that has taken them a few hours to contract is going to take the courts years to decide, after various learned references to Coke and Croke, to Plowden and the Year Books.

Reform in this matter of the law's delay must come largely from within the profession itself; and to a certain extent from the legislatures. The whole system of procedure must be revised. Lawyers and judges are the best qualified to do this; and the bar associations are the mediums which should place themselves at the service of the public.

"FOR YOUR MUCH SPEAKING"

It is time to simplify court procedure.

The degree to which our courts regard the technicalities of procedure is a matter of deepest concern.

When judges stretch the rules of law out of all semblance to their original form and out of all semblance to justice or common sense, chaos reigns in the judicial forum, and public disgust sooner or later resolves itself into public criticism and contempt.

There is infinite chance for reform in the matter of pleading. Obsolete Latin and Middle Age casuistical forms should be completely abolished. All that is best of modern thought and of freedom and justice has been expressed in the English language. Some one has said that when sense and logic fail, lawyers resort to Latin maxims.

If I am charged in an indictment with killing a man, it ought not to be necessary to describe minutely the human anatomy, or the entire stock of a gunsmith shop, or to draw upon the outgrown forms of four hundred years ago, in order to be certain that I shall be sure to understand what, as a result of this senseless verbiage, I can not understand. A judge of one of our Supreme Courts recently said that if we abolished technical forms and pleadings "any fool might practise law." I don't believe judges and lawyers have a monopoly of common

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sense. Justice Joseph McKenna, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in one of his dissenting opinions, said, on the contrary, that "at times there seems to come an antithesis between legal sense and common sense."

In our probate courts property rights worth millions are adjudicated every year, and claims in vast amounts allowed or rejected, with hardly a pen scratch of formal pleading.

What a rebuke to the bar was that which President Taft gave at Chicago, on September 16, 1909, when he said that such reforms as had taken place in unjust rules of law would probably have been long delayed but for the energetic agitation of these questions by the representatives of organized labor.

We should seek for judges who are in sympathy with the modern spirit.

Judges fall short in the study of history and of the progress of the human race. History is the recital of the struggle for better life and light, and judges too often forget that law is not the repression of the popular will, but the expression of it.

IN THE MIDST OF LAW WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

There is too great a tendency on the part of our courts to uphold property rights at the expense of human rights. This follows from the fact that the great majority of our judges live in a past age. They have comparatively little comprehension of modern conditions. They are not familiar with the gamut of human life. Once out of the university, the future judges drift into associations which make against all sympathy for common men. Many reach the bench at a period in life when the formative epoch has been passed, and when their mental habits are so fixed as not to be susceptible to change.

This conservatism of the bench and its lack of sympathy with modern conditions are best illustrated by its attitude toward legislation seeking to provide compensation for those who are injured in our modern industrialism. It is a reflection upon the American people that we cling to a barbaric and antiquated system of pleading which permits the defense of the "fellow-servant" rule, for example, after almost every other civilized country has abandoned it.

It has usually been the experience that when factory or mine inspection laws, or laws limiting the hours of labor in dangerous or unhealthful occupations, have been passed, the courts have declared them unconstitutional. As early as 1894 an eminent attorney-general of Massachusetts said in his annual report that "within the last four years more statutes have been declared unconstitutional than in the first seventy years under the Constitution."

Something should be done to curb the power of judges in declaring laws unconstitutional.

That power was never intended, even when first arrogated, except in cases where the law was so obviously repugnant to the Constitution that the inconsistency, when pointed out, might be seen by all men.

WHAT ARE OUR LEGISLATURES FOR?

Growing out of this usurped power of the judiciary, is the frittering away of the usefulness of laws passed by legislatures. These are clearly cases of "judicial legislation," and, to the degree that our courts have gone, this usurpation was certainly never intended by the founders as part of our scheme of government.

Mr. Justice Day, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a dissenting opinion in a case in which the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission was in question, said that the majority opinion of the court was in effect to "entirely reform the act of Congress, substituting for it by judicial construction a much narrower act than Congress intended to pass and did in fact pass."

Judges should make a practise of giving their reasons for their decisions.

The Supreme Court of Ohio decides about half of its cases, and some of its most important ones, without saying why. Legislatures in the different states have attempted to correct this habit, but the courts have indignantly denied the right of the legislature to encroach upon their work, though they do not hesitate themselves to usurp the functions of the legislature.

Judges, furthermore, might profitably study the art of condensation in the writing of their opinions.

It is a fact known to lawyers that the

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simplest and most understandable opinions are those handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. The law books are filled with unnecessary waste of labor and unnecessary refinements of logic.

HOW TO HURRY SLOW JUSTICE

Appellate courts should decide every question raised in the cases brought before them.

This would do more to expedite justice than any other one reform. It is almost a universal custom with appellate courts to decide the issues appealed from the trial courts upon one or two out of the ten or fifteen or twenty points of error raised by the losing party in the trial court, leaving all the other disputed points undecided. The Supreme Court will often, indeed, say that "inasmuch as the case must go back for a second trial, we will not pass upon these disputed questions now."

The trial judge is left in doubt upon the questions still undecided by the appellate court. He may have his own opinion, in the second trial, of what the law is on these questions, as he had in the first trial, but he does not know what the appellate court will think, and he is bound by its opinions, not by his own. He is, therefore, as much in the dark upon many questions during the second trial as he was during the first.

The case now goes again to the higher court, and is decided upon one or two further points, and then returned again for another trial. In this way trial after trial is had. If the higher courts would decide every question raised on the first trial, the lower court might have a clear vision on the second trial, and clean up the case.

THE RECALL IS INCOMPLETE

The states should adopt laws that will permit of but one appeal in civil actions.

Time is the essential thing with the poor man; it is a non-essential with the rich man and the corporation. They can afford to wait. Delays are always to the advantage of the corporation.

The recall of judges is not a complete remedy for existing evils.

To cite one state alone: a dozen judges in Indiana have left the bench to enter the employ of railroads. Their decisions remain, to be followed by their successors. One judge of that state was drawing a salary as a judge of the Supreme Court while drawing another salary as general counsel of a railroad company—while his client was interested in a decision pending in his court. Such judges, recalled by the people, would be immediately rewarded by the corporations which they had favored. The decisions they rendered would remain to control future cases.

I do not mean to say that the recall of judges is not meritorious—it is only a question of its entire efficiency. It is not a complete remedy. Besides, the American public is conservatively charitable. It dislikes to condemn any man unless after most convincing proof of his guilt, though it may be perfectly willing to condemn his doctrines.

The judicial recall has been in effect for ten years in Oregon, and it has never been invoked. It is ridiculous to suppose that the public is going to recall any judge for one or two or half a dozen of his decisions.

Prior to the adoption of our Constitution, the power of judicial recall was lodged in the legislatures of five states. This method was borrowed from the English system, under which judges are still removable by a majority vote of each house of Parliament.

Recall of decisions would be more effective.

It would at least settle the doubt as to whether the people meant what the court said they meant by certain words.

After a legislature adjourns, there may be some doubt as to what it meant when it legislated; but there isn't very much doubt as to the meaning of what the people say after an election.

The remedy provided by impeachment is of doubtful value.

In the history of the Federal bench, only nine cases of impeachment proceedings are recorded, and in only two was the verdict "Guilty." The same difficulty is found in getting rid of impeachable state judges. The forces that profit by the decisions of such judges look to their security.

A WARNING FROM THE AZTECS

The Aztecs had a drastic remedy for judicial evils which is of interest, not as a precedent, but as an indication of the spirit in which the same evils we are fighting now have been attacked in other ages.

When Cortez invaded Mexico, shortly

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after Columbus discovered America, he found that the ancient Aztecs had a judicial system, as well as barber-shops, vapor-baths, and other accessories of civilization, including an efficient police force. They had evidently had, before Cortez's time, a corrupt judiciary, for that warrior found that corrupt judges were condemned to death and their tanned skins nailed in the seats of their successors as a reminder of the penalty of transgression.

But above all reforms in the law and the judiciary, in the bar and the bench, appeal should be made for better patriotism and wiser outlook to the men who are behind these conditions.

When the invader subjugated England, if we are to believe the historians, he did not come to light his own fires or to clean his own boots, but to take his ease as master. He did not exterminate the natives, because he wished to make of them, for his benefit, hewers of wood and tillers of the soil. He no more thought of killing off the men whom he had conquered than he thought of slaying the sheep and the oxen. He had conquered by the sword; henceforth he was to rule by the finesse of peace. He set about to exploit men by means of the law, and under the pretense of justice.

Even our own early laws and constitutions, framed by men of democratic instincts, favored the rich. Our forebears were handicapped by the letter and the spirit of the laws which had come down to them, and which, in the press of things, they failed to alter.

In the law we are still in the shadow of the medieval past.

An institution so grounded in the very genesis of civilization, linked with every struggle for human liberty, can not be readily reformed. It is a structure built by the slow process of the ages, each generation laying its row of brick and pointing its own mortar. We can not correct these conditions by anything short of slow and tedious work. The bad bricks will have to be taken out of the structure one by one, and replaced by good ones.

We are moving forward everywhere, despite the pessimism of the age. We shall find our way out of the darkness in good time. We have behind us too glorious a past to descend to the level of helplessness. We can not be false to the lights that have beckoned millions to our shores. So long as free speech remains, the goal is possible of achievement. The errors of judicial decisions require no revolution or violence for remedy.

"It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

Editor's Note:—This sixth instalment is the concluding article of Mr. Connolly's present survey of the American judiciary. When we began the series, we had at our command what Mr. Connolly had gathered during his investigations on his own behalf and in our service. The publication of the successive articles has resulted in bringing to us a great number of revelations from other sources, lawyers as well as laymen. Those who had not known where to turn with facts at their command in regard to judicial abuses have sent material which would justify extended research for verification and publication. Indeed, it is not too much to say that we are farther from the end now than when we began.

We have wished, however, to present the case against the courts as quickly and succinctly as is possible in this manner, so that the public might receive a flashlight impression and then share in the resultant general scrutiny of the courts. And this is what is happening. Judges are being subjected to observation as never before. Disclosures of further facts are coming to light daily in the press, and Mr. Connolly's positions are being vindicated in the minds of many readers who only a few months ago felt that the courts were invulnerable to attack.

It is not sufficient merely to find a rascal and turn him out. The broad problem of humanizing and socializing our entire system of law is the task before the country—a difficult task and a separate work by itself. Our readers may rest assured that with this number we are only interrupting, not dropping, the presentation of this most significant subject.

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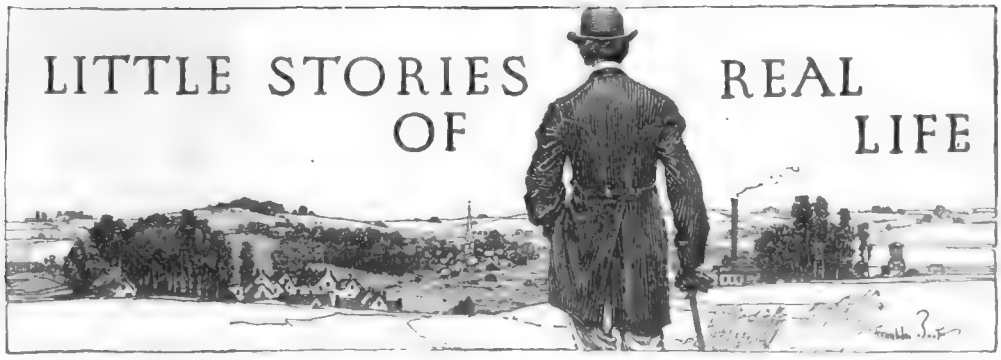

HIS FEALTY

BY MARGARET BURROUS MARTIN

"OF ALL the limping elephants and grunting pigs, you Dagos sure do your trick the slowest." Dan Maloney shifted his tobacco from left cheek to right, and with a disciplinary scowl continued his characteristic harangue at his gang of night-shift laborers at the steel plant.

"Hump yourselves, all of youse now. Sure and the day shift will be coming on, and thinking they've just turned around. Hump yourselves. You—you over there! You baby-doll wigged Eyetalian."

Julius Mikanovce, feeling the eye of the big Irish boss on him, and hearing the hated misnomer "Italian," shook his brown curls and ventured apologetically: "Me? Me no Italian, Mista Mylona, me Slavonian."

The servile meekness of manner and voice, more than the correction, irritated big Dan Maloney, and the roar of his rage put temporary speed into the usual lethargic movements of his gang.

"Aw! Ta-ell-wit-ye! Who the devil cares what ye are? It's wops ye all are and always will be, and not a bit do any of us be caring as long as ye hump yerselves and move this slag hill."

Julius Mikanovce dropped his brown, curl-covered head as would a child to avert a blow; but the apologetic meekness of posture was contradicted by the resentment in the blue eyes, his heritage from a North Russian grandmother.

As he swung his heavy pick into the encrusted slag, his mind groped dully for the key to this great new country. Free, they called it, and yet he had learned with bitterness that here even one's children were not one's own to turn into profit. Only a few weeks ago he had discovered that his oldest girl, quite, quite woman grown, of age almost fifteen, could earn good money in a tobacco factory, when lo!—came to his house a man, not with sword or bayonet, but with a small badge on which was the title "Truant Officer"—and Anna was returned to school.

Julius was at heart proud of the education of his big Anna. She and her brother, almost a year her junior, could easily read all that was printed in the paper which the family dog filched from some neighbor's steps each evening. At first, Julius Mikanovce had hastened to close and bar his door when his foolhardy son or daughter read aloud unflattering things about the big American czar. But such precautions only increased the merriment of his fearless brood; and with equal courage his big boss nightly shouted strange things about "the President," without even a glance over his shoulder.

After all, thought the Slav, as he dug his pick into the slag at his feet, it was foolish to think about things. The whole country was a constant contradiction. But one thing remained fixed and approved in his disturbed mind: One could earn dollars to provide for one's always increasing family.

True, one's family demanded most peculiar things—things of luxury. Yesterday now, his son Peter, the next in years to Anna, had said:

"I gotta have eighty-five cents. See? I

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"I GOTTA GET A PAIR O' SNEAKS."

gotta get a pair o' sneaks. Me, I'm captain on the team at school, and I gotta have a pair o' sneaks. I can't swipe 'em off anybody 'cause, see, I got the biggest feet."

The recent proof of the School's right to his daughter's time had left Julius hazy on its rights to his hard-earned money, so, promptly though resentfully, he had given the eighty-five cents demanded. And now as the early morning promised the end of his night's toil, he thought with dismay of the one cent that remained of his pay. Should any of his children, belonging to the School he was learning to fear and hate, demand money this morning, it would be beyond his power to obey. One coin he must keep, however small, to insure the luck of his native province. To-morrow was pay-day; until then the coin must remain in his pocket, even if little Flora wanted it.

Julius's eyes softened at thought of Flora. Of all his sturdy brood, Flora alone had the blue eyes of her father; unlike the others, too, her hair hung in pale gold ringlets; and the gentle ways that went with her flower-like coloring had found a tenderness in Julius's heart, which even his wife as sweetheart had not discovered. Suppose, on this of all mornings, Flora should desire "a cent to git candy for recess!"

As he walked homeward, the soul of Julius Mikanovce seethed with discontent. Also—doubtless the sequence is perverted—his stomach seethed with discontent. The recent abundance of fat-soaked food had made serious warfare on his digestive organs, used to the scant fare of his native village. Now, were it not for the School, he would have in his pocket, as on other mornings, the money to buy the drink which his stomach, with its load of bucket-lunch indigestibles, craved.

At his door he was met by the usual smell of frying pork and an onslaught of his brood.

"Say! Git to bed quick and git your sleep out, 'cause you gotta go to school this afternoon. See? All the kids' fathers wot don't work days is gotta come. See? It's for Washington's birthday, an' all the kids' fathers and mothers should for to come. See?"

Julius Mikanovce thought he saw: in this country, so falsely called free, it was not the Army that oppressed, but always and always the School. As he washed down half-cooked food with coffee oily from repeated boiling, he thought resentfully of his dreams of America as a land of the free, with untold wealth for the asking. As he kicked off his shoes—his only preparation for sleep—he sleepily muttered:

"Aw! America like what the big boss call —a—a fake. American no more better off Slavonian."

When at noon his more than usually noisy brood returned from morning session at school, he lay half awake listening dully to the talk about crowns, flags, forwards, stars, folk dance, and the basket.

At length, fully roused, in obedience to the commands of his children, he resentfully washed such portions of his anatomy as would be visible above his best clothes, and promised to be at school at the appointed hour.

Two o'clock found him, his brown curls turned up under the edge of a misfit derby

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hat, at the bottom of the stone steps of the big brick schoolhouse. As he fingered his solitary coin, transferred to these, his best and only clean "pants," he found the temptation to turn and escape the unknown fate before him growing in power.

But before his body, habitually sluggish, followed the decision of his will, a lady, evidently a Teacher, one of those all-powerful in the School, called down in a voice that tolerated no difference of opinion:

"Come this way. The exercises have not begun yet. We want all the parents seated before we begin."

Julius, for generations uncounted the obedient, found his dawning will a thing of cobwebs, his heavy feet the slaves of confident authority. Up, up, climbed the heavy shoes. Furtively he turned each corner, his spine curved in apologetic obeisance, and at last he found himself seated as directed in one of the front seats of the new auditorium-gymnasium of the school. A curtain of shiny, flimsy, black muslin was stretched between the audience and the front part of the hall.

A young woman, whose lacy blouse seemed to Julius strangely out of keeping with the season of snow and ice, sat restlessly in front of a piano; from time to time she glanced from the clock to a door at the right of the curtained stage.

As Julius listened, bewildered, to the whispers and giggles that crept into the room through the door watched by the lady at the piano, an older lady in a short skirt, with gray hair elaborately arranged over a stern brow, walked out in front of the shining black curtain and smiled mechanically at the ill-at-ease audience. In a few trite sentences Miss Marshall, principal of the Mill District School, welcomed "the parents and friends of the pupils whom it was the privilege of herself and her able corps of teachers to help guide in the paths of citizenship and true womanhood and manhood."

"AMERICAN NO MORE BETTER OFF SLAVONIAN."

As she passed to the other side of the room amid a stormy applause, led by the pupils, as yet not in sight, the lady at the piano struck up an emphatic march, and as faintly came a stage whisper—"Mark time," and the sound of many little feet filled the hall.

Two by two they came, girl and boy. First in line, his red locks straight and uncompromisingly pointing heavenward, a large banner bearing the name of the school held proudly aloft, was young Dan Maloney, son of Julius's big boss. By his side, her brown braids hanging to her waist, a great bow of blue satin crowning her pretty head, was the little daughter of Thomas Masters, mill superintendent. Her little blue slippers below her long, blue-silk stockings seemed to tread on Julius Mikanovce's heart. Just so would he have liked to see his Flora dressed.

As his eyes followed the line of children marching, marching on to the platform out of sight behind the big curtain, the last thought of his morning rebellion returned, strengthened by his jealousy of the superintendent's child.

"America, it all a—a—fake." And even as his eyes darkened at the thought, there in line came his Flora. Julius's eyes widened. All in white was his beauty child. Naught sensed he of the coarseness of her last summer's dress or the resourcefulness of the enthusiastic first-year, first-grade teacher, who had secured white stockings for her at the five and ten cent store, and white shoes by the triple application of liquid white.

Flora was one of the "stars." When the black curtain was pulled aside, there on the improvised steps the blue-gowned daughter of big Mr. Masters was but one of the blue-ground children of the flag-tableau, and

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red-haired, red-coated Dan Maloney sank into insignificance as a piece of the stripe; while Flora—star-eyed, halo-headed Flora Mikanovce—was the most prominent of the "stars," and clearly her child treble sounded in the song they sang—"The Star Spangled Banner."

When the curtain was again drawn over the living flag, amid thunderous applause, Julius Mikanovce sat as one in a trance, his one vision the starry eyes of his heart's darling, shining in the flower-like face, against the white star at her back. In the jaws of the power he feared and hated, the School, he had seen his heart's treasure with a joy on her face that he had never been able to kindle—no, not even with *two* cents for candy.

He remembered the one cent, the mascot, in his pocket. Recklessly he decided to spend it on the way out. Even as Dan Maloney, his American boss, who was an Irishman, he would fearlessly be "dead broke." For extravagance he would spend it. Worse extravagance than for candy. Yes, for a paper would he spend it, and night by night he would *buy*, not dog-steal, one; and on the corner would he too look at the picture of the American Czar. And today, five cents in debt would he go for candy for his Flora who was a star in the flag and looked like an angel.

One by one the "pieces" were delivered, and then another tableau was built. It was never given to Julius to know how bitterly the seventh-grade teacher had regretted the necessity of casting Anna, first-born of the Slav Julius, for the star part in this tableau. But the costumes, ordered at considerable personal expense from Cleveland, had included a costume for the Goddess of Liberty that by no adjustment could fit any girl but Anna, the large and homely.

At her great feet, discreetly hidden by the folds of the size thirty-eight costume, came one by one the daughters of more prominent parents, kneeling to receive their crowns of statehood. Stolidly statuesque remained her heavy features; forcibly the muscular goddess placed each gilt crown upon each bowed head; with majestic indifference she received each hand-kiss of devotion. But the soul of Julius Mikanovce burst into flame.

After the tableau, the lady with the thin waist rose from the piano, and several of the larger boys moved it through the hall door by way of "clearing the floor for the game."

Julius, the Slav, shared none of the restlessness of the audience. One by one the pupils who had taken part in the program found seats to watch "the game." Only when a large boy with white gymnasium shoes, whose cleanliness heralded their newness, walked into the cleared space and, swinging a large ball between his parted knees, tossed it carefully through the suspended hoop, did Julius stir. He gave a great sigh, like the breathing of one waking from deep sleep.

And then the game was on. From time to time a shrill whistle pierced the mixed tumult of hurrying players and applauding audience.

Julius, the Slav, followed with closer eyes than the most conscientious referee the movements of Peter, his son, whose big white "sneaks" seemed to touch every spot of the polished floor as play followed play.

Twice, thrice, again and yet again, the big ball from his big hands went through the suspended hoop. Never since time began had a Mikanovce moved with such speed. Julius watched this straight-spined son of his loins in growing wonder and envy. Unconsciously his own back straightened. Verily, the youth had strength and agility unsuspected. How could that other pig of a boy hope to keep him, Peter the Swift, from sending the big ball whither he would! Ah, he—Julius—would show Peter a throw he used to practise on fête days at Karlovic when he was young. Young! He was young now! Together they, Peter and he, here in this country would do much.

Again the shrill whistle, and amid the moving of chairs came the words: "The score is 13 to 7 in favor of Mikanovce's team."

A great roar filled the hall:

"What's the matter with Mikanovce?"

"HE'S ALL RIGHT."

"Who's all right?"

"MIKANOVCE!"

"Some class to him," shrilled an ardent admirer. "He made five baskets himself—three cheers for Mikanovce!"

And then, as the cheers died away, from the piano in the hall came the first bars of the newer "America."

Every child's voice in the hall followed the hymn; Julius Mikanovce had risen to

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his feet with the rest; unconsciously he raised his toil-stained hand to brush away a tear. Flora, his little Flora; Anna, his first-born; Peter, the Swift, all singing with a will:

"America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with Brotherhood from sea to shining sea."

At last it was all over. Julius Mikanovce followed the throng down the side stairs. Unconsciously his shoulders held the posture acquired as he watched the play of muscles on his son's bare shoulders. As he turned a corner on the second floor, he collided with a big form.

"Well, look who's here!" good-naturedly condescended Dan, the Big Boss. "If it ain't one of my Eyetalians."

The jaw of Julius, the Slavonian, came out with a grinding sound. Steadily his light eyes met the laughing eyes of the Celt; not an inch gave he to Dan Maloney as he answered:

"To-ell-wit-ye! Me! Me, no Italian! Me *American!*"

THE OUTER WORLD

BY LEON RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE

OLD Mrs. Sparks was waiting for something. She stood eagerly in the doorway and wiped a dish with the passive skill of sixty years' practise, shifting to a dry part of the tea-towel by instinct. The cup half done, she dropped the towel, and, coming down two steps, sat on the bench with the milk-crocks. Looking shyly, almost fearfully around, she drew from her flat bosom a handkerchief. It was a trifle of delicate linen, edged with lace, a flimsy bit of beauty giving forth a faint violet odor. It crumpled softly in her knobby brown hands, a curious high light against the faded calico. Holding it tightly, she looked across the dun fields to where they blurred with the monotonous gray of the February sky.

What she saw was a circle of desolation from some cynical poet's hell, by an irony of nature fertilized to bear monstrous crops of corn. It was flat, like the lid of a stove—the only eminence being the manure-pile. The flatness was emphasized by endless checker-board fields: in some, was the dull whitish-yellow of winter stubble; but in most stood innumerable ranks of broken corn-stalks, twisted, ragged, bent at all angles, no touch of beauty in their stark regularity. Sometimes a single leafless tree stood in the pastures like the twisted skeleton of dead hopes, gaunt and black.

The house itself was weatherbeaten and homely; from the outside, looking at the regular windows, the passer knew it contained four rooms on two floors, of exactly the same size and shape. Living there thirty-three years, as Mrs. Sparks had done, one might readily become deaf and dumb.

But fifty yards in front of the house a glistening railroad track melted on each hand into the dim horizon. For her it was a path leading through desolation from mystery to mystery—a bond with the outer world—some magic road of dreams down which the splendid glory of the east fled to meet the unknown romance of the west.

Ten minutes passed with no sound save the dripping rain. Mrs. Sparks sat waiting, bent and yellow, only her eyes sharp and eager in their mesh of wrinkles. The rest of her was sun- and wind-worn, like a machine rusty and shapeless from long use in the open.

Then the silence was broken by the thin, distant whistle of an engine.

The old woman woke to sprightly anticipation. She arose with her handkerchief gathered close, and stood, spare and erect, peering toward the east.

The shrill, broken cry of the steam echoed nearer, hurriedly calling off the crossings. A plume of dark smoke trailed beyond a bit of woods, and the engine slipped into view, foreshortened and black. With a dull drumming it grew till the train swirled by, a glistening wet bar of yellow. The brass shone on vestibules, there was a glimpse of white tables with people eating, the solemn sleepers swung past, a face here and there pallid through the windows, staring at the dingy house and seeing nothing.

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Old Mrs. Sparks waved the fine handkerchief at nobody in particular. She smiled and bowed, a ridiculous lonely figure on a porch. And she kept on waving till the train dwindled to a pinch of smoke, and then sniffed luxuriously of the pungent gases drifting through the yard.

She was happy. Society and the outer world had danced by her door on the shining path of rails. For the railroad was her set, and made up all her visiting-list. She was too old to go to town any more, and neighbors forgot her. Her son worked, he didn't feel like light gossip. Two or three times a year he got drunk. In secret Mrs. Sparks envied him that.

Now, her life, except breathing and work, consisted in watching the trains go by. That furnished her company, amusement, variety; it kept alight the eagerness in her eyes. Often on hot nights, when the corn soaked up the heat, she would hear the shrill summons of the eastbound express drown the sibilance of frog and jarfly, and for hours would lie sleepless with eyes fixed on the graying window—a dweller in thronged places, threading the romance of life, compact for her of faded memories of sentimental novels, scenes in Decatur on her one trip, and flamboyant society stories on the patent sheets of the weekly *Argus*.

She finished the dishes, got out some coarse shirts to work on, and sat down where she could see the track. Then for two hours she entertained a girl in a tan dress she had seen on the rear platform that afternoon.

About four o'clock her son, stolid and matter-of-fact, drove back from the blacksmith's. He came into the house for some nails. As he was leaving in silence, his mother spoke:

"What's the news, Charlie?"

"Nothin'."

"D'you meet anybuddy in p'tic'lar?"

"Yep. Saw Sam Daggs huntin' his red heifer. Sarey's broke her leg on the ice an' ain't been able to walk for a month."

"Well, I swan. Anything from Greenville?"

"Nope." He opened the door, then called back as an afterthought: "Won't have no more trouble keepin' them hogs off'n the track after this spring. Railroad's goin' to run everything over the new cut-off from Greenville to Junction City."

The door slammed and echoes seemed to Mrs. Sparks to come from all over the world as if it had suddenly been emptied. She sat looking at the track, sometimes taking a stitch after five minutes.

She was sick at the stomach. A dumb dread made her cold. She was to be left alone: left alone in the middle of the flat corn-fields. The railroad was going to leave her. She would see nothing, hear nothing, think nothing. She got up and stared hungrily after a freight till its last smudge of smoke had vanished. She went up-stairs and lay down on her bed, for the first time in daylight for eighteen years.

After that, she couldn't sit still if the Goldenrod Express was late. Her brown old hands trembled pitifully. Perhaps it had flashed its bright paint and shining brasses before her for the last time! At night she shivered at the window for an hour to see the night flyer rush past, with the steam flying like golden foam in the light from the furnace door.

The day the trains stopped coming she became conscious all at once of the stillness. She seemed to pass her life in the center of a hollow, silent globe. She kept listening for something, and she caught herself getting out the lace handkerchief in the middle of doing the dinner dishes. She sat for hours gazing down the track, seeking to find a way along its barren path to the dead land of dreams. But when the rails grew dull with rust, and weeds sprang up between the ties, she could bear to look at it no more. The eager light died from her eyes; she realized she was over seventy and had worked hard in the corn-belt for thirty-three years.

Even the harsh son noticed that she sat silent too long to get the work done. A sour youngish woman appeared to help, and old Mrs. Sparks's monotony of toil changed to a monotony of rest. The doctor could do nothing for her, and told her son with a stroke of genius:

"She's just old and worn-out. There ain't any p'tic'lar reason why she should live, is there?"

This was true. Old Mrs. Sparks couldn't get up energy enough to wash that cup with "Mother" on it another thousand times. Her tie with the world had been broken; she didn't want to go on raising corn for a lot of unknown people. One afternoon they found her on the porch in her nightgown, waving a filmy rag toward an empty track. That night she quit breathing.

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STRAIGHT TALK

FROM A CONTRIB.

Twenty-two members of a set of omnivorous readers of good literature have read a little story of mine and have read all the stories in your March number. At a meeting, after a full discussion, a secret vote was taken; it resulted as follows:

That mine was better than any of yours..	*1
That mine was better than all but one of yours.....	13
That mine was better than all but two of yours.....	4
That mine was better than all but three of yours.....	2
That mine was better than all but four of yours.....	1
That mine was worse than any of yours..	†1

The next meeting of the club will be held on April 21. In fixing the date we considered that it would give you sufficient time to read and return my story together with your reasons for so doing. I did not see that it was necessary to put the meeting at such a late date, as I already have three copies of your reasons for returning three of my previous stories, and I was ready to submit them for discussion at the last meeting, but I was overruled on the ground that my latest story must work out its individual destiny.

Now, what I want to know is this: Is there not some way to get inside that vicious system of yours and get something besides those printed slips you send with rejected manuscripts? Printed slips are driving me mad. What the deuce is the matter with my story anyway? If you will have one of your readers stay after hours some night and write me on his own time, I will gladly send him a check for the overtime.

Years ago I wrote college stories, then love stories, then despondent stories, followed a few years later by newly-wed stories, then a long line of nursery stories. My whole career is sketched in literary débris and the greatest collection of printed slips extant. Once a magazine published one of my stories, paid me $17.50 for it, and ceased publication the next month. I don't think my story was entirely to blame for the catastrophe; it was a pretty rotten story, but not that rotten.

I am a constant reader of EVERYBODY'S. Years ago I grew frenzied with Lawson, and I have shared all your emotions ever since. I have viewed with alarm, pointed with pride, stood aghast, been indignant, wept, laughed, chuckled, and sighed with you; sometimes all in one month—which was asking my emotions to go through such violent gyrations that it is a wonder I have any nervous system left.

And what has it got me? Printed slips! Three already, and another coming as sure as fate! And I have so many hundreds of printed slips from other magazines that I do not need yours at all.

Let me appeal to your sympathy. Years ago in the first flush of being an accepted suitor, I promised my fiancée that all the money derived from my literary efforts would be devoted to purchasing presents for my . . .* wife. I renewed the promise several times, eventually to the charming young woman whom I at last married. I believe in consistency, and did then: a promise made to one fiancée should be made to every other one in turn. My wife received the check for the $17.50, but she subsequently sent it to the wife of a young fellow whose job flickered and went out when the magazine expired. The check was presented after the bank account had been closed, so I had to

* My vote.
† Unquestionably my wife's vote.

* Many adjectives, now obsolete.

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send another perfectly good one to make my wife's benefaction good. So you see the total earnings of a lifetime devoted to literary endeavor is minus seventeen fifty. Doesn't that move you?

Are you married? If you are, you will understand the plea I now make on bended knee. For Heaven's sake publish my story so I can show my wife! Never mind sending me a check. I can fake that up. If you could only explain matters to your readers I am sure they would forgive you.

My story is called "When Marley Got Mad," and goes forward under another cover.

Winnipeg, Canada. W. B.

P. S. Why not publish my story, even if it *is* rotten, with the above letter in a box at the top of it, without any comment? It would be something new and human and should cause a few smiles. We can always do with a few more smiles—and it isn't so very rotten at that.

W. B.

Editor's Note:—Unfortunately the story was neither bad enough nor good enough to be printed. But this letter is too good to withhold. We offer it as a sidelight on every-day editorial problems.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

I am not a politician. I have no political aspirations. Much as it hurts to say it, my position, from a political standpoint, has been dormant for several years.

The cause of this dormancy is nothing other than my inability to conceive any way wherein my vote, voice, acts, or ideas could be made to have any effect against Political Bosses, Big Business, Attorneys, and Lawyer-made Laws. Behind the very doors inscribed "Legislative," "Justice," and "Correction" acts have been passed, decisions have been given, and graft has been in vogue, all for the benefit of the few and the great detriment of the many.

By the very nature of things, we are compelled to seek the temple thus inscribed, or else find ourselves lodged behind its doors or overridden by our fellow man. In any event, we are seeking justice at the hands of those who have formed the course of procedure, adopted rules and regulations, and who are vested with the power to act at their will and pleasure.

We must ask ourselves: "Are these rules and regulations beneficial to the greatest number, or is there a selfish motive lying behind their adoption?" To those who are on the outside it would seem a selfish motive and not a case of justice, and that the size of your pocketbook determines how long you can play the game.

I do not know when I have read articles that so impressed me; articles that seemed to get at the very root of things and made me feel like reviving my patriotism and shouting "Hurrah for Country" as have the articles entitled "Big Business and the Bench."

It is my earnest hope that these articles may be the means of setting the American people to fathering a reform movement, as did those articles of exposure written by Tom Lawson a few years ago.

Harrisburg, Penn. C. C. F.

ON FERTILE SOIL

I have read with much interest your article in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE on the Single Taxers, and write to ask if you could put me in touch with some of the lecturers in the national field.

Last year I organized and conducted a "Social Forum" for the city of Lowell, in the meetings of which prominent men gave addresses on live topics. I am beginning to arrange my program for the coming year and would welcome to the platform a sane, attractive, popular presentation of the Single Tax propaganda.

Our meetings are all well reported in the press, and thus the subject discussed gains a wide hearing beyond the large audience which is usually in attendance.

Anything that you can do to connect me with the right persons would be greatly appreciated.

Grace Universalist Church, C. R. S.
Lowell, Mass.

JOSEPH FELS SAYS:

DEAR MR. STOCKBRIDGE:

I want to say, though you must know it yourself, that the article you have written on Single Tax men and Single Tax work in the April number of EVERYBODY'S is good work, and is calculated to make more Single Tax men. Mrs. Fels also agrees that it is a good job; and that is a compliment, because she is, to my mind, one of the most competent of critics.

I have promptly suggested to Daniel Kiefer that we should put your article into pamphlet style in some such shape as the enclosed pamphlet.

I want to send out a hundred or more copies of the April EVERYBODY'S to my correspondents all over the world, including China.

JOSEPH FELS.

ON "WEIGHING THE CANDIDATES"

Mr. Ridgway's article, "Weighing the Candidates," is just what the layman needed. It gives in a concise and easily understood form what each candidate has accomplished and what he pretends to stand for, and what is said

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for and against him. I have a clearer idea of the men since reading the article.

I do not have much time to read, and a plain, concise article such as this appeals to me.

Why could you not each month devote a small space to the needs of our country and what different individuals were doing, either detrimental or beneficial, and make it plain?

St. Louis, Mo. D. G. S.

Received May EVERYBODY'S to-day, and I wish that every new voter could read Mr. Ridgway's article on the candidates. It is the most comprehensive I have ever read, within the grasp of every one, and I thank him for it.

San Francisco, Calif. N. H. W.

FROM A NEW CITIZEN

I am one of the new citizens of California. In common with hundreds of women, I am anxious to vote intelligently and right. I have searched in many places and asked many people for the definite information you have presented in "Weighing the Candidates" in EVERYBODY'S for May. Please accept my grateful acknowledgment of the benefit conferred.

May I ask you to present a similar discussion of the various platforms before the November election?

Berkeley, Cal. (MRS.) C. M. P.

CONSIDER THE LAWYER

Informing the "peepul" that their courts are largely under control of the "interests" is a fine big thing to do, and is being well done in the series now running in EVERYBODY'S. There is, however, another phase of the question which is not touched upon by any writer who happens to be a lawyer, but is very evident to those who are studying the conditions of the day, and are willing to call a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement as the lawyer would.

The other phase of the tangle is the no less than criminally wrong *working* system of ethics of the legal profession itself.

The very fiber and foundation of the practise of the law in this country at the present time is the legalized breaking of any and all laws for the profit of the lawyers and the benefit of any criminal, big or little, who has the money to "retain" (to buy) one of the "profession" to do by insidious methods what would never get past the people if attempted under strong-arm rules.

As an example of legal tommy-rot, take the case of the steward of the Seventh Regiment in New York City, recently charged with violation of the penal code in taking beer into the armory building. Case dismissed; complaining witness could not swear that the beer kegs contained *beer*. There were plenty of other witnesses in court who could have been sworn and who could have proved that the law was violated, but none was called upon to testify. In any other country the case against the steward would have rested upon fact, and not upon the verbiage of the complaint.

Again: Take the case dismissed by a high court in Kentucky about a year and a half ago upon the ground that the indictment did not state whether a carload of hides, which it was clearly proven had been stolen, were of the variety specified by and brought out in the evidence and testimony.

Were the several lawyers who had attained the dignity and power of judgeship, mentioned in the articles by Mr. Connolly, ever disbarred, disgraced, or punished in any way for the part they had taken in the hardly less than criminal actions of their courts; or for their subsequent desertion of the courts to serve the interests which had purchased them? Did their supposedly upright "profession" ever take any steps to censure them for their acts? Certainly not!

But why weary your readers with instances when they can pick up any daily paper and find case after case of miscarriage of justice, any one of which would have been impossible without the aid and willing connivance of from one to a score of famous lawyers who should in all truth be considered infamous.

One court bases a decision upon the strict letter of the law, another upon the desirability of the decision, and still another (sometimes the same court) upon the "reasonableness" of the law concerned, while such a vitally important matter as the imposition of an income-tax is decided to be unconstitutional by only five out of the nine judges composing the court.

THE INDUCEMENT TO CRIME

The law game has degenerated to the point where any criminal can feel perfectly safe in committing any crime in the calendar, knowing well that lawyers as a class will gladly aid him in getting off with a whole skin if a sizable fee is forthcoming, regardless of the welfare or safety of the public.

What can be done to check the evil? Public opinion is the only cure, and when the people get to the point where they have no respect for a lawyer who is an aider and abetter of criminals, and despise him as such a man should be despised, you may be sure that there will be no need for agitation in regard to Big Business, bad or good.

Hawthorne, N. Y. C. O. T.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

WE have ceased to be decorative in our minds. Ornaments take time both in the wearing and creating. We would think in shorthand if we could. Consequently, the habit of poetry-reading has gone out of fashion together with brocade as a material for male attire. Formerly, the hall-mark of a gentleman was that he garnished his conversation with scraps from the classics, and of a statesman that he was an orator. To be listened to nowadays, a man must be direct and dynamic. It is an age of speed in thought communication as well as in travel. Books are judged by their utility—they must either inform or amuse. Poetry does neither—it transfigures by creating an atmosphere of beauty. Recent poets who have arrived at success have done so by narrating short stories in rhymes.

This attitude of polite hurry makes the introduction of a new Keats or a new Shelley unprosperous. Every one begins to make excuse. One has bought a city lot and must needs view it. Another has bought an automobile and goes to try it. A third has married a wife and has no time for making new acquaintance. Consequently our poets do not thrive. Though we may not "bury them darkly at dead of night," as Charles Wolfe did the hero of Corunna, yet we copy his example in this respect—we "leave them alone in their glory."

A new great poet has arisen—a poet almost primitively human, who can be understood by everybody. He is no votary of the hectic flush, with the half-veiled light of heaven in his eyes. He is a man of the George Borrow type, big and blustering, ready with his fists and in love with life. At an early age he ran away to sea and associated with the ruffians of five continents.

In a rare little book of his, published several years ago, and now probably out of print, I learn that he was once stranded in New York at the end of a voyage and worked for ten dollars a month in a Sixth Avenue saloon. His duties seem to have consisted in overpowering intoxicated and refractory clients. From that, by what stages I do not know, he drifted into journalism in London, doing hack tasks for press and publisher. He has had extraordinary facilities for obtaining a worm's-eye view of the underworld; his strangely accumulated knowledge of how men think and feel and act finds utterance in his poetry.

Byron woke up one morning to find that he had grown famous overnight; so did John Masefield. He wrote a poem called "The Everlasting Mercy" (Macmillan), which appeared in *The English Review* last October—forty pages of it. Instantly all England rubbed its eyes, cleared its throat, and began to chatter. England wasn't sure that it liked John Masefield; it never doubted that it admired him. While he was still being discussed, he wrote a second poem for the same periodical, "The Widow in the Bye Street"—fifty pages this time—which confirmed his reputation.

"The Everlasting Mercy" recounts the spiritual adventures of a John Bunyan, but it recounts them in the ungodly, flame-colored vocabulary of a Lord Byron. If you can imagine Don Juan turned evangelist, telling just how it all happened, but in the same bad, swaggering language in which he described his gallantries, then you begin to have some idea of Mr. Masefield's epic method.

At first it strikes one as ludicrously shocking—which is precisely the thing that is intended. Mr. Masefield hasn't lived in a cotton-wool

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world, and he doesn't write on cotton-wool topics. The people he associated with before the mast used lurid adjectives. So did Shakespeare, if you come to think of it—unless your edition is expurgated; so did most supremely earnest writers who had anything to say that was at all important. While you may be affronted, and ought to be affronted, at the first reading, you need to bear in mind that this is one of the biggest things that have happened since Robbie Burns, and is among the few really virile religious poems in our language.

Opening with a rural prize-fight, which is as romantically brutal as that of Lavengro with the Flaming Tinman, it goes on to describe how the winner, having nearly killed his man, sets off on a prodigious spree, visiting taverns and indulging in every kind of accessible wickedness. At the height of his debauch the consciousness of his sin lays hold of him: the earth rocks, and he has a vision of "burning saints on burning horses." The furious compulsion comes upon him to rush out at dead of night and wake up his fellow townsmen, that he may give them warning that hell and God are real. The hue and cry is raised against him; he flees into the lonely country. When day dawns, he comes to himself to find that the world has grown strangely lovely.

The hungry novelist, prowling the jungle of the commonplace in search of whom he may devour, has lit upon the strolling mummer; the result in the case of Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival" (Appleton) is the cleverest novel of the year. Quite apart from the merits of the story, the delicate prose in which it is written, full of contrasting shades and blinding flashes of passion, is a perfect joy. Everything about it is completely finished and craftsmanly except the last chapter, which is a hasty and illogical anticlimax.

"Carnival" is the biography of Jenny, a ballet-dancer, who sought to tear happiness from the heart of life. From the first she was the despair of her mother, always courting male admiration, and yet cruelly flouting her lovers. You know that she was selfish to the core, and for all that you more than like her. Born of working parents in North London, she soon grew discontented with her starved environment; so she took to pink tights and a music-hall. It was there that romance came to her in the shape of Maurice, after which followed hours of wistful poignancy and gas-lit, feverish escapades.

Mr. Mackenzie knows the thing he writes, for he comes of a family of actors. If he gives us romance such as is mostly imagined and rarely happens, he also gives us naked facts. By the time he has finished with his ballet-dancer, there is not much left to learn about such a life. The book is a wonderful piece of character analysis, which tells almost more by what it implies than by that which is actually stated.

Curiously enough, Leonard Merrick's heroine in "The Position of Peggy" (Kennerley) lived also in North London, almost within stone's throw of Jenny. She was one of those musical comedy stars whose portraits appear in English illustrated weeklies with lips unnaturally parted, looking like a jumble between a tooth-paste advertisement and a lingerie belle of a great white sale. If you go to see them act, you find that they have nothing to recommend them but a vacant prettiness and a gaping smile. You wonder how they rose to their kind of eminence; it is this particular curiosity that Leonard Merrick sets out to satisfy.

Peggy wasn't an artist—she had no ambition and very little temperament; she was simply silly and vain. For years she dragged along on the verge of pauperdom; it was during these years that a good man fell in love with her. He belonged to a higher class in society and she was flattered for a time. Then an actor-manager caught sight of her and saw what he could make of her. He bullied her, coached her, starred her; at last she struck oil. A foolish boy with a title came courting her, and she had to choose between him and her old-time lover.

Leonard Merrick's women are always exactly feminine—very few of them are angels; all of them are beguiling. Peggy is a tawdry, heartless, little wretch—a Becky Sharp in her lack of scruples, without Becky's brains. To paint a brainless woman who simpers and yet allures, demands a vast amount of brains on the part of her creator.

What shall we say of the amazing Chesterton? He is a schoolboy laying traps for his master. Sometimes the general public is the butt of his practical jests, sometimes the thoughts that occupy the sagest minds. He is an elephant performing the tricks of a monkey—but an elephant's feet are destructive. His crowning offense is irreverence, and his crowning virtue that he succeeds in being lovable. He takes a puppy-delight in shredding the conventions to atoms and then scampering off to escape punishment. His age and bulk are out of harmony with his employments; the most astounding thing about him is the fact that he is a householder and married. With Gargantuan gravity he talks nonsense which trails off into wisdom. The problem he presents is that of Ophelia; he keeps us wondering whether he is only feigning insanity.

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His latest book, "Manalive" (John Lane), is an incentive to vitality. Incoherent in places, brilliant always, he reminds us by a series of mental jerks that we are still alive and walking about the world on two legs. He lashes our souls into laughter to prevent them from slumbering. The impression his book creates is that of an unpremeditated stroll through eternity—an eternity which is an inverted sky where thunder-storms are raging. Like Mr. Innocent Smith, the hero in the first chapter, we seem to hang head downward; but unlike Mr. Innocent Smith, who regains his normal position after a few pages, we stand on our heads till the story closes.

Mr. Innocent Smith was melancholy, and he felt that this wasn't right. He went to the wisest man of his acquaintance, who happened to be a Cambridge don, to get his advice. The Cambridge don spoke like a pessimist, as if he were weary of life. Just to test his sincerity, Mr. Smith pretended to murder him to see whether he was really so anxious to die. The don appreciated the point and congratulated Smith on his ingenious method of restoring to him his zest for life.

After that the hero dedicates his future to the universal rejuvenation of society; he sets out with a pistol in his hand to remind his fellow bipeds that they are still alive. He earns many kicks and few ha'pence; he is reported to be a homicide, burglar, and bigamist. To what extent he merits this unenviable reputation, and how he rids himself of it, is for Mr. Chesterton to relate.

Some of us are worried with the consciousness of our appalling lack of knowledge. For even the most energetic minds it is impossible to keep pace with the strides of modern science. The field of the world's research has widened; there is no mystery into which the daring curiosity of one or another of us does not attempt to pry. Once the man who could read, write, and speak his own language correctly was accounted something of a scholar. To-day a man may speak fifteen languages and still remain an ignoramus as regards ninety-nine per cent. of current intellectual inquiry. He may be an authority on anthropology and know nothing of how this planet of ours hurtles across the Sahara of the sky. He may know everything about astronomy and hold his mind a blank as regards the latest adventures of psychology.

He is like the man who "wanted to know and it troubled him so, why the world was shaped round and not square;" but he doesn't know whom to ask and hasn't got time to find him. All his life he will suffer the humiliation of hearing others, who are profoundly learned on one square inch of information, discuss subjects of which he is childishly ignorant. The foible of omniscience has become impossible nowadays.

But there are degrees of ignorance. For those who wish to have a polite, bowing acquaintance with All-Knowledge, a better introduction could scarcely be imagined than the "Home University Library" (Holt). It is planned to run into some hundred volumes, thirty of which have been already published. It is a series of Cook's tours, covering the whole globe of human information. Each party is personally conducted by an expert, who gives a rapid and admirably condensed account of all cities visited on the way.

John Masefield contributes a volume on "Shakespeare," J. A. Thomson an "Introduction to Science," Hilaire Belloc a brilliant survey of "The French Revolution," etc. There is no longer any excuse for gross unenlightenment as to the main travel-routes of contemporary thinkers. Any one of these small volumes can be read in a night and digested in two days. If we stay at home in our little back-room, when there is all the world to wander, our confinement is now not perforce, but of deliberate choice.

OTHER BOOKS

In his "Life of Cesare Borgia" (Brentano) Rafael Sabatini attempts the impossible: he undertakes to whitewash the most admired and picturesque villain of the Cinquecento. He pretends to be highly contemptuous of all the scandals which attach to his name; nevertheless, he contrives to tell every fabled infamy in spirited detail. The book is valuable because of the documentary evidence it contains.

"The Return of Pierre" (Holt), by Donal Hamilton Haines, is a Zolaesque novel of the Franco-Prussian War, by a young American. The picture of what war means to the peasant is pitifully described. With the brutal rumble of cannon mingles an idyllic note in the love of Pierre for the village-girl he has left behind.

Those who are unhappily married will find their own story in "The Blind Road" (Moffat Yard), by Hugh Gordon; those who are only contemplating marriage will be warned in time. If men were to believe that all of this is true, celibacy would put an end to the race in four decades.

James Bryce, in "The Story of a Ploughboy" (Lane), makes it evident that conditions favorable to the moral code of Robbie Burns still exist in the Scotland of to-day. Whether he ought to be thanked for such information is more than dubious.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Hilma was always glad to say her prayers, but she wanted to be sure that she was heard in the heavens above as well as on the earth beneath.

One night, after the usual "Amen," she dropped her head upon her pillow and closed her eyes. After a moment she lifted her hand and, waving it aloft, said, "Oh, Lord! this prayer comes from 203 Selden Avenue."

A man who was traveling in the mountains stopped at a cabin and asked for a drink of water. An old woman brought it out to him, and after drinking he had quite a talk with her, telling her great stories about some of the wonders he had seen in the outside world.

Finally, when he stopped to take breath, the old woman took the pipe out of her mouth and said:

"Stranger, if I knowed as much as you do, I'd go som'ers and start a little grocery."

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!"—and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't *say* so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"— very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."

A man whose trousers bagged badly at the knees was standing on a corner waiting for a car. A passing Irishman stopped and watched him with great interest for two or three minutes; at last he said:

"Well, why don't ye jump?"

P. V. Daniel, "Virginia Gentleman," was one of the general officers of the old Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad.

Even in those days, before the Civil War, the road was prosperous, and at a meeting of the board of directors some progressive introduced a resolution to reduce the rate for passengers from seventeen to eleven cents a mile.

Instantly Daniel, who was chairman, declared the motion "out of order."

"Why?" protested its patron.

"Why!" thundered Daniel. "If you do that, you will have every rag-tag and bobtail in the state of Virginia riding on our road. That's 'why!'"

The resolution was unanimously tabled.

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A little girl was playing at the table with her cup of water. Her father took the cup from her and in so doing accidentally spilt some of the water on her.

"There," she cried, as she left the table indignantly, "you wet me clear to my feelings!"

A weary angler stole furtively into a fishmonger's shop and with a sigh threw his empty creel on the counter.

"Put a few fish in that," he said. "Put 'em up as if they had been caught to-day."

"Certainly, sir. How many?"

"Hm. Better make it three or four trout. It's best not to take home too many. People get so confoundedly incredulous."

"Quite so, sir," agreed the fishmonger. "But —er—wouldn't you rather have salmon?"

"Salmon? Why salmon?"

"Well, sir—er—your wife called this evening, and I was to try and make you take home salmon because she likes it better than any other fish."

Mrs. Sutton advertised for a woman to do general housework, and in answer a colored girl called, announcing that she had come for the position.

"Are you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply.

"Are you a good laundress?"

"I wouldn't do washin' and ironin'; it's too hard on the hands."

"Can you sweep?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"No," was the positive answer. "I'm not strong enough."

"Well," said the lady of the house, quite exasperated, "may I ask what you can do?"

"I dusts," came the placid reply.

"Pa."

"Yes, Willie."

"Teacher says that we are here to help others."

"Of course we are."

"Well, what are the others here for?"

They tell the following as a story that the late J. T. Harahan, former president of the Illinois Central Railroad, was fond of telling on himself.

Mr. Harahan was sitting in his office one day, while president of the road, when a burly Irishman entered the office.

"Me name's Casey," said he. "Oi want a pass to St. Louis. Oi worruk in th' yar-r-ds."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said Mr. Harahan. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the hour, back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired:

"Ar-re yez Mr. Harahan?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been workin' out in th' yar-r-ds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Yez can all go to hell. Oi've got a job an' a pass on th' Wabash."

Robert was about to have another birthday. In the past, the fun-making had always been so hard and prolonged that it left him fatigued at night.

So this year, before he went to bed the night before, when he had said his prayers he began over again. His mother, surprised, asked him:

"Why are you saying your prayers twice, Robert?"

"Oh," replied Robert, "to-morrow night I'll be too tired to say 'em at all."

Inspector James L. Hughes, of the Toronto Board of Education, was illustrating the differences in child minds, at a lecture before the City Club of Chicago.

"I have a little girl whose tastes are strongly mathematical, while her brother has no gift for numbers, but still manages to think quite clearly.

"My daughter was speculating on the degrees of relationship of her two half-sisters, Jane and Helen, and on other possible combinations in fractional sisterhood and brotherhood.

" 'Papa,' she asked, 'if mother were to die and you were to marry again and have some more children, what kin would they be to Jane and Helen? Would they be half-sisters too?'

"I had not replied when my small son volunteered an answer after his own kind.

" 'I think,' he said, 'if anybody's going to die, it's papa's turn this time.' "

A dealer was explaining to a prospective woman purchaser the propelling mechanism of a bicycle.

"I understand that perfectly," she said at last. "Now what makes the front wheel go round?"

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor

Published by
The RIDGWAY COMPANY

Erman J. Ridgway
President

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

Ray Brown
Sec'y and Treasurer

Robert Frothingham
Adv. Manager

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

We are having a friendly controversy with the Atlanta *Constitution*, which the *Constitution's* publishers intimate we began to get some free advertising. We shall herewith reciprocate any free advertising given EVERYBODY'S by the *Constitution*, but we are not reporting the controversy to give free advertising, any more than we began it to get free advertising. The following appeared in the *Constitution* April 30th:

"Yes, I was here about '93 or '94, I then a newspaper man.

MAGAZINE QUOTES QUALITIES OF ALABAMA'S CANDIDATE

In a discussion of the presidential candidates and their qualifications for the office to which they aspire, Everybody's Magazine makes the following remarks in regard to Oscar W. Underwood:

He is a trained legislator of long experience. Underwood is the only man in congress who can be shut up in a room and emerge with a complete tariff bill. He is a masterful debater, clear, forceful, sane.

He has absolutely no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, and has successfully refuted Bryan's imputation to this effect. He has bravely stood out against the demands of his district for protection on pig iron, for the sake of consistency. The steel trust has opposed him many times, and has tried by trickery to defeat him in his own district.

He is a quiet, systematic, steady worker, without the fury of the usual politician.

Quoting the critics of Woodrow Wilson, the magazine goes on to say:

He set out after the presidency, with Harvey and Wall street back of him, to be a great conservative force as distinguished from Bryan's radical tendencies. Finding the people not ready to back-track, he flopped, got rid of Harvey, who had discovered him; got rid of Boss Smith, who had made him governor; and started in to out-Bryan Bryan in radical suggestions. This necessitated changing his mind on initiative, referendum and recall, which he promptly accomplished, apparently painlessly. Now has Bryan's support.

It is said of Wilson that if he can secure an end either peaceably or by fighting, he prefers to fight. He tries to be original. Does not take advice easily. He does not take kindly to details. In a message he advised tax reform, but no details. Also consolidated several state boards, without suggesting the way. Both ignored by legislature. He preaches publicity, but won't talk with reporters; sends them typewritten statements. Statements he gave out over Harvey controversy concealed rather than revealed true situation. Not strong for publicity then. He will discuss only the questions he chooses to discuss. He is impatient of delays, and takes short cuts.

All his acts appear to have concerned more his candidacy for the presidency and less his governorship. Neglected an opportunity to redistrict state to his party's advantage. His primary law not working well. He has been out of the state more than a governor should be.

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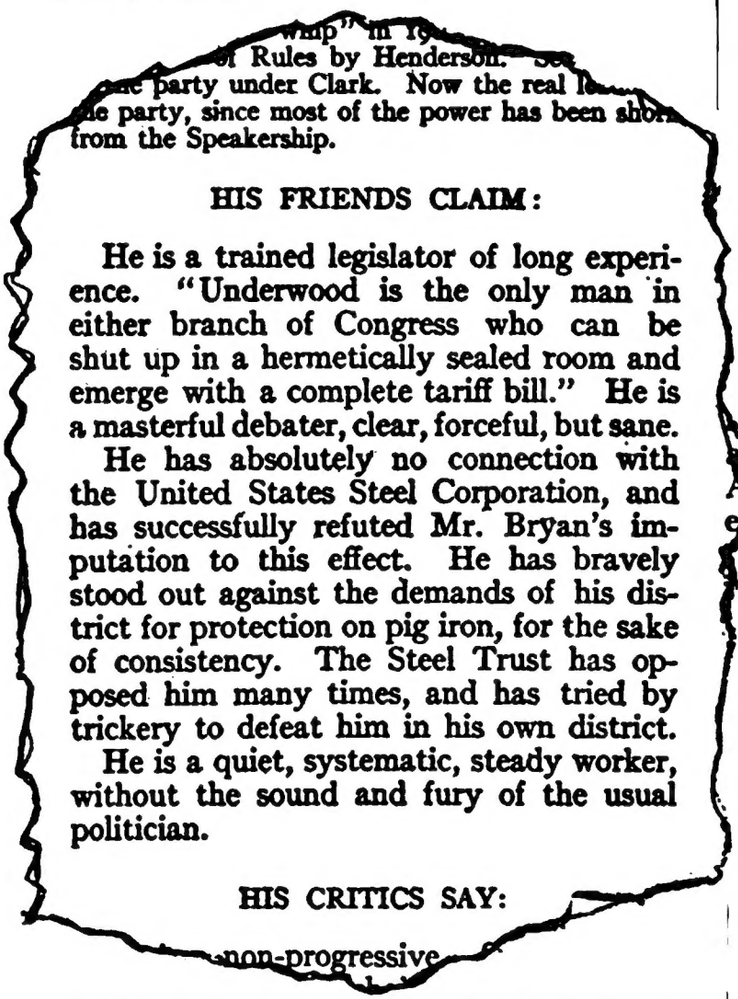
Below is a photographed reproduction of the original passage which the *Constitution* quotes as the "remarks" of EVERYBODY'S. The "remarks" are clearly not the "remarks" of EVERYBODY'S, but of Underwood's friends:



...whip" in 19...
...of Rules by Henderson. See
...party under Clark. Now the real le...
...e party, since most of the power has been shor...
from the Speakership.

HIS FRIENDS CLAIM:

He is a trained legislator of long experience. "Underwood is the only man in either branch of Congress who can be shut up in a hermetically sealed room and emerge with a complete tariff bill." He is a masterful debater, clear, forceful, but sane.

He has absolutely no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, and has successfully refuted Mr. Bryan's imputation to this effect. He has bravely stood out against the demands of his district for protection on pig iron, for the sake of consistency. The Steel Trust has opposed him many times, and has tried by trickery to defeat him in his own district.

He is a quiet, systematic, steady worker, without the sound and fury of the usual politician.

HIS CRITICS SAY:

...non-progressive...

When it comes to quoting the "remarks" about Woodrow Wilson, the *Constitution* is technically honest.

But—if we understand the workings of the human mind, the *Constitution*, by adroitly contrasting a technically honest quotation with a technically dishonest quotation, has given its readers the conviction that EVERYBODY'S is very much in favor of Underwood and very much against Woodrow Wilson, whereas EVERYBODY'S was at the greatest pains not to take sides.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE regards as a priceless possession the confidence of its readers in its non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-prejudiced fairness.

The *Constitution* had no right to injure the magazine in the eyes of its readers by making it appear partisan.

We ran the advertisement in the next column in the leading Georgia papers, using half-page space.

In Sorrow, Rather

IN its issue of April 30th, *The Atlanta Constitution* printed two quotations from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and prefaced them with the words:

"EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE makes the following remarks."

The two quotations were selected and presented in such a way as to make it appear that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was enthusiastically in favor of one candidate for the presidency and definitely opposed to another candidate.

The publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have always kept it non-partisan. They believe that partisanship would lessen its value to its readers and be injurious to it as a publication. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE takes sides only on moral issues.

The article from which *The Atlanta Constitution* quotes was intended to be an absolutely fair, non-partisan comparison of the eight men who are most prominently in the public eye as candidates for the presidency. In each case the same method was pursued in balancing the candidate's qualifications—what his friends said for him was contrasted with what his opponents said against him.

Without explaining this, *The Atlanta Constitution* printed what was said in favor of one candidate, with no mention of what his critics said against him, and in contrast quoted what another candidate's opponents said against him, ignoring what his friends said for him.

To show the unfairness of what *The Constitution* has done: It would have been perfectly possible for *The Constitution*, by extending its comments, to have made it appear in turn that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was endorsing each candidate on the list; also that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was opposing each candidate on the list.

This might have made EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE appear rediculous, but it would not have been as unfair, in the opinion of the publishers of EVERYBODY'S, as what *The Constitution* did do.

We ask every reader of this announcement who read the quotations in *The Atlanta Constitution* to turn to the May number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and read the opening article, by Erman J. Ridgway, entitled "WEIGHING THE CANDIDATES," and then to let us know whether he thinks that a good, clean, honest American newspaper, like *The Constitution*, has any right to juggle with the facts as *The Constitution* has done.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

Publishers *of* Everybody's Magazine

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The *Constitution* printed our advertisement—shown on the page opposite—in full half-page newspaper size, and in the same issue made the editorial comments reproduced below:

KNOWS THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

Our able and virile contemporary, Everybody's Magazine, in a display notice elsewhere published, gently remonstrates with The Constitution for what it erroneously believes was a misuse in The Constitution of April 30 of quotations from Everybody's. Overlooking the fact that Everybody's, with typical enterprise, is ignoring "no bets" in the direction of a little publicity, we beg to submit that it is laboring under what may, perhaps, be a natural misapprehension. Rather than an unwarranted perversion of facts, the quotations cited comprised an entirely legitimate use of political material from a recognized non-partisan source, and is a distinct tribute to the breadth and national purvey of Everybody's.

The quotations did not, in the first place, originate in The Constitution office. They were sent from the state headquarters of Mr. Underwood. Even then the circumstances and phraseology of their appearance do not prejudice the fairness of the publication. The element opposing the Alabamian in Georgia had persistently attacked him upon the ground that he was purely a local candidate and not one considered by the nation in a national sense. It was the business of Mr. Underwood's headquarters in Georgia to refute this misrepresentation. A splendid opportunity to that end lay in the estimate placed upon Mr. Underwood's statesmanship by Everybody's, a periodical universally acknowledged as tied to no cause or candidacy

So scrupulous was The Constitution to avoid misleading the public that it introduced the quotations with these identical words: **"In a discussion of the presidential candidates and the office to which they aspire, Everybody's Magazine makes the following remarks in regard to Oscar W. Underwood."** That the intent of the headquarters was fair is indicated by the fact that the opposition, keenly vigilant, did not once challenge what we stated as plain facts.

We think, really, the joke in the matter is on **us.** For Everybody's not only received a perfectly free advertisement, but was, under the peculiar circumstances, enabled to again draw attention to its excellent political features. Incidentally, its estimate of Mr. Underwood is mathematically correct.

The errors in this editorial, as in the original matter to which we objected, have clearly arisen from a very partisan interest in Underwood, and not at all from any deliberate intention to misquote EVERYBODY'S.

Even yet the *Constitution* does not realize that it has misquoted EVERYBODY'S.

Read the third paragraph: "So scrupulous, etc."

That is the whole point of the controversy: EVERYBODY'S did not make the remarks quoted.

Can't you see it, *Constitution?*

And can't you see that it all happened through hurry in your shop?

Just as this editorial of yours is at fault through hurry.

You got the stuff from Underwood's headquarters and you supposed, of course, it was all right, but, wishing to be very scrupu-

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lous, you accidentally overdid it and made EVERYBODY'S sponsor Underwood and condemn Wilson.

We are not satirical. We mean that is probably just how it happened. The haste in a big newspaper shop.

Certainly the *Constitution* meant to help Underwood. Certainly the *Constitution* did not mean to harm, rather meant to compliment, EVERYBODY'S.

But the result we regard as positively harmful to us, and decidedly unfair to the readers of the *Constitution*.

We are following up the controversy and possibly boring our readers with it in our readers' interest. We want them to know how careless even some of the great and good newspapers are when they get "het up" in partisan politics.

CONDUCTING A NEWSPAPER

We would not presume to say how the *Constitution*, or any other newspaper, should be conducted.

That is their business.

But we do advise our readers most strongly to read more than one newspaper, especially in campaign times, and when big men and big policies are being discussed.

If your favorite paper is very strongly for one man or some one policy, don't lean your whole weight on it, for, as some newspapers are conducted to-day, you are very likely to hear only the good on one side and only the bad on the other side. Obviously, from papers so conducted you can only reach the conclusions held by the publishers.

In the last paragraph of their editorial, the *Constitution* says the joke is on them, but that EVERYBODY'S estimate of Underwood is mathematically correct.

The joke, *Constitution*, is on nobody and the wrong is on everybody. You have wronged EVERYBODY'S. You have wronged Wilson. You have wronged your readers. You have wronged yourselves. And you have wronged Underwood.

Don't hurry—think that over.

As to EVERYBODY'S estimate of Underwood being mathematically correct, *Constitution*, you can not say, because you have not read, nor heard, and do not know, what that estimate is.

The day is passing when a newspaper can hand ready-made conclusions to its readers.

The day is passing when press agents and political bureaus can hand ready-made stuff to the newspapers.

Newspapers are rapidly becoming independent and dependable, interested in giving their readers truth in the news—the whole truth, rather than half truths or untruths.

We believe the *Constitution* is in this class of advancing journalism. The honesty and sincerity of its intentions are quite apparent as regards EVERYBODY'S. It did the work hurriedly—that is all.

But—its evident willingness to pass on to its readers the ready-made stuff from Underwood's bureau, unqualifiedly praising Underwood and damning Wilson as unqualifiedly, is a reversion which no friend of the *Constitution* can witness without shame and regret.

And we are one of the *Constitution's* friends. For thirty of its forty-four years, we have relied upon it as a help to our understanding of the sentiments of the people over the wide area it covers.

IF WILSON IS NOMINATED

What course will the *Constitution* follow if Wilson is nominated? Will it support him? Could it ever fully restore him to the confidence of its readers? Could it ever compensate him for unfairly setting the early prejudices of its readers against him? Early prejudices are stubborn things.

Even if the *Constitution* has reasons sufficient unto itself for not supporting Wilson, it has nevertheless done violence to its own code—the code of honorable men and honorable papers everywhere—in deceiving its readers by printing half truths for partisan ends.

Our purpose in reporting this controversy is not to get free advertising. It is to help along the good work good newspapers have far advanced toward dependable news.

Anywhere in the country if you say "Atlanta," the man next to you will say "*Constitution;*" or if you say "*Constitution*," he will say "Atlanta." Long may it be so!

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

The picture of Senator Cummins, in the May number, was accredited to Brown Brothers, N. Y. This was an error, as the copyright belongs to Harris & Ewing of Washington, D. C.

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